VOGUE

75¢
APR. 15

SPECIAL
TRAVEL
ISSUE

TRAVELS WITH LIZ

BY
RICHARD BURTON

THE SNAPPIEST NEW CLOTHES TO WEAR WHEREVER YOU ARE

knits...jersey...suede...leather...pretty city looks

HOW PEOPLE REALLY TRAVEL

inside tips on packing, books, customs,
what's good where, and how to have fun

What makes an erotic hotel...
what to do about jet lag...
how to combine art and restaurants in the U.S.A....
where to indulge your island fever

BEAUTY

How to have the prettiest feet walking

CURVARE SANDAL FOOT PANTY HOSE FIT THE WAY PANTY HOSE SHOULD

The look is fragile and flattering! The reality is a long wearing, snag resistant leg fashion! The reason is a great new yarn that does all the things hosiery yarns always should have done . . . and haven't . . . up 'til now!

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Dress by Pierre Cardin
Photo by Mednick

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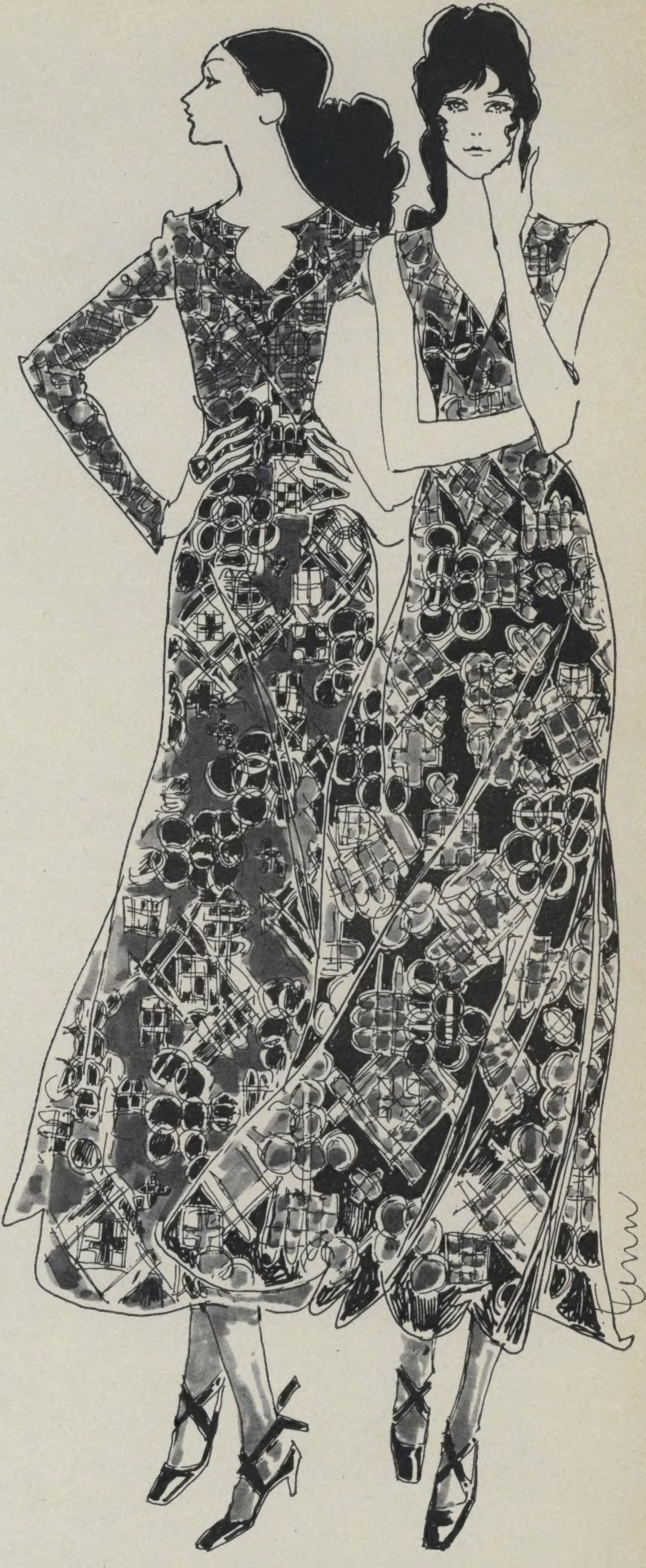

A melange of geometrics
explode on
Robert David Morton's
wiltless, weightless,
washable clings of
Qiana® nylon jersey.
Covered up, $165.
Cut out, $140.

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VOGUE
TRAVELS WITH LIZ
BY RICHARD BURTON
THE SNAPPIEST NEW CLOTHES TO WEAR WHEREVER YOU ARE
HOW PEOPLE REALLY TRAVEL
BEAUTY

SNOWDON

COVER: Violet eyes, a tempest of hair—the ravishing Elizabeth Taylor, starring next in *X, Y and Zee* and *Under Milk Wood*, and, in this issue, as the heroine of Richard Burton's "Travels With Elizabeth," beginning on page 68. . . . Miss Taylor's coiffure, by Alexandre.

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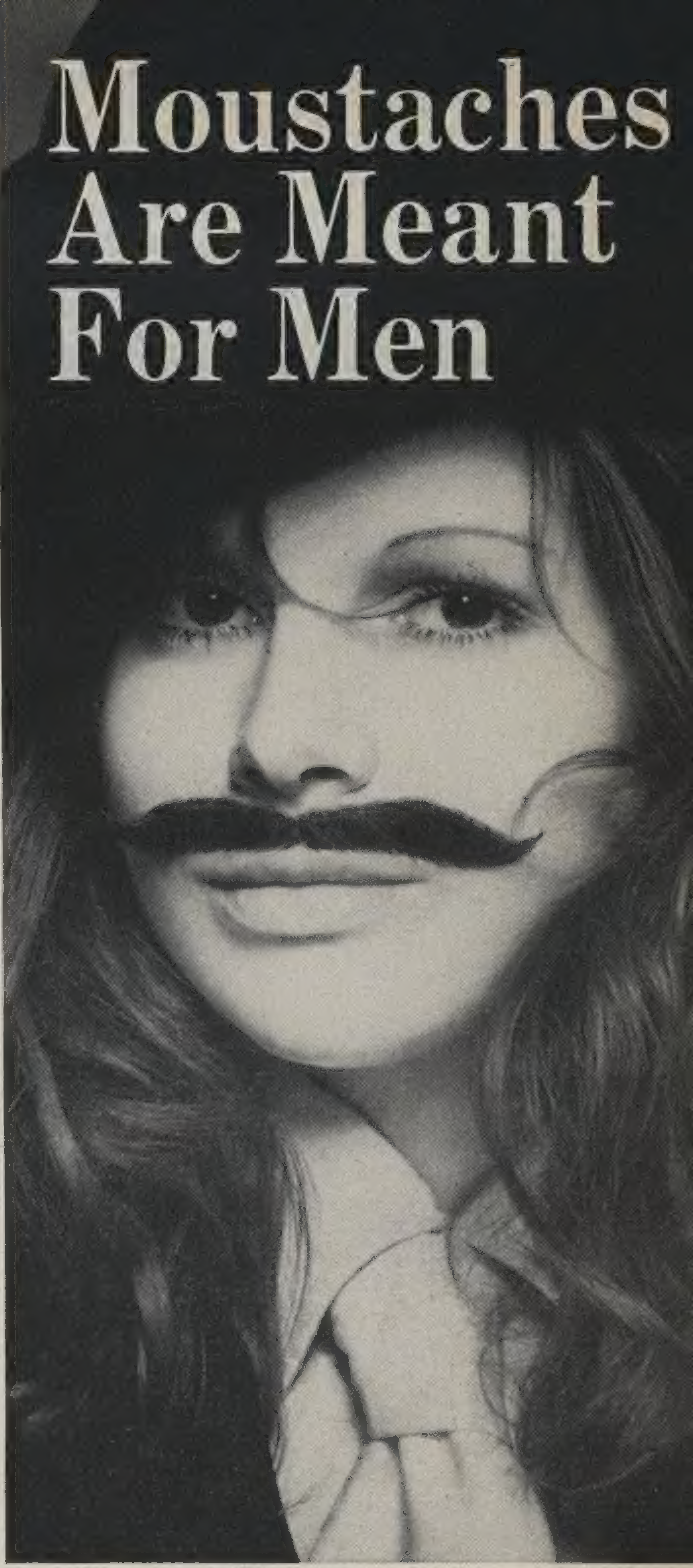

Moustaches Are Meant For Men

New Super-Lightener Creme Bleach Liberates Women From Unsightly Hair

Hair in the right place is equally beautiful on both sexes. Elsewhere—on face, arms, legs—it's still *Vive la difference!*

Female hair problems fade out of view . . . when you lighten those unwanted hairs with this latest product of Andrea's advanced beauty thinking. Quick, like lightning, superfluous hairs blend into natural skin tones. Simple . . . effective . . . medically tested and approved for even the most sensitive skin.

2 oz. $3.00 4 oz. $5.00

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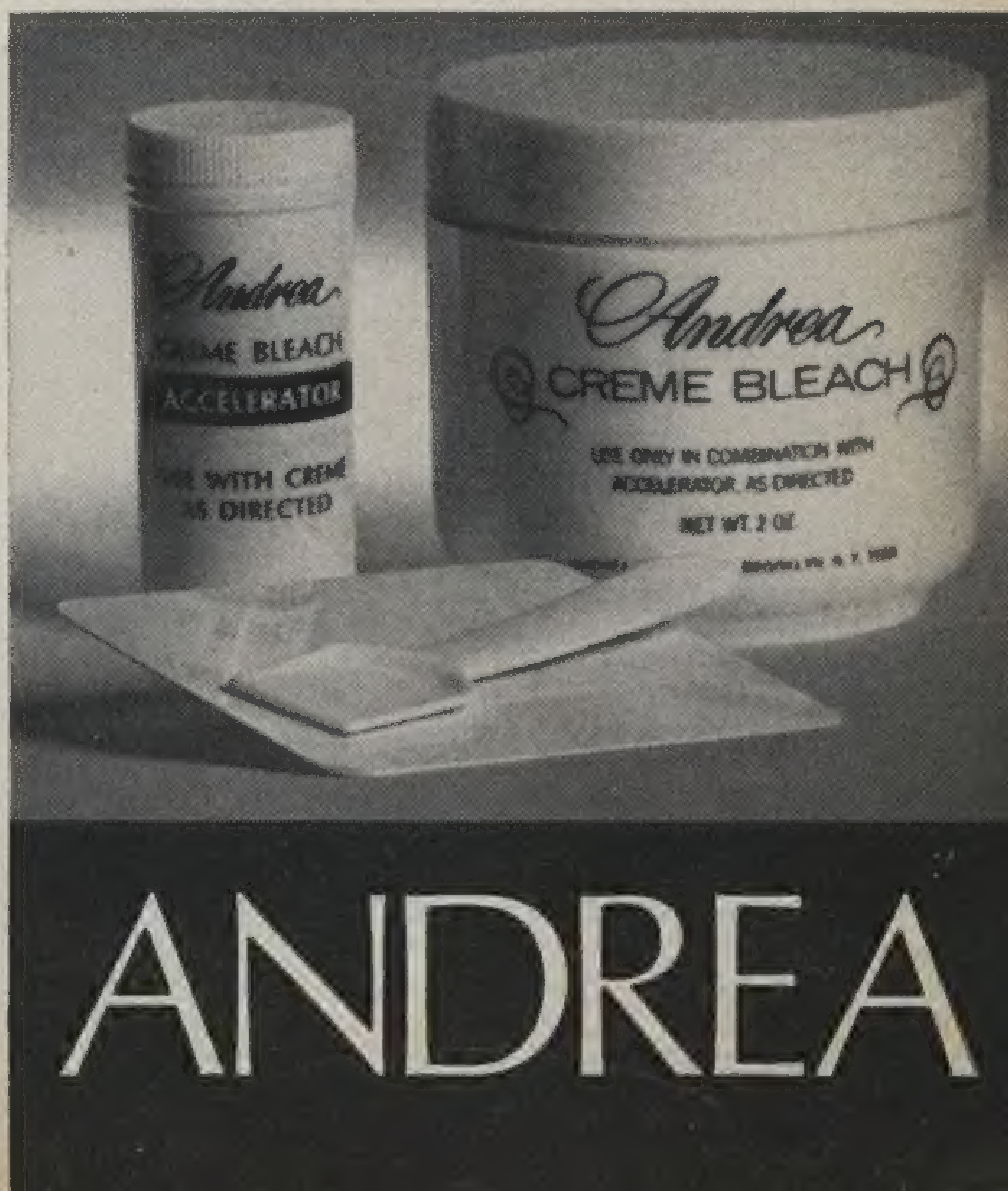

Leslie Fay and Samsonite travel the World of Fashion.

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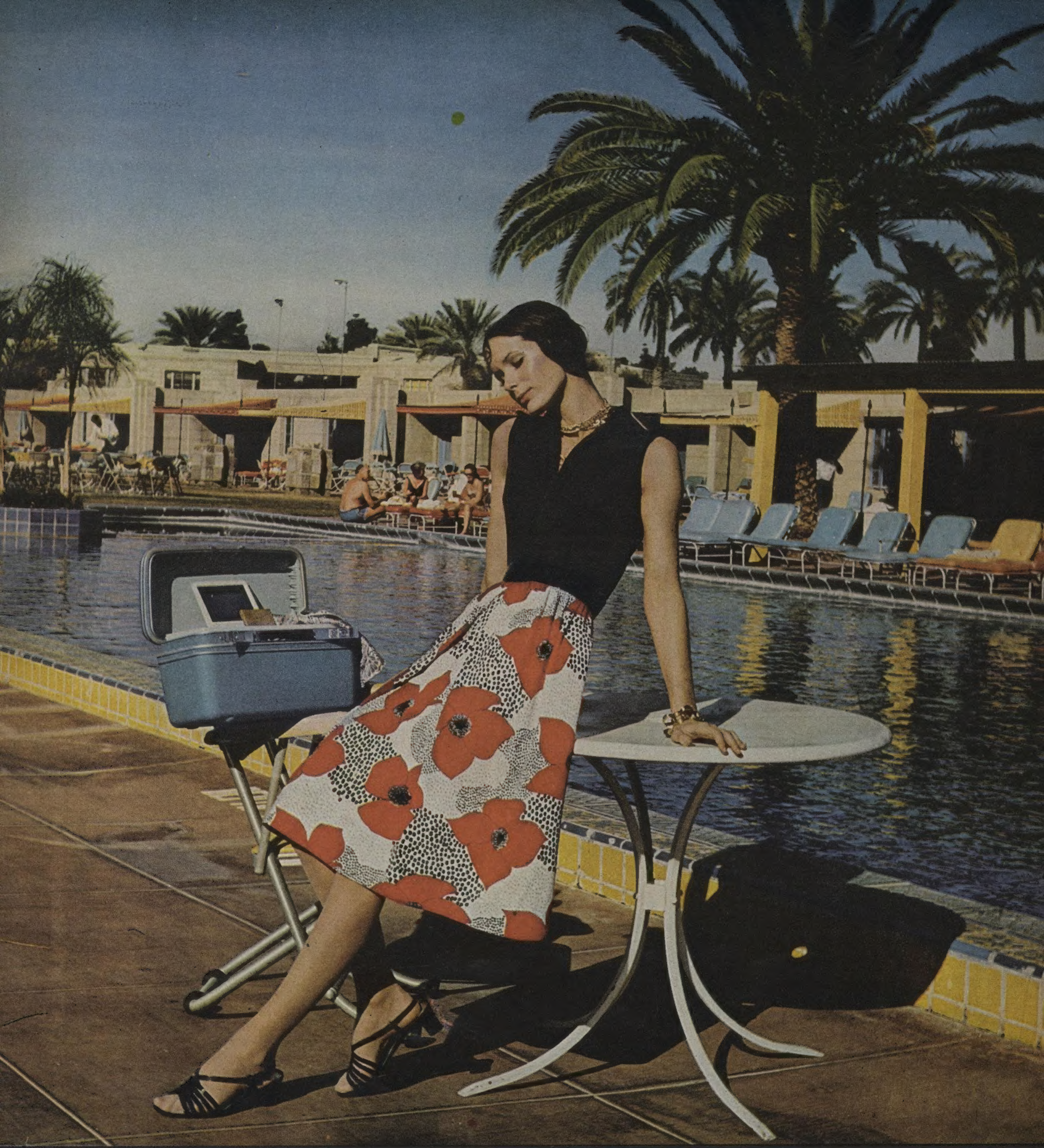


Everything In Order...easy traveling in great pantsuit Looks of polyester knit. Three piece with striped vest, overblouse and pants of new smooth textured knit. Navy or brown with white. Sizes 8-18 about $60. Two piece sweater rib vertical knit with contrasting accents. White with navy, navy with white. Sizes 8-18 about $50.

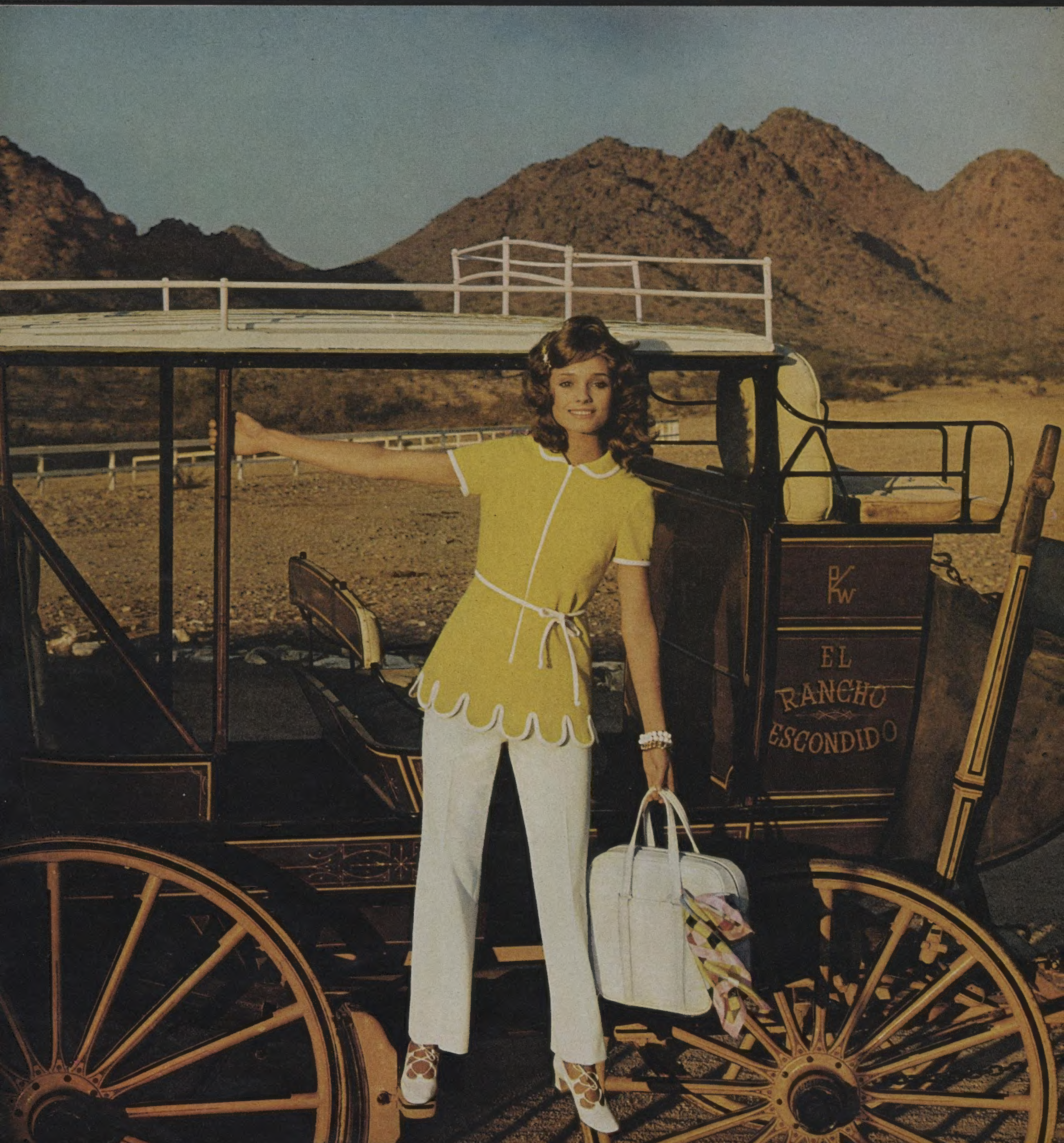
Off To A Smooth Start...with the look of an experienced traveler. Matching Samsonite® Silhouette Luggage in Oxford Grey and Dover White. High fashion, color coordinated interiors of luxurious fabrics. Protects your clothes from dust and dampness. The frames are magnesium, the lightest yet strongest metal there is.

Arriving Just In Time...for a swim and change before lunch at the pool. Zip front Ban-Lon® shirt and skirt look dress with soft front pleat and convertible wing collar or turtle neckline. Black top, red poppy skirt; navy top, yellow poppy skirt. Sizes 8-18 about $38.

Poolside Companion...Samsonite combines beauty and utility for an after swim touch-up. From our Silhouette Luggage collection, this is our Ladies' Beauty Case in Biscayne Blue, $33.

For the store nearest you carrying these clothes
write to Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, N.Y., 10018

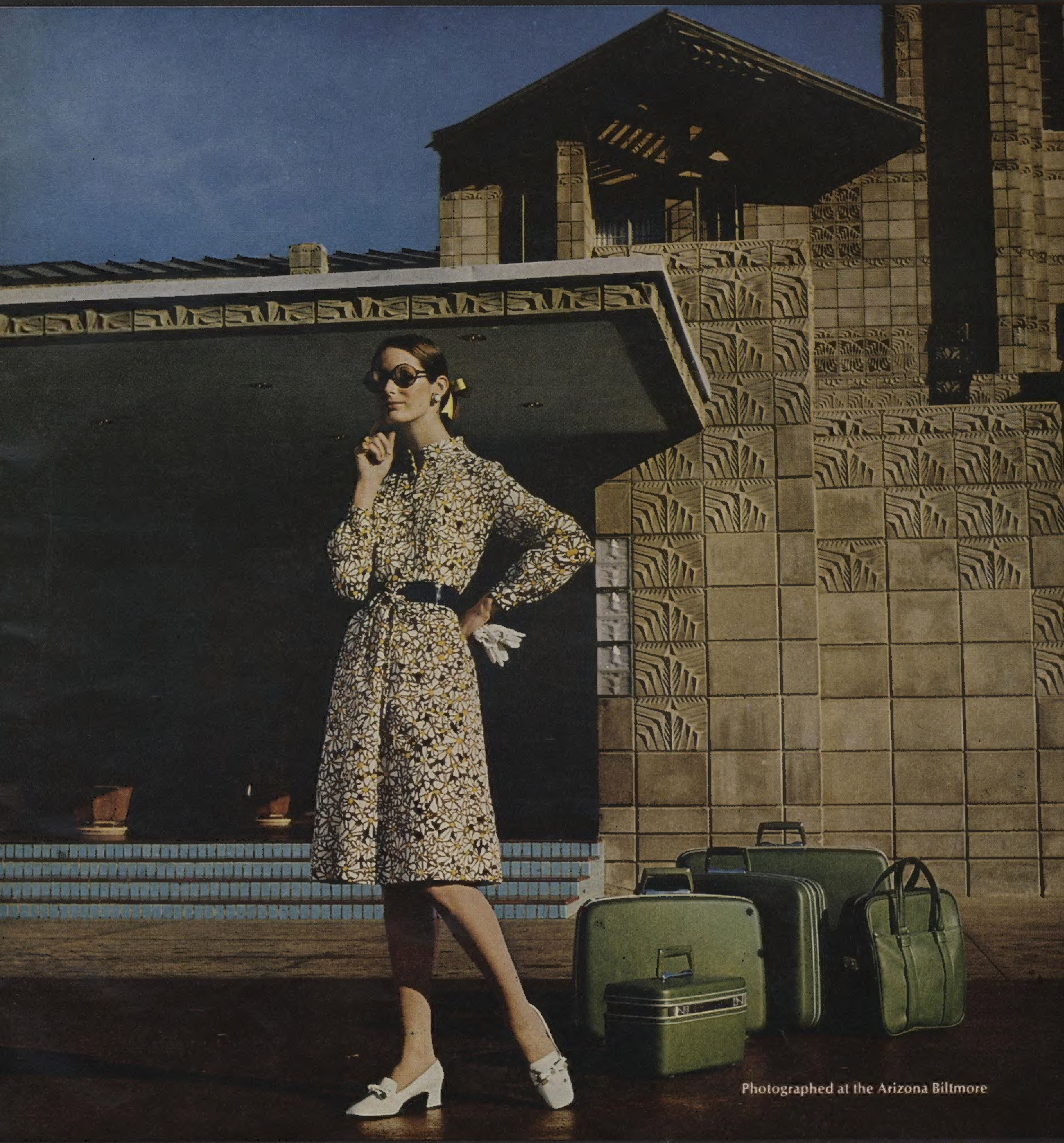
Going places in Style with



Stagecoach Sightseeing...as pretty as the Girl of the Golden West in a scalloped tunic pantsuit of petit point polyester knit. Yellow, blue or navy tunic with white pants. Sizes 8-18 about $50.

Ready for Anything...Go west, young lady, go west. We reckon this Samsonite Ladies' Handi-Tote is just about the handiest little maverick in a whole herd of beautiful Silhouette Luggage. Piece shown is Dover White, $28.

Leslie Fay and Samsonite.



Photographed at the Arizona Biltmore

Prices of the clothes slightly higher in the West.

On The Go Again With American Airlines...for chic and comfortable flying, a print shirt dress in cool, silky 100% Dacron® polyester. Brown, gold or green, orange or grey, pink combinations. Sizes 8-18 about $38.

A World of Difference...around the world or around the corner, easy packing Samsonite Silhouette Luggage is perfect for every trip, every occasion. (Left to right:) Ladies' Beauty Case, $33; Ladies' O'Nite, $36; 24 Ladies' Pullman, $43; 26 Pullman Case, $53 and Ladies' Petite Tote, $25. All in Willow Green.

Sheer shimmery, sure of its shape. Sea Dreams.

Undercurrent® bra†. Light, lustrous Shimmer-Sheer of Antron® nylon. Smooth Antron§ and Lycra§ stretch back, $5.50. Stretch brief, $3.50. Bikini, $3.00.

*The Sea Dream® Collection by maidenform**

†All "Antron" nylon. Backs: nylon, "Lycra" spandex. Exclusive of decoration.

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INDIA, IT'S ANOTHER WORLD.

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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

At the caves of Ellora. Where Buddhist, Hindu and Jain temples are carved out of the solid rock. Juxtaposed to these ancient colonnades, our soft bikini, $18, ruffled skirtcover, $20, in batik-print cottons of black-and-burnt orange.

Let gracious Air-India take you away to the fabled land of India. INDIA, IT'S ANOTHER WORLD.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Ajanta, where cave shrines are scooped out of cliffs. Natural light floods in to reveal stories of Buddha in bas-relief and lyrical frescoes. Our denimed blue-and-whites, sheer shirt, $40, short pants, $26, overskirt, $60.

Even on Air-India's new 747's you're still the biggest thing.

Twelve hundred years ago, templed capital
of the Pallava empire, today a center
of the handloom industry.
In Kancheepuram, our darkly
diaphanous print shirt, $56,
and tasselled beige skirt, $65.

Air-India takes you to ancient India
in modern luxury on their new 747's.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

The warm openness of India's people is typified by your Air-India crew. On their new 747's you're still the biggest thing, all the way to India and all the way home. Leaving Bombay, our cotton print-togethers, shirt, $46, sarong skirt, $40.

INDIA, IT'S ANOTHER WORLD.

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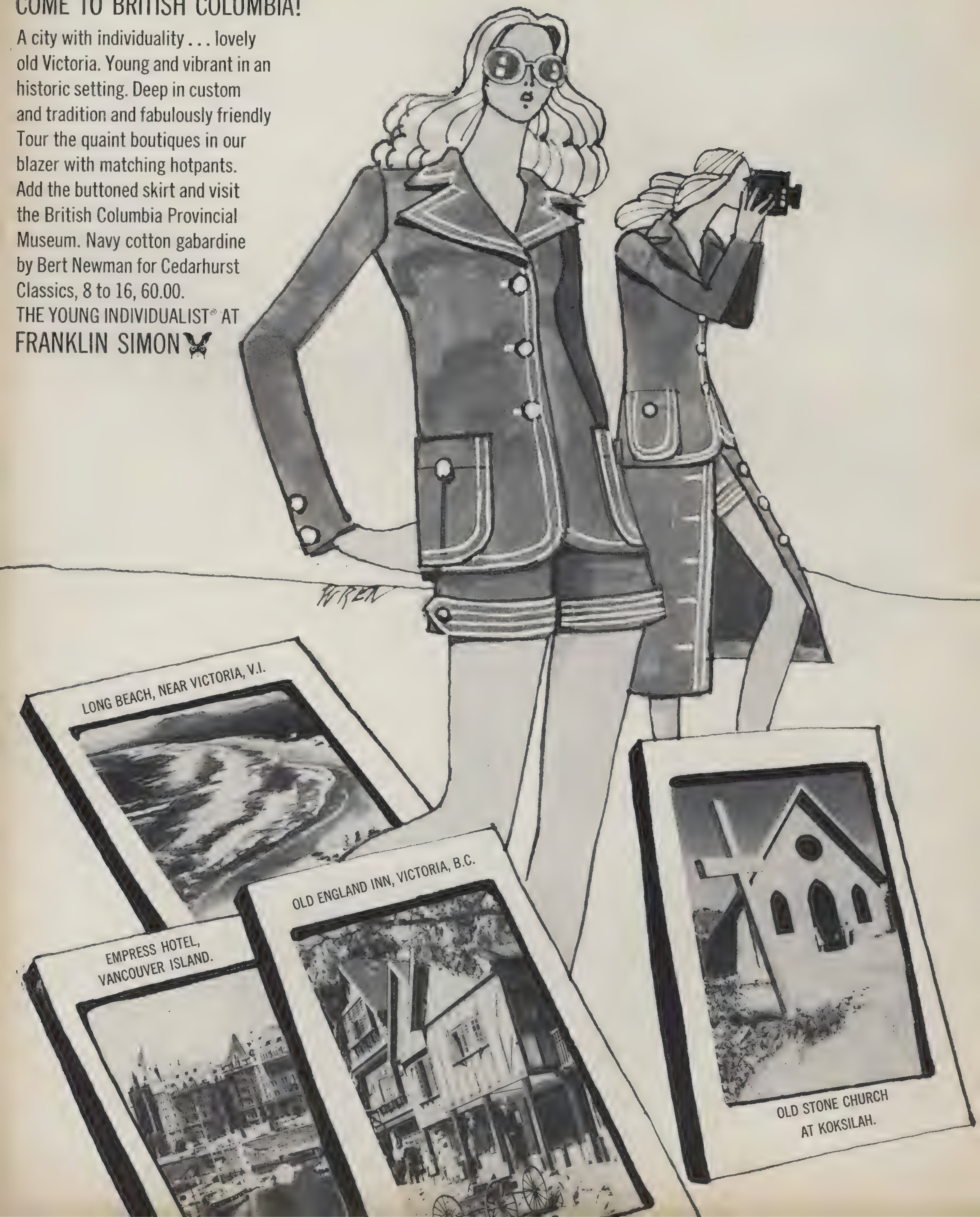
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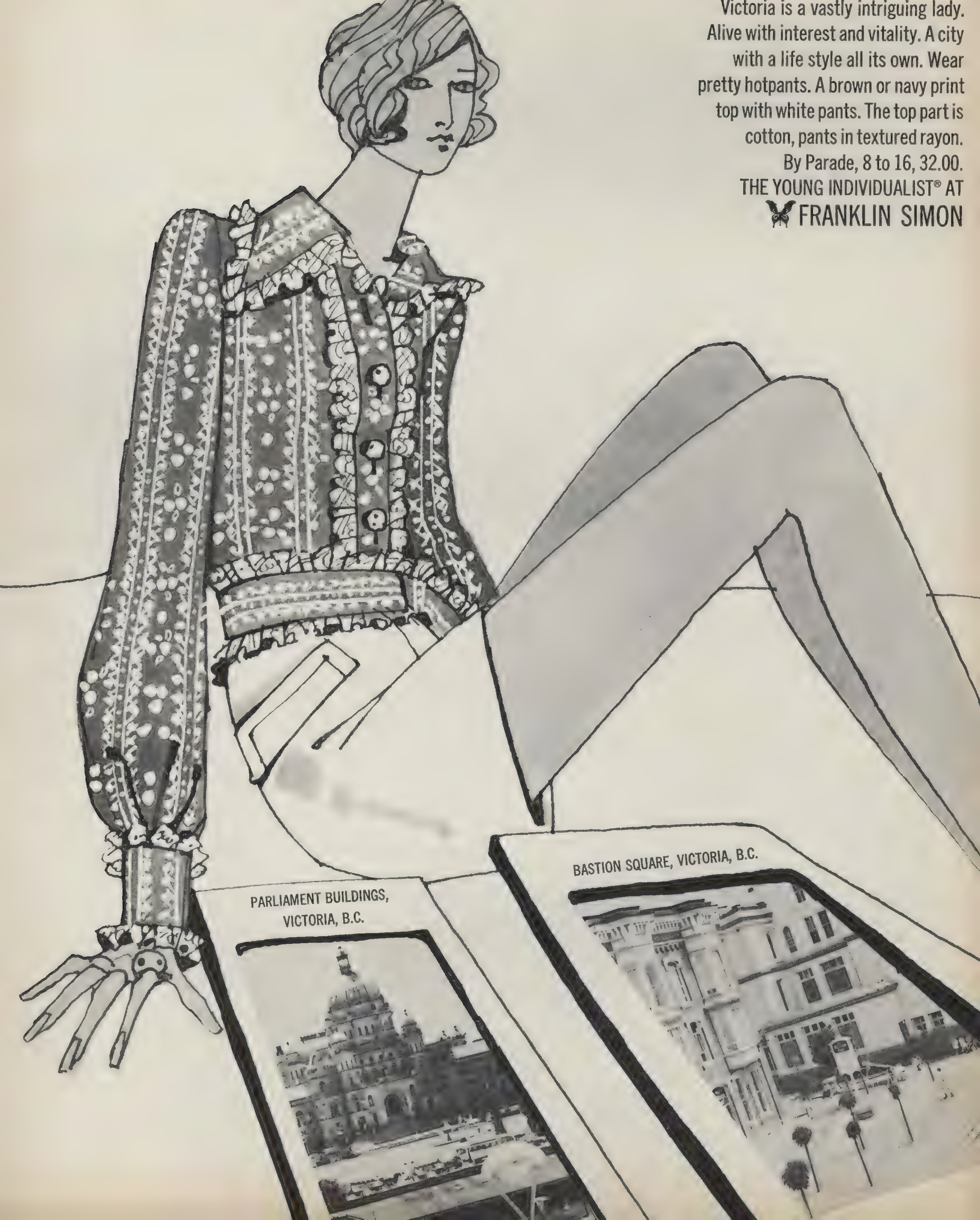
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These in white polyester and cotton twill, by Trousers Up.
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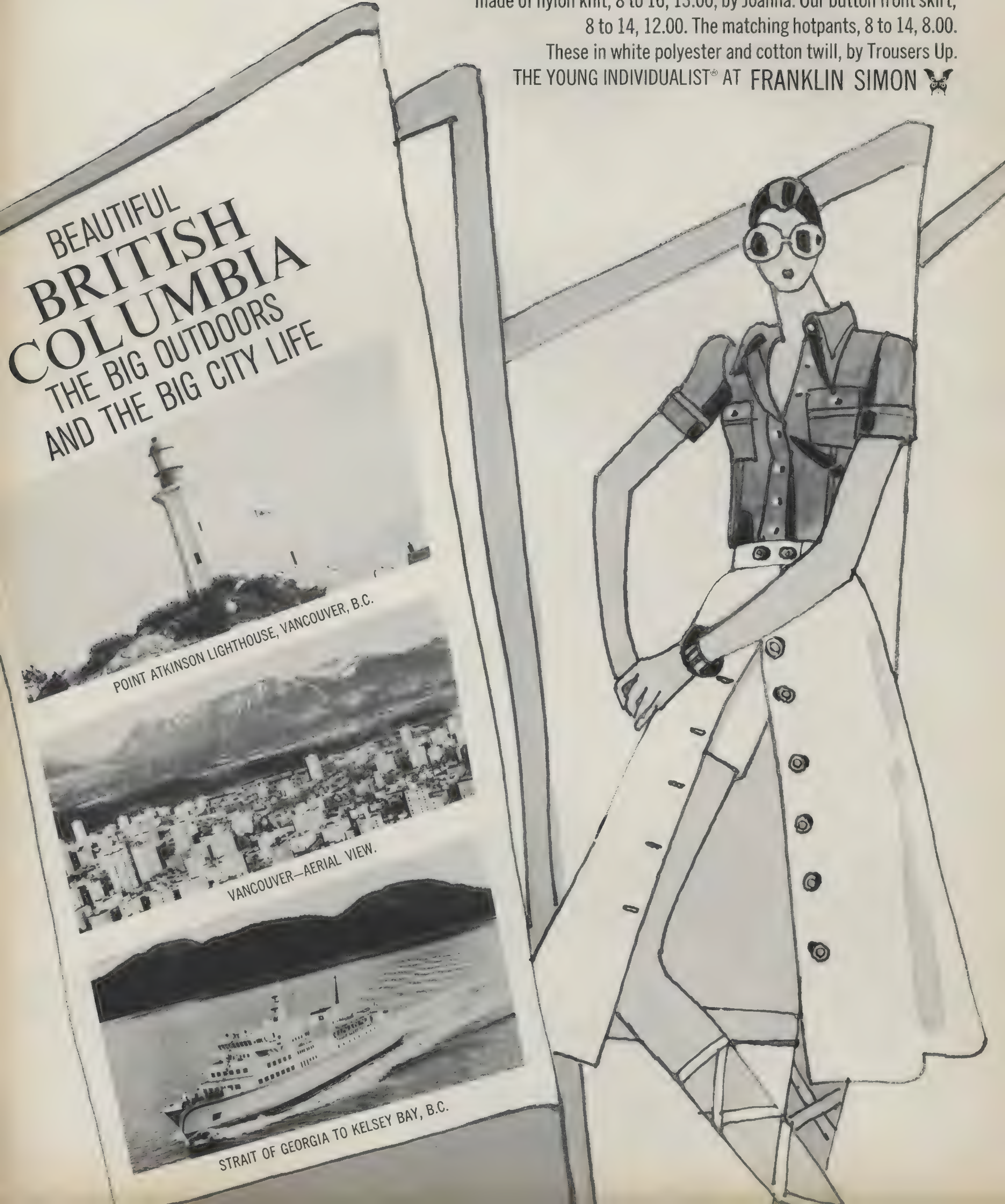
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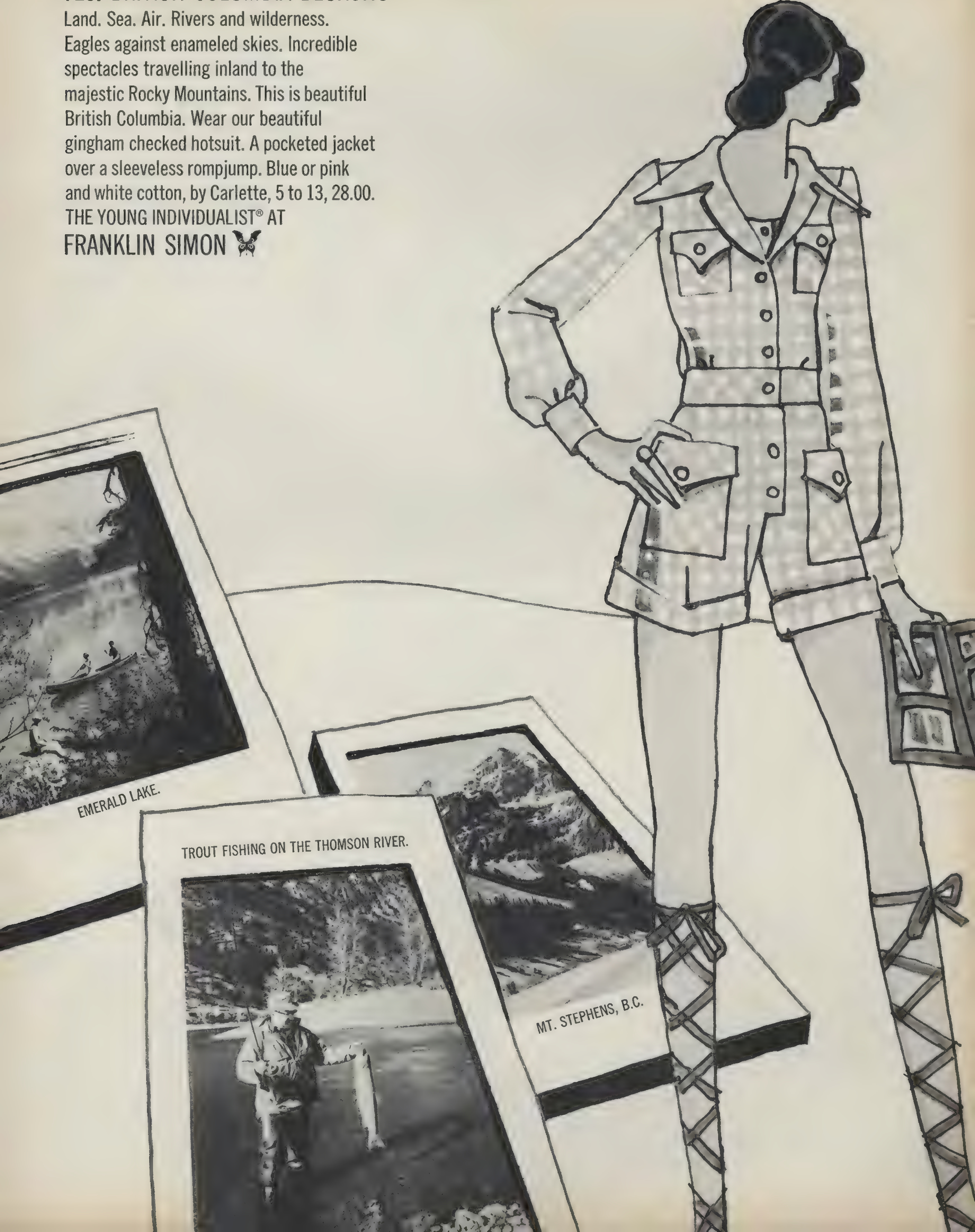
Land. Sea. Air. Rivers and wilderness. Eagles against enameled skies. Incredible spectacles travelling inland to the majestic Rocky Mountains. This is beautiful British Columbia. Wear our beautiful gingham checked hotsuit. A pocketed jacket over a sleeveless rompjump. Blue or pink and white cotton, by Carlette, 5 to 13, 28.00.

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT

FRANKLIN SIMON


EMERALD LAKE.
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MT. STEPHENS, B.C.

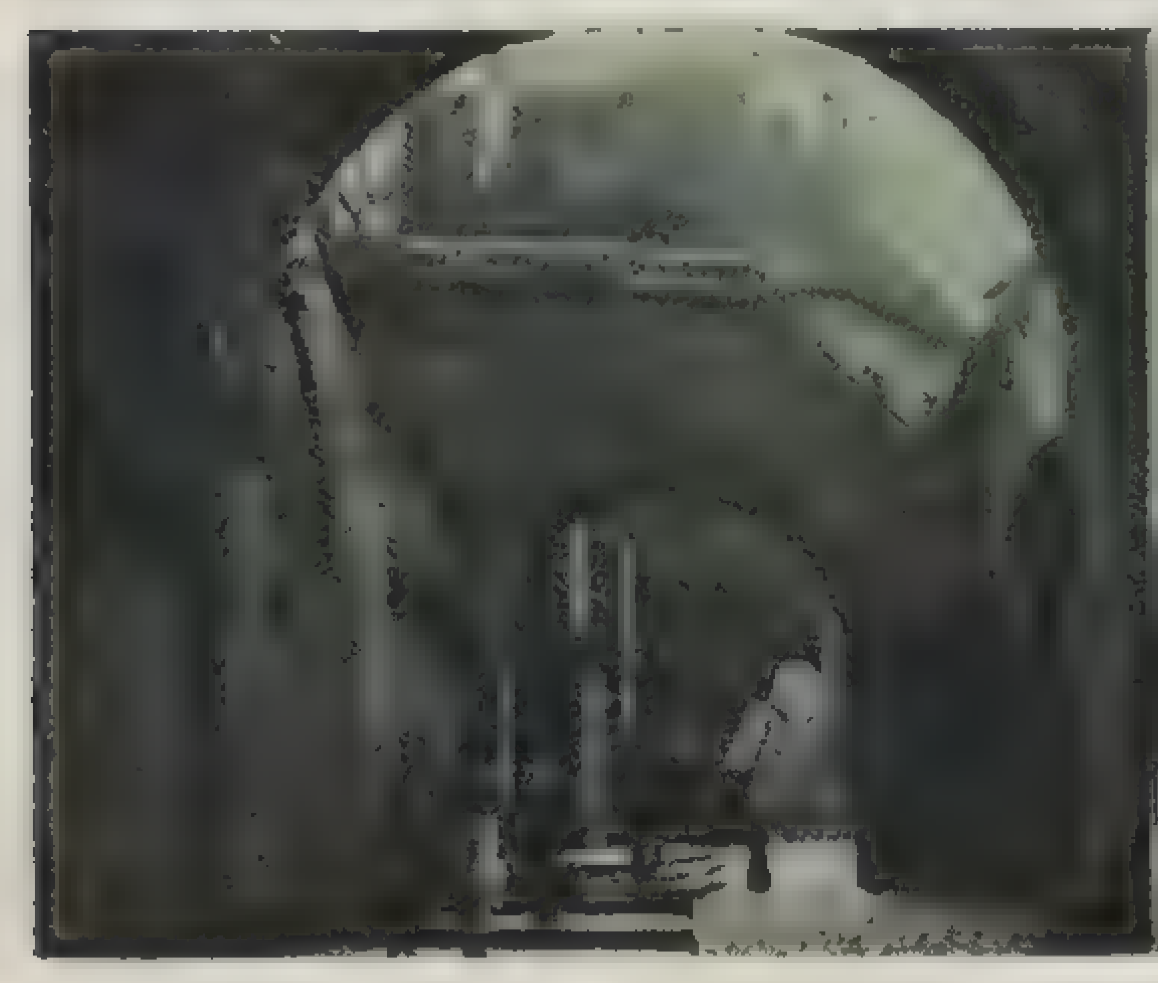
ROMANIA: A VACATION FROM THE 20th CENTURY

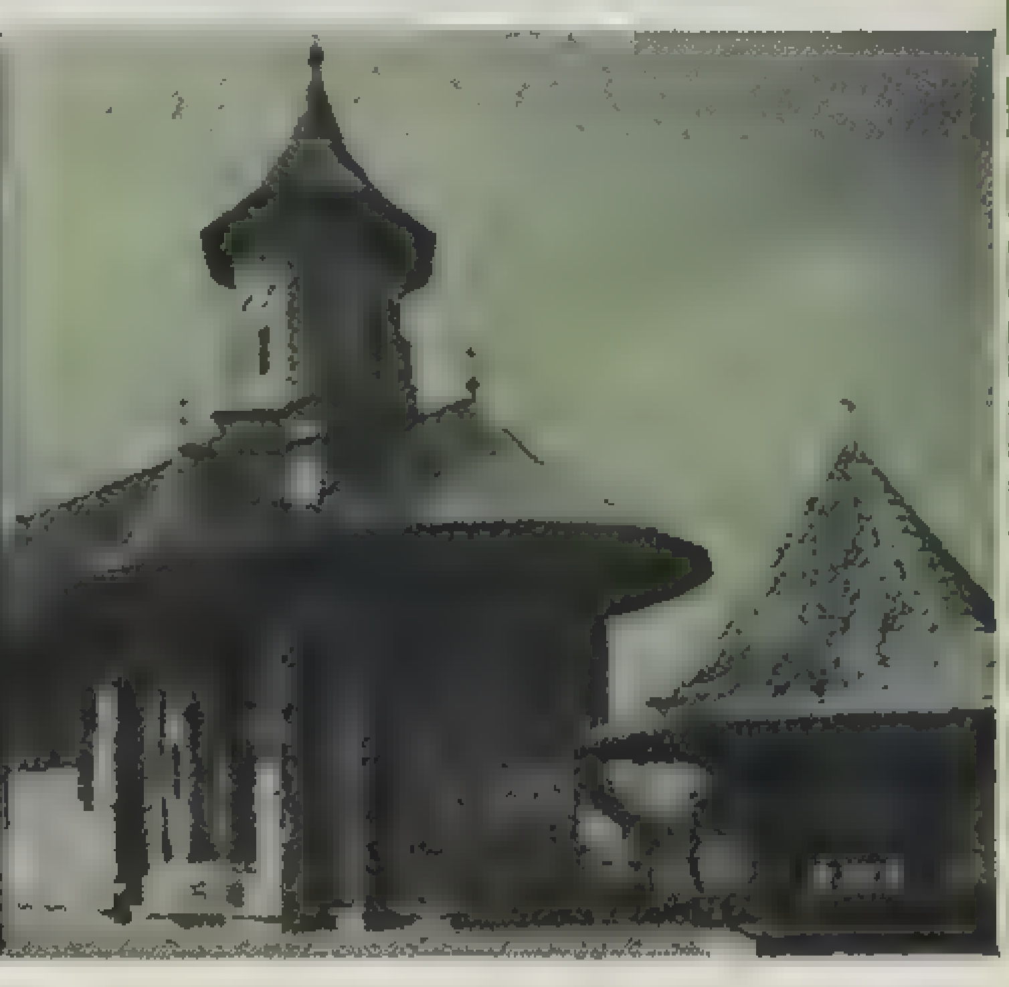
In Romania "folklore" is people having fun... and you're invited to join in!

The wild, whirling abandon of a country dance... the dazzle of spangled, embroidered costumes... the lavish hospitality of a village wedding... these are Romania's most treasured "antiquities." Older even than her riches in Graeco-Roman ruins are the life-styles, the customs and crafts of Romanian villagers today. Let us take you on a time-traveler's tour...

▪ To gay, sophisticated Latin Bucharest, reminiscent of Paris-1900, with its cafe-lined boulevards and tree-shaded garden restaurants. ▪ To the 16th century inside-out monasteries of Northern Moldavia, their outside walls completely covered with superb frescoes. ▪ To the primeval grandeur of the Carpathians, dotted with ancient castles, delightful chalets and health resorts for skiing, climbing and rest. ▪ To the ageless Danube Delta nature preserve and wildlife sanctuary, a birdwatchers paradise. ▪ To the great Romanian spas, famous for centuries and offering a wide variety of therapies, including geriatric treatment at Dr. Aslan's institute. ▪ To the swinging beaches and ultra-modern resorts of Romania's Black Sea coast.

Yes, Romania is a continent in miniature, a living museum of Old World history and pre-history. Make a fascinating escape into Europe's past while you enjoy the 20th century comforts of modern hotels like the new Intercontinental Bucharest. Discover Europe's best vacation buy... deluxe accommodations, meals and transportation for as little as $17 a day, all-inclusive, $12 first class.





YES, ROMANIA

ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE Dept. V
500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

Yes, I'd like to know more about Romania's tourist attractions and accommodations. Please send illustrated literature.

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CITY____________________

STATE__________ZIP__________

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Three Days, $48.00 per person
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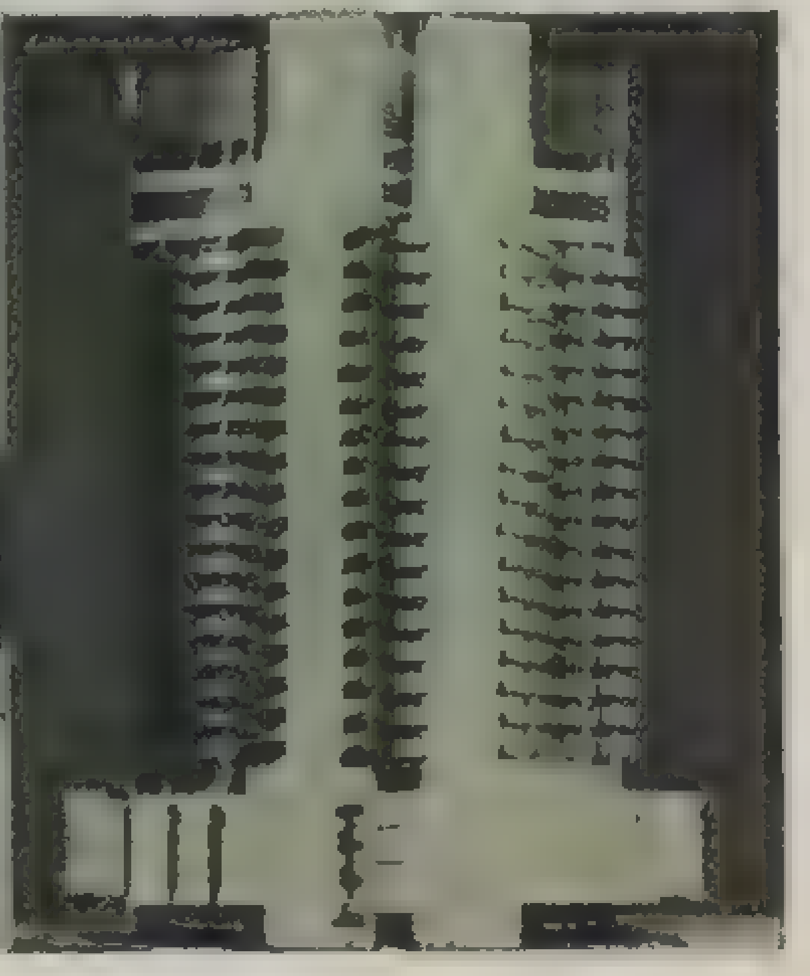
Five Days, $73.00 per person
Bucharest–Brasov–Sighisoara–Sibiu–Bucharest

Seven Days, $102.00 per person
Bucharest–Brasov–Piatra–Neamt–Vatra Dornei–Cluj–Sibiu–Bucharest



Can an underwire bra feel as good as it supports? Believe it.

Last fall Warner's introduced Smooth-As-You.® Today it's the number one bra in America.

For good reason. Its unique three-layer cup puts a layer of tricot next to your clothes (for smoothness) and a layer of tricot next to you (for support). And a layer of lace in between (for prettiness).

Its all-stretch back and sides lift and separate but give an overall effect which is extremely natural. Rounded. Smooth. Believable.

Small wonder so many women are buying it.

And now we've made it in an underwire version. The layered cup is the same. The believable look is the same. But now a woman who wants the greatest support and the greatest comfort can wear Smooth-As-You. She'll feel a lot better if she does.

And look it, too.

You'll find Smooth-As-You at the nicest stores. Regular. Underwire. Longline. And Crepeset.®

We think *all* women should have the believable body.

Smooth-As-You Underwire by Warner's.

Fashions by Kimberly

Warner's® designs the believable body

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When the islands of Spain call you, call us. Iberia, the airline of Spain.

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MENORCA
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Only one airline in the world flies you to all these romantic islands.

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SPAIN
MADRID
MINORCA
MAJORCA
IBIZA
AFRICA

THE TREASURE ISLANDS OF SPAIN

Welcome to the Balearic Islands—Majorca, Minorca, Ibiza—Spanish jewels in a crystal blue Mediterranean setting, each with its own distinct personality. Life on the islands is a harmonious blend of past and present. Luxurious hotels rise next to whitewashed fishing villages, and modern conveniences contrast with old world hospitality. Besides eternal sunshine and breathtaking scenery, the Balearics offer the visitor a wealth of folklore, native crafts, culinary delights and leisure enjoyments. Travel to the Balearics is relaxed and easy. IBERIA's streamlined jumbo jets offer traditional Red Rose service to Madrid—a little more than a pleasant hour's flight from these fascinating islands.

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

JORDAN MARSH
BOSTON MIAMI

In the treasure islands of Spain …A FIESTA OF BRILLIANT SPANISH FASHION

MAJORCA, the largest island of the Balearics, is a natural wonder—187 miles of coastline, scores of secluded beaches and tiny coves nestled between rugged cliffs. It has its cosmopolitan side too. Palma, the capital, boasts a Symphony Orchestra, night clubs, restaurants, theatres, and one of the most important bullrings in Spain.

Below, the luxurious Hotel *Melia Mallorca* on the Paseo Marítimo offering the utmost comforts of modern living.

HOTEL
MELIA MALLORCA

IBIZA lies in the Mediterranean close to the Spanish coast. It rests on the crossroads between two worlds: the new, with modern resort hotels . . . the old, with tidy whitewashed houses and dignified monuments to soothe lovers of peace and tranquility. The visitor can also find fascinating traces of history in Ibiza's Archaeological Museum and in the costumes of the village dwellers.

Left, From PRENTON of Madrid, a classic revival of two summer naturals: the sleeveless dress in flax knit, short-stop cover-up in oatmeal canvas. Designers' Shop.

Right, A sweep and flourish of color from PEDRO ROVIRA of Barcelona; flamboyant floral print scooped and emphatically fringed in a myriad of colors. Designers' Shop.

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

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PERTEGAZ
PERTEGAZ
PERTEGAZ
PERTEGAZ

THE TREASURE ISLANDS OF SPAIN

MINORCA revels in an old world atmosphere with rich folklore and ancient knightly festivals dating from the Middle Ages. Abounding with quaint towns and excellent beaches, it has the finest natural harbor in the Mediterranean. Near the sea, restaurants and local taverns specialize in exotic seafood dishes and other gastronomic delights of the Spanish islands.

Left, Accessories that echo the Spanish flavor: from TANO, a chunky white leather bag, piped in navy, flashed with silver. One from a group of Spanish handbags now at Jordan Marsh. From PERTEGAZ, *Diagonal,* the sun-washed essence of flowers in a complete fragrance collection. Also on the diagonal, the PERTEGAZ signature scarf in clear-colored silk.

Right, The new wave of summer shirting from ELIO BERHANYER, his signature print on the sheerest of cotton voiles, slit to the thighs, falling in fronds to the ankles. Designers' Shop.

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

THE TREASURE ISLANDS OF SPAIN

GRAND CANARY is a shell-shaped island framed by magnificent beaches and criss-crossed with high ridges and deep gorges that give it a changing expression from one minute to the next. Las Palmas, the capital, stretches for nearly six miles along the coast, offering the visitor the ultimate in vacation accommodations.

Below, one of Las Palmas' many luxury hotels: the magnificent Hotel *Santa Catalina* in Doramas Park, an idyllic setting abounding with flowers in a profusion of color.

Left, The romance of Spain in a soft cling of staccato black and white print from ANDRES ANDREU of Barcelona, bodice studded with jet and crystal, a flounce of skirt. Designers' Shop.

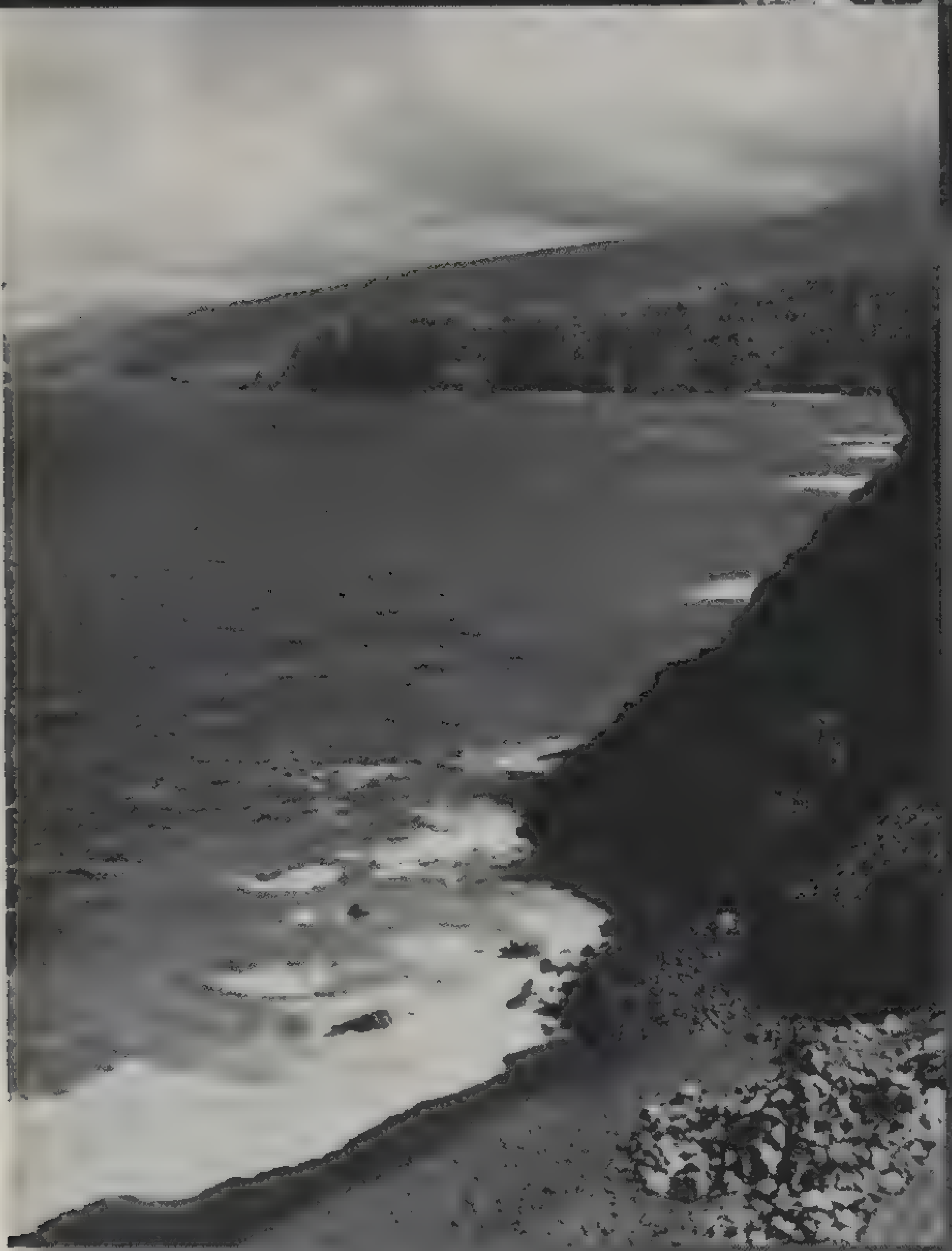
Right, City-going shorts suit from MITZOU . . . creamy white leather punctuated with navy, the brief jacket paired with the trend-setting new length in pants. Designers' Shop.

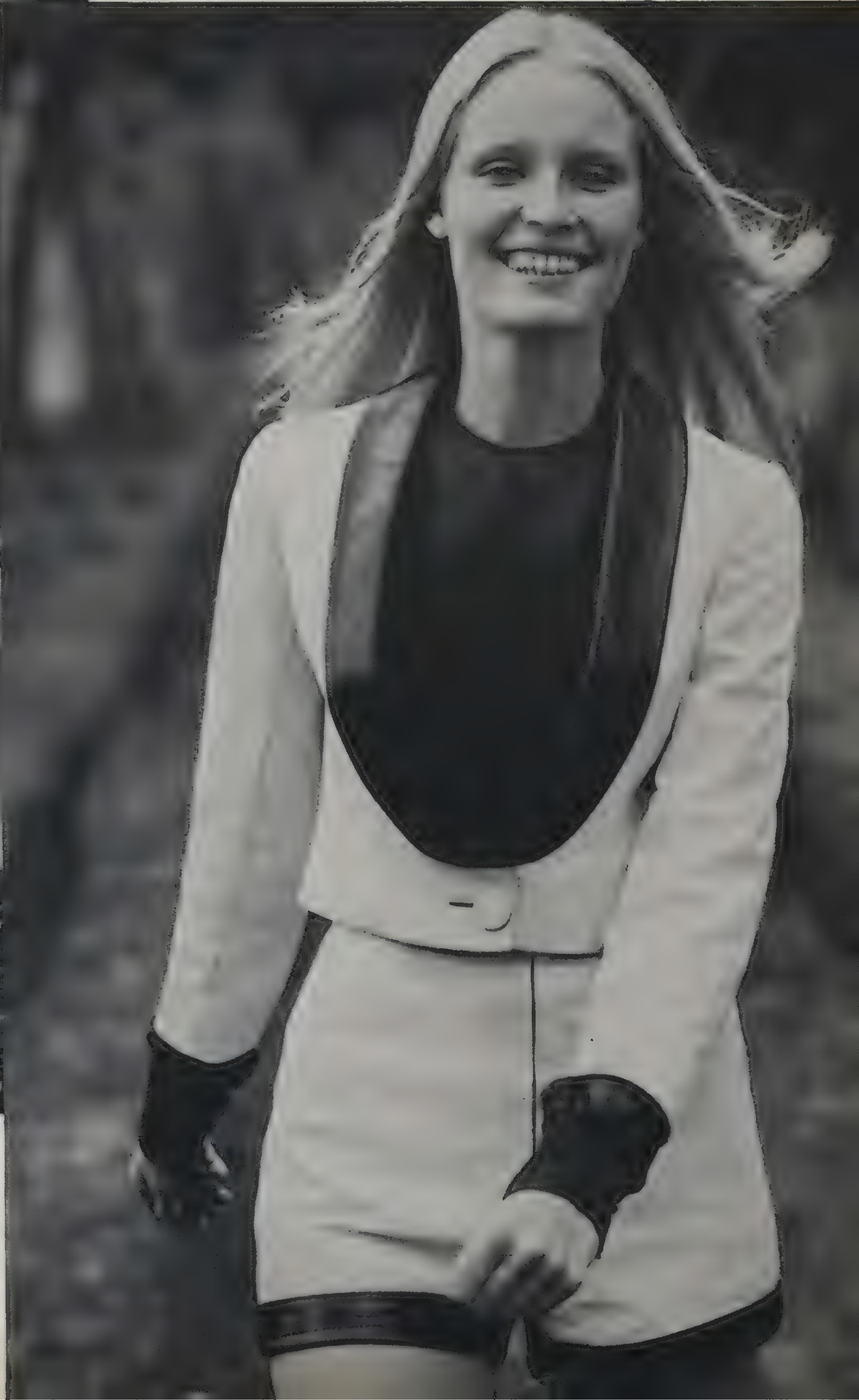
IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

JORDAN MARSH
BOSTON MIAMI

TENERIFE, the largest of the Canary Islands, is dominated by Mount Teide, the highest point on Spanish territory. It is a marvel of nature with majestic mountains, craters and beaches where black lava pulverized by the sea forms the sand.

Left, the Hotel *San Felipe* in Puerto de la Cruz with its spectacular view of the ocean, Olympic-sized pool, tennis courts and elegant cabaret.



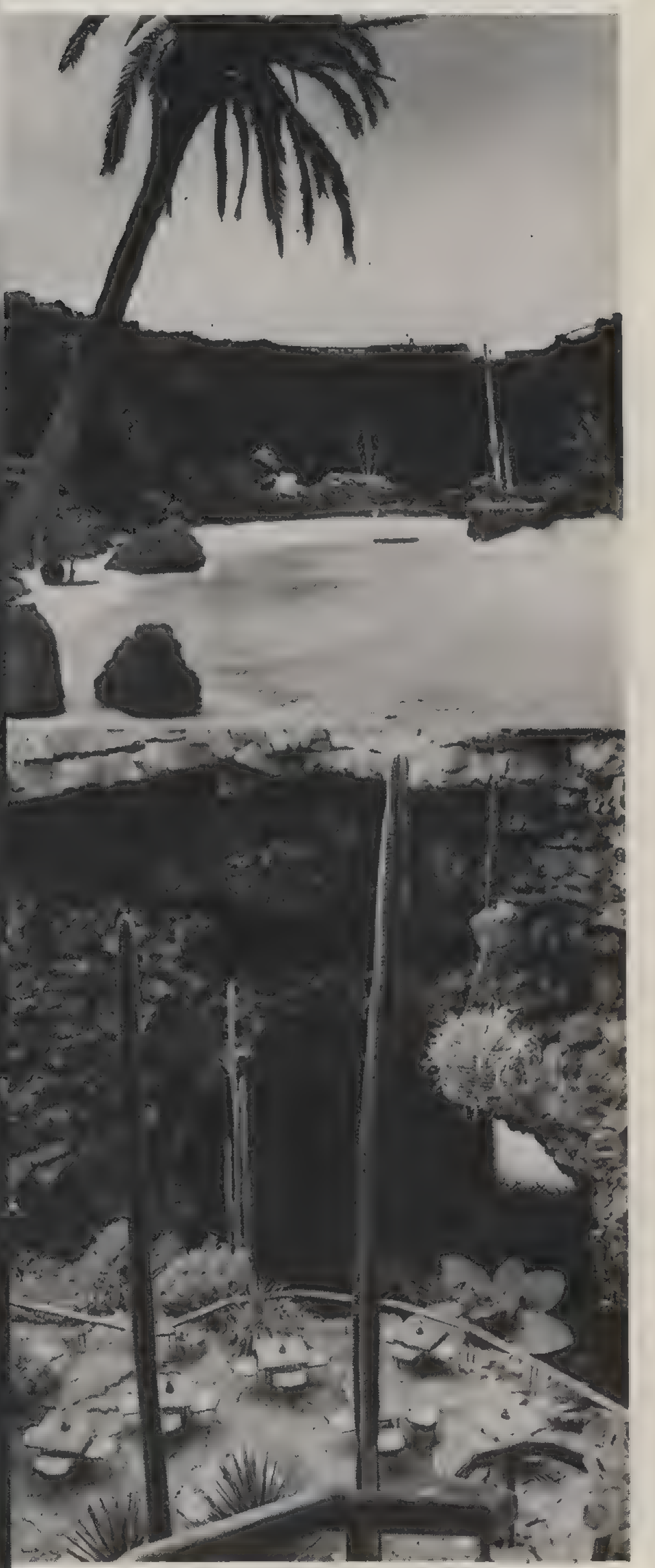


JORDAN MARSH

BOSTON MIAMI

LANZAROTE, with its exotic landscape, is a wind-buffeted land with twisted lava streams, embraced by endless beaches of snow-white, red and jet-black sands. Here, camels, familiar beasts of burden, carry the visitor over lava-crusted slopes. Dotted with fascinating caves, the island is an explorer's paradise.

Below, Los Jameos del Agua, a natural salt-water pond and grotto transforms itself at dusk into an unexpected oasis for dining and dancing.



Left, Summer peasantry from PERTEGAZ . . . a skimmy slice of top baring its midriff over a voluminous handkerchief skirt in an explosion of dots. Designers' Shop.

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

People who know fabrics know there's nothing like Supima.
Supima®
AMERICA'S LUXURY COTTONS

"To me, Supima is the status name in cottons. Supima fabrics have a wonderful silkiness and rich lustre. And they have the strength and body I wanted for my Super Sports collection. Best of all, Supima takes color beautifully. Look at the brightness of these prints.

Supima meets my standards of quality and luxury. There's just nothing like it."

—Melba Hobson, Tannerway

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"The Super Sports" available at: Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, San Francisco, Troy, Short Hills, Palm Beach; Marshall Field & Company; Neiman-Marcus, all stores

Supima is a registered certification mark containing Southwestern extra-long staple cotton conforming to the standards of the Supima Association of America.

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FOCUS ON FASHION...
with DAVID CRYSTAL and BELL & HOWELL at La COSTA

If you could imagine a beautiful mirage, it would surely have to look like La Costa: a secluded but accessible setting in a sunny, Southern Californian valley just 30 minutes north of San Diego; a complete and luxurious spa to relax mind and body, 20 miles of riding trails to tone them up; a famous golf course where the Tournament of Champions is played, 13 all-weather tennis courts where Poncho Segura is the resident professional; add to that, splendid accommodations in luxury hotels, chateaus, cottages or villas; and gourmet food, of course. Except that La Costa is no dream. It is a real-life resort waiting to give you the vacation you owe yourself.

FOCUS ON FASHION WITH DAVID CRYSTAL

Baseball great Don Drysdale and Mrs. Drysdale, in David Crystal's alligator turnout, photographed at the La Costa golf course.

B Altman & Co

FIFTH AVENUE WHITE PLAINS MANHASSET
SHORT HILLS ST. DAVIDS, PA. RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS

MONTALDO'S

ALL STORES

HUDSON'S

DETROIT

FOCUS ON FASHION WITH BELL & HOWELL

Pancho Segura, La Costa's resident tennis professional, photographed with his wife, wearing David Crystal's tricolor, alligator-decorated dress.

Kaufmann's
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Harzfeld's
PETTICOAT LANE
KANSAS CITY, MO.

DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM®
MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL SOUTHDALE
BROOKDALE ROCHESTER ROSEDALE

Garfinckel's
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004

FOCUS ON FASHION AT LA COSTA

John Hadl—star quarterback of the San Diego Chargers—with Mrs. Hadl in David Crystal's coat-dress sporting the alligator.

Jordan Marsh
FLORIDA

CHAS. A.
STEVENS
CHICAGO WINNETKA-LA GRANGE PARK
EVERGREEN PARK

Rike's
DAYTON, OHIO

Battelstein's
HOUSTON, TEXAS

All fashions available at all stores and at additional stores listed immediately following this page.

FOCUS ON FASHION WITH BELL & HOWELL

To reflect the fashionable life at La Costa... three super cameras with loads of woman-appeal from Bell & Howell. Above, a sleek movie camera with a chrome and black body, wood grain details and very special talents. Among these are a power zoom lens, a push-button focusing system and a large and bright view-finder. See the beautiful styling of the camera, costing under $110, as it focuses on the Drysdales. For a few dollars more, another model called Filmosound 8® offers synchronous sound capability.

The 35mm Canonet QL 1.7 camera is ideal for traveling to places like La Costa because it is compact, completely automatic, easy to use and produces quality results. Not shown is a small, cordless electronic flash unit which offers automatic flash control to make shooting color pictures indoors as easy as taking pictures in daylight. The camera, under $130, has a quick-loading ability which means that you catch every action shot. Perfect for the sports buff—and for photographing Pancho Segura, who appears on the second color page.

Here is another camera for the sports scene, with its completely automatic electric eye and through-the-lens viewing for accurate focus and perfect composition. This is the Auto 35/Reflex seen also in the riding scene with the Hadls. It has a quick-loading system, shutter speeds up to a 500th of a second and can be used with interchangeable lenses for wide-angle or telephoto composition. The camera, with standard 50mm lens, costs under $160. To see these splendid cameras in close-up, contact your local Bell & Howell dealer.

For a complete color brochure focusing on the attractions of La Costa, write to Dept. V., Rancho La Costa, California, 92008

...AND DAVID CRYSTAL

Two winning turnouts in easy-care fabrics: on the golf course, Mrs. Drysdale wears the crisp, alligator-decorated Dacron® doubleknit pantsuit. Pineapple, island blue, coral. $60. The Boussac print dress blossoms in the Californian sunshine. Polyester and cotton. As shown only. $46. Both turnouts in sizes 8 to 18.

Prices may vary in certain cities.

The alligator goes West... to the La Costa tennis courts. Mrs. Segura wears David Crystal's tournament-stopping tricolor Dacron® doubleknit dress with the alligator insignia. White/red/navy, navy/red/white, apple/navy/white. $33. The cool and collected cotton playdress zips up the front. Navy, orange, green. $26. Both dresses in sizes 8 to 18.

Stripes are the name of the game... and David Crystal's fashion ploy at the riding stables. Mrs. Hadl's dress sports the alligator symbol of excellence. Toast, navy, apple, tangelo. $33. The zippiest little dress with short sleeves is in aqua or iris. $46. Both dresses in sizes 8 to 18 and doubleknitted in Dacron® polyester.

Men's fashions by Izod.

The David Crystal fashions on the preceding pages are available at these fine stores:

Aberdeen, S Dak Marie O Simmons Shop
Abingdon, Va . . Maxine's
Adrian, Mich Maurice Distinctive Apparel
Aiken, S Car Julia's Dress Shop
Akron, Ohio Birnbaum's
Albany, Ga Rosenberg Bros
Albany, Ore Hamilton's
Albert Lea, Minn Andersen's
Alexander City, Ala Frohsin's
Alexandria, La Gus Kaplan
Alexandria, Va Frankie Welch of Virginia
Amarillo, Texas . Colbert's
Americus, Ga A Cohen & Son
Anchorage, Alaska Welch's Style Shop
Anderson, S. Car Vogue Shop
Annapolis, Md Jane Elizabeth Dress Shop
Ann Arbor, Mich Hutzel's-Mary Dibble
Arcadia, Calif. .. Hinshaw's
Ardmore, Okla .. Daube's
Asbury Park, N J Dainty Apparel
Asheboro, N Car Belk Yates Co
Asheville, N Car John Carroll
Ashland, Ky . . Delmar's
Ashland Ohio Forecast Inc Casual Shop
Athens, Ohio .. ... Logan's
Atlanta, Ga .. Leon Frohsin
Attleboro, Mass ...Milady's
Auburn Ala . Polly-Tek Shop
Auburn, N Y .. Bramley's
Augusta, Ga ..... Cullum's
Baltimore, Md Miller Brothers
Barrington, Ill Country Cousin
Batavia, N Y . Alexander's
Bennington, Vt. .... Vogue and Vanity
Benson, Minn Thompson's
Beverly Hills, Calif Town Shop
Binghamton, N Y. . .. Phils
Birmingham, Mich .Chudiks
Bismarck, N Dak Sincerely Yours
Blacksburg, Va John Norman, Inc
Bloomington, Ind The Kings' Shop
Blue Earth, Minn Adolphson's
Boise, Idaho . . ..Carroll's
Boothbay Harbor, Me House of Logan
Boston, Mass The Gray Shop
Bound Brook, N J. . Lilaine's
Braddock, Pa. .Fashion Spear
Bradford, Pa Fannin's Dress Shop
Bristol, Tenn The Fashion Shop
Brookhaven, Pa .. Mark's
Buffalo, N Y Mabel Danahy
Buffalo N Y . .. Slotkin's
Burlington, N Car Blanchard's
Burlington, Vt. Mayfair, Inc
Cambridge, Mass Gertrude Singer
Canton, Ohio The Parisian
Carlsbad, Calif The Casual Shop
Carmel, Calif Cinderella Shop
Carrollton, Ky The Carroll Shop
Chagrin Falls, Ohio Havre's
Chambersburg, Pa The Little Shop
Champaign, Ill Jos Kuhn & Co
Charleston, S Car Berlin's
Charleston, W Va The Vogue Inc
Charlottesville, Va Hazel M Eastham, Inc
Cheyenne, Wyo . ... National Furs and Fashion
Chillicothe, Ohio ...Tudor's
Cincinnati, Ohio ... Pogue's
Clarksburg, W. Va.. Broida's
Clear Lake, Iowa Nichols Shop
Clinton, Mass Gould's Redwood Shop
Clinton, N Car The Town Shop
Columbia, S. Car Lisabeth Wolfe
Coos Bay, Ore. . . Monique
Cordele, Ga Turton's Casuals
Coronado, Calif. Lelah Elgin
Culpeper, Va . ..... Jayne's
Cumberland, Md Peskin's Inc
Dallas, Texas The Carriage Shop
Danvers, Mass. . .Lorraine Roy
Danville, Ill Parisian Oscar Meis
Danville, Ky. . .Cinderella Inc.
Darien, Conn. .... Inez
Davenport, Iowa ... Ramey's
Daytona Beach, Fla Sussman's
Dayton, Ohio ... Billy Lewis
Decatur, Ill Van Law Carol's
Decatur, Ill. ..... Williams
Dedham, Mass. .... Geishecker's
Deerfield Beach, Fla. ...... Whitacre's Sportswear Inc.
Deerfield, Ill. .... Emma Bandemer
Dekalb, Ill. .... Eileen's Dress Shop
Delray Beach, Fla Nina Raynor
Demopolis, Ala ... Frohsin's
Des Moines, Iowa . . Wolf's
Dubois, Pa . Leonardson's
Dubuque Iowa . Stevens
Duluth, Minn Arthur A Silver
Dunkirk, N Y Jayne's
Durant, Okla Ben Siegel's
Dyersburg Tenn Schlesinger's
East Brunswick N J Suburban Shops
Eau Claire, Wisc The Fashion Store
Eden, N Car . . Wright's
Elgin, Ill. . .. The Boutique
Elizabeth, N J Mason Edwards
Elkhart, Ind ..... 812 Shop
Elmira, N Y . Lovely Shop Inc
Endicott, N Y . . Lee's
Euclid, Ohio . Gornik's
Fairmont, Minn .. Georgia's
Fargo, N Dak. ... Black's
Fargo, N Dak . Shotwell's
Faribault, Minn. . The Leader
Ferriday, La Doris Dress Shop
Findlay, Ohio .... . . Gair's
Flint, Mich. ..... . Ellen's
Florence, S Car Nettie Elizabeth Shoppe
Fort Dodge, Iowa Hollywood Style Shop
Fort Myers, Fla . Elsa's Inc
Freeport, Ill. ..... Ruhl's
Fremont, Ohio Schmidt Hat & Gift Shop
Fresno, Calif .... Rodder's
Galesburg, Ill Fred Schubach
Gastonia, N Car Matthews-Belk Co
Glenview, Ill Chip's Casuals
Gloucester Mass . Adasko's
Grand Blanc, Mich The Carriage Shoppe
Grand Forks, N. Dak Griffith's
Grand Rapids, Mich Alice Jane Dows
Granville Ohio Phoebe's Custom Apparel
Greenville, N Car. .. Brody's
Greenville, S Car Halfacre-Osborne Inc
Greenville, Miss Tenenbaum's
Greer, S. Car Elsie D Fleming
Griffin, Ga. .. Smith Roberts
Hagerstown, Md. ... Haber's
Hamburg, N Y. ... Guyette's
Hanover, N H Town and Country Shops
Harlingen, Texas Young Fashions
Harrisonburg Va Ney's House of Fashion
Hazleton, Pa ... Catherine's
Henderson, Ky. ..... Bohn's
Hibbing, Minn Nides Fashion Shoppe
Hickory, N Car. . Katies, Inc
Homewood, Ala Penny Palmer
Hornell, N Y. ....MacBride's
Hudson Mass The Redwood Shop at Gould's
Huntington, W. Va Brown's Apparel
Idaho Falls, Idaho . .Le Vine
Independence, Mo Knoepker's
Indianapolis, Ind Laura Martin
Ironton, Ohio .... Gabler's
Ironwood, Mich .. Eva Wurl
Ithaca, N Y. . .... Holley's
Jackson, Miss Frances Pepper
Jackson, Tenn Rosenbloom's
Jacksonville, Fla ... Bolun's
Jacksonville, Ill .. Newells
Jamestown, N Y .. Nord's
Jeffersonville, Ind. .Helman's
Johnstown, Pa. ..... Brett's
Kankakee, Ill. .....Lecour's
Kalamazoo, Mich Gilmore Brothers
Kenosha, Wisc. .... Holleb's
Kent, Conn The Barn Shop, Inc
Killeen, Texas ......Clytie's
Kingsport, Tenn ... Sobel's
Kingston, N Y Kaye Sportswear, Inc
La Crosse, Wisc Lotties Dress Shop
Lafayette, Ind . .. Gluck's
La Grande, Ore The Topshop
La Grange, Ill. .. ..Schoen's
Laguna Beach, Calif Beach & Blvd
Lake City, Fla Bruce Clothing Co
Lakeland Fla. ... Bernice's
Lansing, Mich The Style Shop
Laredo, Texas Polly Adams
Las Vegas, Nev: Fanny's
Laurel Miss Naomi McRae Dress Shop
Lewiston, Idaho ..... Renée
Lewiston, Me. ..... Ward's
Lexington, Ky ..... Meyers
Lima, Ohio ... Abraham's
Little Falls, Minn . Loretta's
Logansport, Ind Plotner's Style Shop
Long Beach, Calif. . Schick's
Louisville, Ky. .... Hytken's
Lubbock, Texas . Margaret's
Lumberton, N. Car The Fashion Bar
Lynchburg, Va. . Stork's Inc
Lynn, Mass . Vogue Apparel
Macomb Ill. .... Ring's
Macon, Ga. .... Stephen's
Madison, Wisc. . ... MacNeil & Moore
Madison, Wisc. ...Simpsons
Malone, N Y Empsall's Dept Store, Inc
Mankato, Minn .... . Pierce
Marion, Ohio Sutton & Lightner
Martinsburg, W Va Minnick's
Mason City, Iowa Lundberg's
Massillon, Ohio .... Zelei's
McKeesport, Pa . Katzman's
McLean Va .. Michael Rose
Menlo Park, Calif The Surrey Shop
Merced, Calif. . .... Selb's
Mesa, Ariz. .... Mollies
Michigan City, Ind Blake's Inc
Middletown, N Y Kassel Brothers
Midland, Mich. .... The Mode Shop
Millburn N J. . Morris's
Milwaukee, Wisc MacNeil and Moore
Minot, N. Dak . .. Bader's
Minot, N Dak Walter's Women's Wear
Modesto, Calif Lee's Apparel
Moline, Ill. .... La Rose
Monroe, La Bella Scherck Davidson, Inc
Montclair, N J. . Frederick's
Montgomery, Ala. . Alex Rice
Montpelier, Vt Peter Glenn Ski Shops
Moorestown, N J The Country Way
Moorhead, Minn O Meara's
Morgantown, W Va. . Finn's
Murray, Ky Mademoiselle Shop Inc
Muskogee, Okla . Susman's
Mystic, Conn. ..... Claire's
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Nashville, Tenn Grace's Shop
Nashua, N. H Avard's, Inc
Newark, Ohio Sharff's
New Bedford, Mass Gollis of New Bedford
New Brunswick, N J Zarra Dress Shop
Newburgh, N Y The Stroock Shop
New Canaan, Conn Martha West
New Hartford, N Y E Cramer & Son
New Haven, Conn. ..Esther's
New London, Conn. .... The Woman's Shop
Newport, Ark. ... Spencer's
Niagara Falls, N Y Wellsley Dress Shop
Niskayuna, N Y. . Dall's, Ltd
Norfolk, Va Sarah Cohen, Inc.
Norristown, Pa ... Feder's
North Canton, Ohio George-Ann's
Norwich N Y Carol Ann Shop
Ocala, Fla. .. . Blocker's
Oconomowoc, Wisc Snyders Fine Clothes
Oildale, Calif. ... Sullivan's
Oklahoma City, Okla Jerome's
Olean, N Y. ... Segall's Inc
Onancock, Va Lady Mike Hal's at Glick
Oneonta, N Y Henderson's Carriage Shop
Oregon City, Ore Lance Apparel
Orinda, Calif Jack Hughes
Oswego, N Y Shapiro's
Painted Post, N Y Mary Kirkland
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif Arlyn's Fashions
Paoli, Pa .... Susanne's
Park Ridge, Ill The Park Shop
Peekskill, N Y Windsor Dress Shop
Pendleton, Ore The Frances Shop, Inc
Peoria, Ill Broms Furs-Fashions
Petersburg, Va Rucker Rosenstock
Pikesville, Md. . 1114 Shop
Plainfield, N J. ... Tepper's
Pontiac, Mich Bloomfield Fashion Shop
Port Angeles, Wash Hankin's Fashion Center
Portland, Ore Helen's "Of Course"
Portsmouth, Va. . The Famous
Poughkeepsie, N Y Up-To-Date
Providence, R I. . Lee's Inc
Quincy, Ill Roderick P Miller Inc
Racine, Wisc. .. Levin Bros
Raleigh, N. Car Ellisberg's
Red Bank, N J Wilhelmina Dobbins, Ltd
Reno, Nev. .. Menard's, Ltd
Richmond, Ind. . Palais Royal
Richmond, Ky The Little House
Ridgway, Pa. ... . Linnea's of Ridgway
Ridgewood, N J Jenny Banta
Rio Vista, Calif Jere's
Roanoke, Va Horne's
Rochester, Minn C. F. Massey Co
Rochester, N Y The Lita Shop
Rockford, Ill. .... Phyllis Starr Fashions
Rockford, Ill .... Edith Parrish Fashion Corner
Rocky Mount, N. Car Daniel's
Rolla, Mo. ... The Emporium
Rome, Ga. ......Esserman's
Rome N Y S Simpkins, Inc
Rutland, Vt The Fashion Shop
Sacramento, Calif Charlotte Green Apparel
Saginaw, Mich Lady Mueller
St Cloud, Minn. . The Vogue
St. Joseph, Mich Blake's Inc
St Paul, Minn Frank Murphy
St. Petersburg, Fla Slimers Resort Wear
Salamanca, N Y Louise Shop
Salem, Mass. . ... Adasko's
Salinas, Calif. .... . Vogue
Salisbury, Md. . Hess Apparel
Salisbury, N Car Purcell's-Richard Dobkin
Salt Lake City, Utah Arthur Frank
San Antonio, Texas Frank Bros
San Francisco, Calif Livingston's
San Mateo, Calif. . Levy Bros
Santa Barbara, Calif Lou Rose
Santa Fe, N Mex La Tienda De Santa Fe
Santurce, P R. .. Elain's
Saranac Lake, N Y Altman's
Sarasota, Fla Town 'n Country
Saratoga, Calif The Blue Parasol
Savannah, Ga ...... Fine's
Scranton, Pa. ... . Dolitzky
Seaside, Ore. . ... Kay Lynn
Sedro Woolley, Wash The Duchess
Shaker Heights, Pa Lota Kelly
Sharon, Pa Garrick's
Sheridan, Wyo Angionettes
Simsbury, Conn The Calliope
Sioux City, Iowa .... Jean's
Sioux Falls, S Dak. .... Ella S. Christensen, Inc.
Smithtown, L. I., N Y Marie C Heasley
South Hill, Va. ... Martha's
South Lake Tahoe, Calif The Sugar House
Southern Pines, N. Car. ... Franjean's
Spartanburg, S. Car The Aug W Smith Co.
Springdale, Ark. .... Lichtyter's Dept. Store
Stamford, Conn. . Ethel Allan
Stevens Point, Wisc. ...... Campbell's
Stillwater, Minn. . Kollner's
Stroudsburg, Pa. .... Frances Burrows
Suffolk, Va. .... Russell & Holmes
Summit, N J. .. Miss Nellie
Sunbury, Pa. ...Rosenblum's
Swarthmore, Pa. .... The Park Ave Shop, Inc
Syracuse, N Y E W Edwards and Son
Tampa, Fla. .. Wolf Brothers
Tarboro, N. Car W. S Clark and Sons Inc
Terre Haute, Ind. . Pearce's
Troy, N Y. ..... Lord & Tann
Tulsa, Okla. ..... Dorothy's
Tupelo, Miss. .. Westbrook's
Twin Falls, Idaho The Paris Co
Ukiah, Calif Esther's Shoppe
Union, S. Car Wilburn Dry Goods Co
Uniontown, Pa Ina's Dress Shop
Utica, N Y Webbs Feminine Corner
Valdosta, Ga C C Varnedoe & Co
Vicksburg, Miss Adele's House of Fashion
Vienna, Va ... ... The Full Cry Shop Inc.
Walla Walla, Wash Gardners
Walnut Creek, Calif The Clothes Horse
Warren, Ohio . .. Roberta's
Warren, Pa. .... Levinson Brothers
Washington, Pa. . Hal Lewis
Waterloo, Iowa ... Braley's
Watertown, Conn Davidson's Dress Shops
Watertown, N Y. . Herr's Inc
Watsonville, Calif Towntry Fashions
Waynesboro, Va Southern Dept Store
Waynesburg, Pa Jo Ann's Village Casuals
West Alice, Wisc. . ... Fashion Center
West Chester, Pa ... Joel's
Western Springs, Ill Myree Fashions
Westfield, N J. . Jane Smith
Wilkinsburg, Pa. ... Merle's
Williamsburg, Va. .. Casey's
Williamsport, Pa. Lynn Hayes
Williamsville, N Y. .... The Village Tartan Shop
Wilmington, Del. ...Finkel's
Wilmington, N. Car. .... Wonder Shop
Winchester, Va. Modernage Shoppe
Winnetka, Ill. ......Lee San
Woodbury, Conn. .... Jean Hutchinson, Inc.
Wooster, Ohio Beulah Bechtel Shop Inc
Worcester, Mass. .... Richard Healy Co.
Xenia, Ohio .... Singer's of Xenia
Zanesville, Ohio .... Orpha Flowers Shop

For a woman,
the most precious gift of all is new-born skin.

To restore in a mature woman's face the fresh texture of a little girl's cheeks. To smooth away the years — few though they may be — that make a grown-up's skin so different from a baby's. These have been the dreams of women for centuries. Now Helena Rubinstein brings you Skin Life. A unique formulation, based on a protein principle which is comparable to the protein of the skin. Skin Life. Far more than a moisturizing process, it is the rekindling of a smoother, brighter texture. Skin Life. It can help you to a radiant complexion. This is the most precious gift of all. It revitalizes your beauty. And it may revitalize your whole feeling about yourself as a woman.

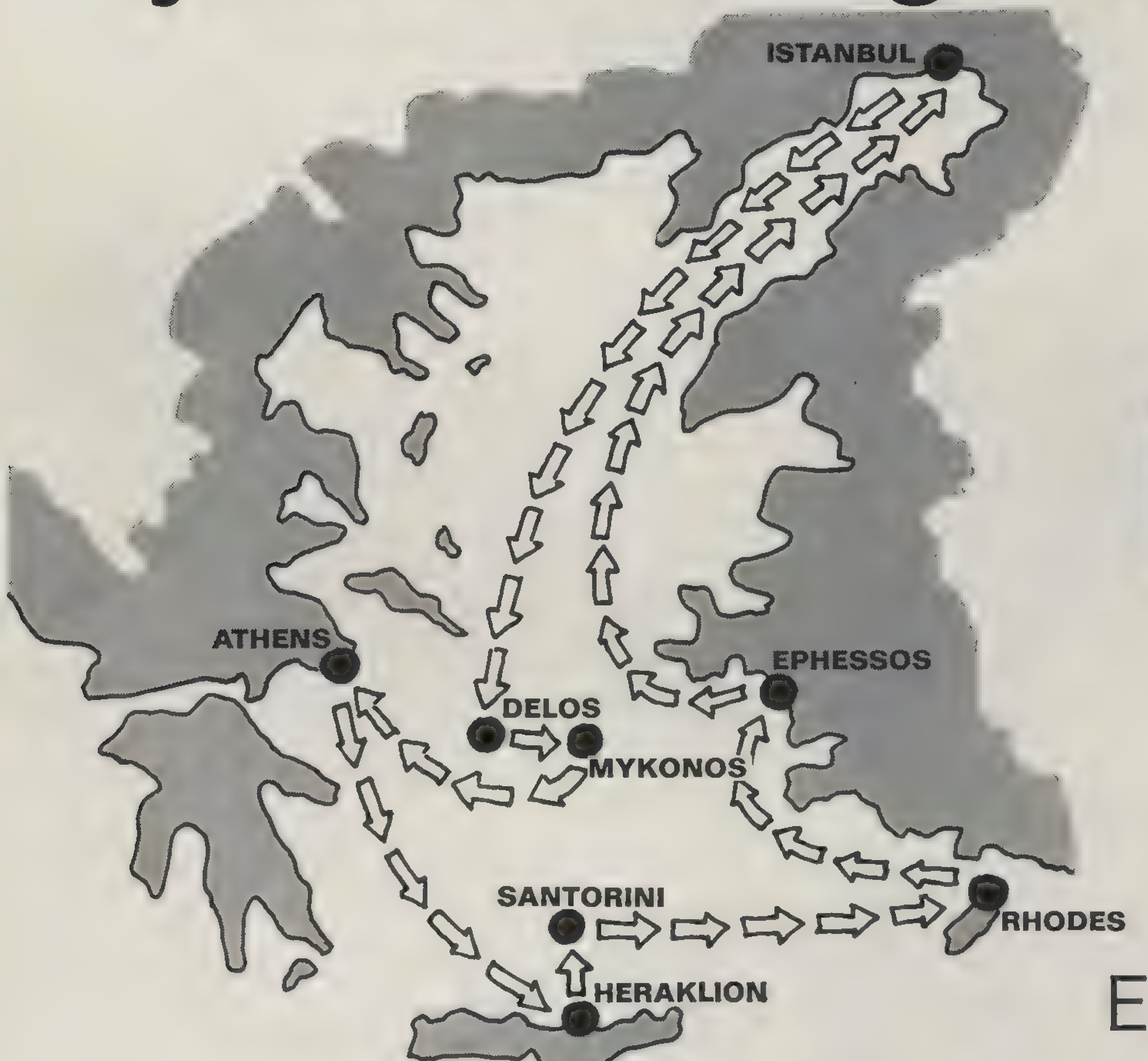
Photograph by Marie Cosindas ©1971, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

Herbessence
Skin Life Cream

Skin Life Cream

Helena Rubinstein

If you think all cruises are alike, you're missing the boat.



SUN LINE

Enjoy the unique Sun Line 7-day Aegean cruises to 5 enchanting Greek Islands and Turkey, from $170.

At last, an answer to the overcrowded cruise ship. The luxurious yacht-like liners of the Sun Line. You'll never get lost in the crowd, because there are no crowds to get lost in. Just a group of friendly people, like yourself, who seek congenial company as they cruise the fabled islands of the Aegean.

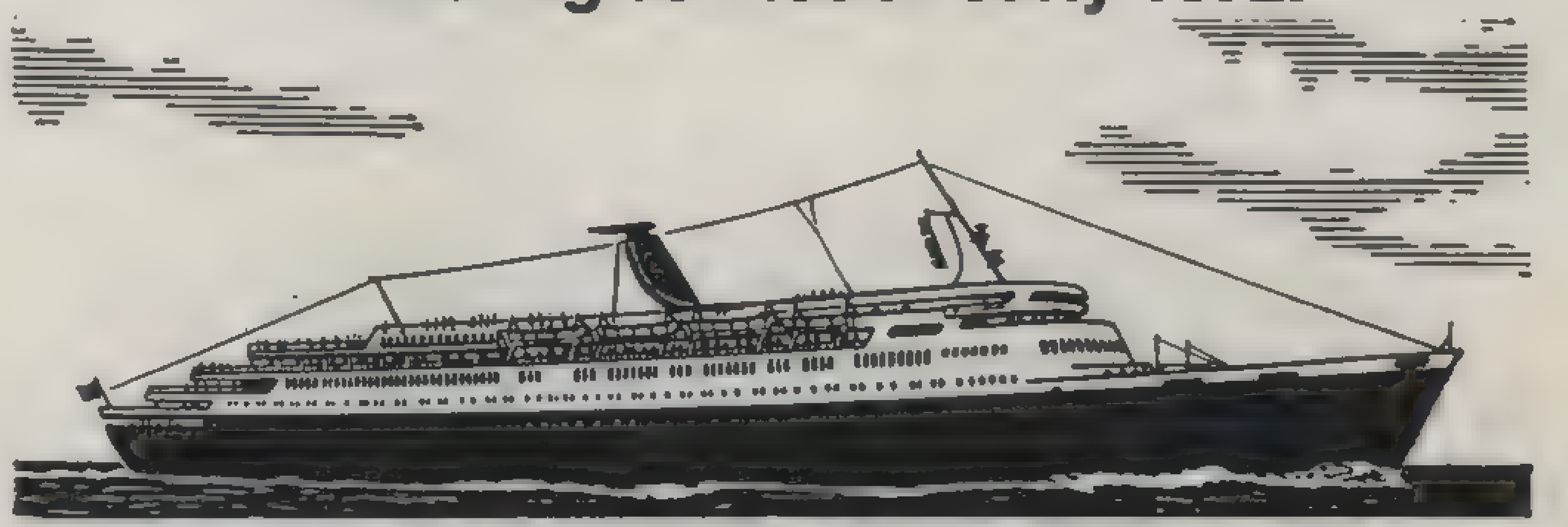
Once aboard, expect to be pampered. Our staff, with their European tradition for hospitality, will cater to your every need. Sip cocktails in intimate lounges. Sample superb continental cuisine. Relax on sun-drenched decks. Or take a few laps around the pool. You'll find all the activities that larger ships offer. Only the hectic pace and milling crowds are missing.

Naturally, you'll enjoy the ultimate in luxurious air-conditioned staterooms with large picture windows and wall to wall carpeting.

Another unique feature of a Sun Line cruise is the exotic ports of call. You'll sail into the pages of history as you visit enchanting Greek islands like mythical Delos and Santorini (believed to be the legendary Atlantis) along with two fascinating Turkish ports—Ephessos and Istanbul, the capital of ancient Byzantium. Departures from Piraeus, March 29th to October 18th inclusive.

For more information, call your travel agent, or clip the coupon below. The Stella Oceanis is a ship of Greek Registry.

Introducing the new Stella Solaris II
—Entering service in early 1972.



Holland America Line Agencies, Inc., General Agents for Sun Line
Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014

When she's on to Goya, Gernreich & the Galloping Gourmet, you can't con her about leather.

There's not much that gets by today's gal. Food or fashion, she knows what's in. It's no wonder she picks Princess Gardner leather accessories. A "Couturiere" collection of Baroque in Cinnamon Tan, Gypsy Green and Burgundy Red Cowhide to house her feminine finery.

Princess "Tri-Partite"® French Purse $6.00; Registrar® Billfold $7.00; Key Gard® $3.00; Eyeglass Case $4.00; Checkbook Sec'y. $12.00; Cigarette Case $4.50; "Continental" Clutch $8.50; Lighter $3.00; I.D. Case $3.50.

pants and top by Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear.

"Couturiere" by

PRINCESS GARDNER®

Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of Swank, Inc.

Beautiful wigs are a dime a dozen.
Polymer Spun Hair
ELURA
Monsanto

An exaggeration? Not really. Wigs have become the biggest thing since the spit curl. One out of every four women owns one, or more. And it's true, beautiful wigs are not hard to find at any price.

But what's beauty if you can have more? That's why we made the new Schiaparelli wig with Elura® modacrylic — a fantastic new *polymer-spun hair* that's closer to the actual structure and qualities of real hair than any other wig fiber in existence.

Beautiful? Absolutely. But that was the easy part. Because of Elura, you won't need hair spray, even if you have to face the nasty elements. And no hair spray means no more stickiness and fewer washings.

There's no "shine" (that's a first!). You can brush it many different ways or *back-comb* it or *set* it wet and re-style it with electric curlers or your dryer. And never will our wig go frizzy or limp or lose its precious curls, *not* even if you open the oven door.

The new Schiaparelli wig. In your own natural color, or anyone else's. At $40. It's a lot more than just another beautiful wig.

The Schiaparelli Wig of Elura.®

Beauty isn't enough anymore.

Schiaparelli, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, Division of N. Wagman & Co.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Flying gym

To avoid stiffness and boredom on planes—or wherever you're a sitting traveller, a few sitting exercises invented for Vogue by Marjorie Craig. . . . 1. To ease neck stiffness—sit up straight, hands in lap; lift ribs, pull shoulders back and down. Keeping chin level, slowly turn head toward right shoulder, back to centre, to left shoulder. Do eight times. In the same position, bend right ear down towards right shoulder, head back up, left ear towards left shoulder. Do eight times. 2. For abdomen—sit with feet parallel, hands on seat beside hips. Straighten back against back of seat, stretch neck, pull shoulders back and down, push spine at waistline back into seat. Then lift rib cage up, pull stomach muscles in and up toward ribs, hold to count of five. Relax, repeat five times. 3. For feet—sit with legs extended, heels on floor. Loosely, without tension, pull toes up towards knees, flexing ankles, then push back down. Do lots of these, then more with toes turned towards each other. 4. For face—hide behind a newspaper or large magazine, do a few of Miss Craig's Face-Saving Exercises, taken from her book. . . .

Saks is better than ever

We had just about decided to run away from home, but on the way we stopped off to have a look at Saks Fifth Avenue's restructured, redecorated, and newly decanted beauty salon. Well, there must be a lot of truth in all those scientific findings about colour psyche, because as we floated through the mimosa-yellow halls, shepherded by Jayne Duncan who is directress of all Saks salons, we began to feel very refreshed and well-disposed towards just about everybody. The master plan, which works brilliantly, runs to a sequence of hairstyling boutiques, each with its own look, its own mood, its own impresario, with Pierre Henri—surely the most courteous and creative of men—as style director of the lot. Pierre himself operates in a blithe, red-and-white-striped room that suits his Frenchness exactly. The other spots—the Country Place in *fête-champêtre* brown and white, the orange-and-white squiggly-papered Boîte, the pink and bamboo-patterned Pergola, the mauve-and-cream Studio are all independent, each equipped with shampoo room, dryer area and so on; yet everyone works with the rosiest team spirit imaginable. Nilo, the make-up wonder, holds forth in the Studio, together with hair pilot Jorge Paris. Hair-colouring's empress, Rosemary, does her superb Thing in the Skylight, all beige and cream and relaxful. One can, in addition, have misguided hair exquisitely removed by wax or electrolysis, as well as nail care that extends to fingernail grafting. Adrien Arpel and her pretty ways with eyelash-by-eyelash fixing (plus other cosmetic ingenuities) may be found in the enchanting Rotunda through which you enter the Saks Fifth Avenue Beauty Shop.

Fare thee well

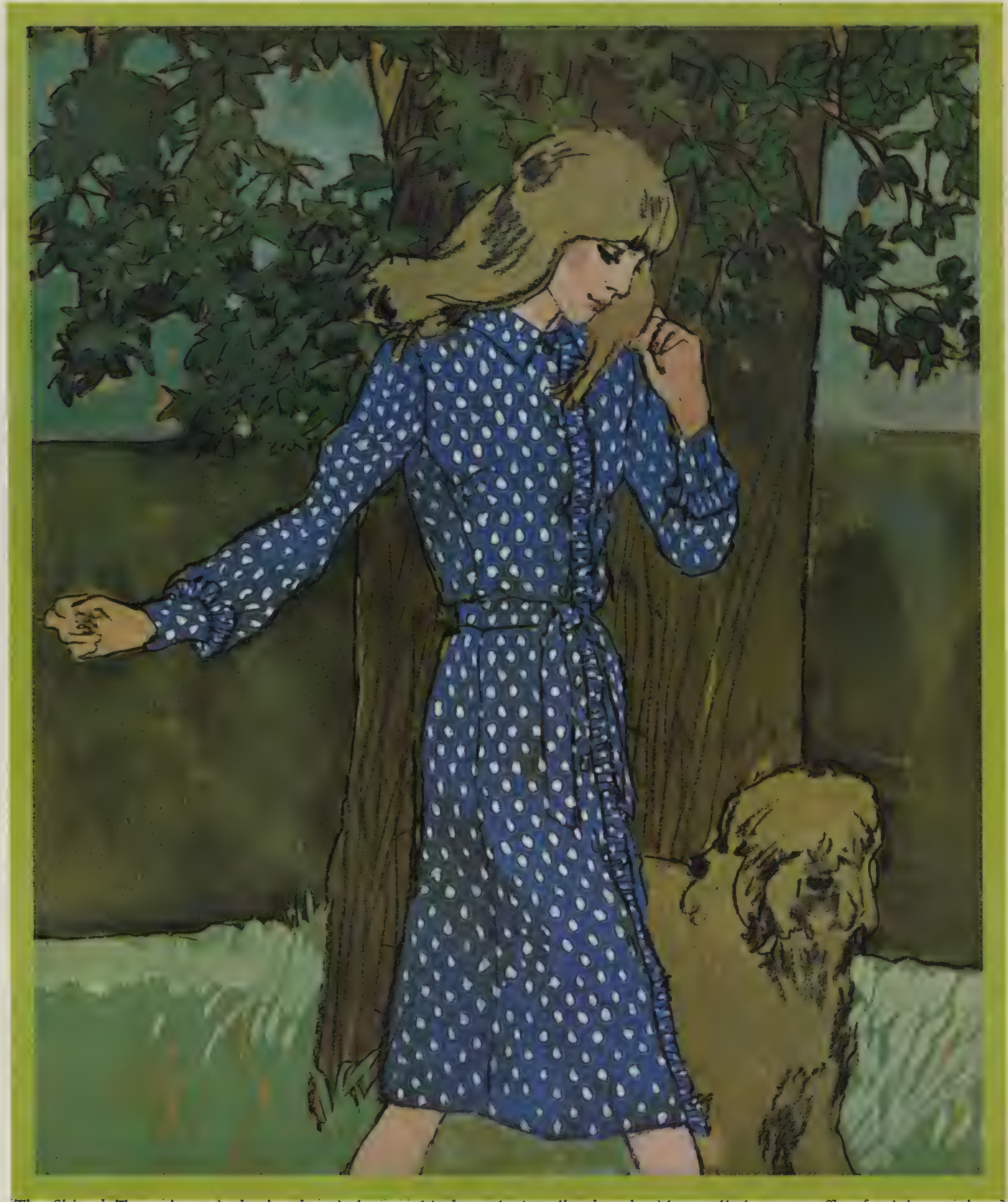
Consommé madrilène, veal scallopine du Madeira, stuffed artichoke bottoms, asparagus, rice, salad, rolls, and fresh-fruit-filled meringue shells for dessert. . . . Exquisite! As in torture, to the dormant gourmet in each of us forever squelched for the good of our health. But wait. This very feast happens to have been planned by—no less—The American Health Foundation nutritionists, for the luncheon that recently opened the new AHF Health Research Institute in New York. No no! Not good taste *and* good for you? Yes yes! A postprandial rub of damp napkin on magical menu insert revealed to all present what we now reveal to you: the calorie countdown, a comfortable thousand or so; a P/S ratio—of polyunsaturated to saturated fats—that brought the cholesterol total to a glorious low of 119 milligrams. Attention, inner gourmet. . . .

The Tanner Dress at:

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM, Jane Meade
ARIZONA
PHOENIX, Jennifer's
CALIFORNIA
BEVERLY HILLS, Alice Weiser
CONNECTICUT
LUCY BALTZELL, all stores
MADISON, Eleanor Knox
NEW CANAAN, Gladys Skillings
DELAWARE
WILMINGTON, Jo Robinson
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON, D.C., Julius Garfinckel
FLORIDA
FRANCES BREWSTER, all stores
MAAS BROTHERS, all stores
FORT LAUDERDALE, Alice John Rogers
NAPLES, Johnston of Florida
GEORGIA
ATLANTA, J. P. Allen
COLUMBUS, Ruth Patterson
ILLINOIS
RUTH McCULLOCH, all stores
CHICAGO, Carson Pirie Scott
GENEVA, The Little Traveller
LAKE FOREST, Lake Forest Sport Shop
IOWA
DAVENPORT, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON, Embry Co.
LOUISVILLE, Tweed & Tartan
LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS, Liberty Shop
MAINE
BOOTH BAY HARBOR, House of Logan
MARYLAND
BALTIMORE, Lohmeyer's
TOWSON, The Clothes Line
MASSACHUSETTS
WENHAM, Wenham Exchange
MICHIGAN
DETROIT, B. Siegel Co.
GROSSE POINTE, Margaret Rice
MINNESOTA
DULUTH, Albrecht's
ST. PAUL, Frank Murphy
MISSOURI
CLAYTON, Wolff's
KANSAS CITY, Swanson's
NEBRASKA
LINCOLN. Hovland Swanson
OMAHA, Topps
NEW JERSEY
HAHNE & CO., all stores
RED BANK, Wilhelmina Dobbins
RIDGEWOOD, Jenny Banta
NEW YORK
BRONXVILLE. Miss Ida Gowns
COLD SPRING HARBOR, The Window Shop
LATHAM, Country Miss
NORTH CAROLINA
ASHEVILLE, Carrolls
RALEIGH, Nowell's
WINSTON SALEM, The Ideal
OHIO
CLEVELAND, Gun & Tackle
COLUMBUS, Jo Tetlow
TOLEDO, Reynolds Village Shop
OREGON
PORTLAND, Nordstrom Best
PENNSYLVANIA
BRYN MAWR, Evelyn McGill
PITTSBURGH, Joseph Horne
SOUTH CAROLINA
AIKEN, Julia's
GREENVILLE, Amy Pride
TENNESSEE
MEMPHIS, Frances Wright
TEXAS
DALLAS, Mary Nash
HOUSTON, Bernice Wesley Boutique
VIRGINIA
JOHN NORMAN, all stores
RICHMOND, Miller & Rhoads
WASHINGTON
SEATTLE, Nordstrom Best
WEST VIRGINIA
STONE AND THOMAS, all stores
WISCONSIN
MACNEIL & MOORE, all stores
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina,
530 Seventh Avenue, New York, 10018

In The Tanner Manner

New York, Abercrombie & Fitch all stores / Atlanta, Rich's / Boston, R. H. Stearns / Cincinnati, Gidding Jenny / Cleveland, Halle Bros. / Des Moines, Younker Bros. / Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres. Or write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018.



The Shirted Tannerism: And who doesn't love a shirtdress that's polka dotted with an all the way ruffle of miniature pleats? In a superb 100% Dacron* polyester that's drip dry. In cornflower blue or azalea pink. Sizes 8-20. About $48.00. *Dupont Reg. T.M.

In The Tanner Manner

LEBANON
WHERE THE ALPHABET WAS BORN

A land of contrasts and unending fun

LEBANON—a land of cultural contrasts...a land that offers a unique feast of past and present, of cultural and religious heritage, of archeological and architectural treasure. In LEBANON you will find not only sun and snow, sports and leisure, but also history from the dawn of time.

You will find students dressed in saris, turbans, togas and tweeds. Romanesque, Arabic and Gothic architecture stand amidst structures of glass and steel. The atmosphere of the east superbly blends with the west, with the Muezzin's call to worship joining the peal of Christian bells.

While in LEBANON visit Byblos, the cradle of the alphabet and the oldest city in the world, from which the Bible gets its name; and where lie revealed seven civilizations over seven thousand years.

Play in BEIRUT—"Paris of the East"—or thrill to the dance and symphonic festivals at BAALBECK, held within the richly adorned ruins of the Roman Temple of Bacchus.

Stay awhile in LEBANON in sunshine and hospitality, for LEBANON truly is, as the Bible says, "The Land of Milk and Honey."

For your trip to LEBANON, MEA (Middle East Airlines) welcomes you aboard for its "once-in-a-lifetime" deluxe daily service from any major gateway in Europe to BEIRUT.

Deluxe Pan American Escorted Tours are available. Check your travel agent or, for more specific information and brochures clip the coupon below.

For more specific information and brochures, write to:
Lebanon
"LAND OF MILK AND HONEY"
LEBANON TOURIST AND INFORMATION OFFICE
527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 421-2201

LEBANON TOURIST AND INFORMATION OFFICE
527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
Name
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City
State Zip
V4

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A new scents of spring

Spring's the time for fresh beginnings, for adventures. And if there's one adventure we all love, it's a fling with a bright, sparkling new perfume . . . like Germaine, Germaine Monteil's just-arrived namesake. All romance and flowers, the fragrance is a marvellous mixed bouquet generously laced with jasmine—almost guaranteed to make your regular garden variety of flower pale with envy. Germaine itself is wonderfully non-paling—lingers deliciously all day long. More Germaine facts: it comes in a show-offy little bottle of square-cut facetted crystal and is available in perfume, perfume spray, cologne, cologne spray. Any way, scentsational. . . .

Five easy pieces

You can miss the boat, lose the tickets, find your reservations un-reserved, and sail through it all looking splendid as ever, thanks to our beauty friends. Latest to address herself to the business of making voyages bon-ier is Dina Merrill, whose basic skin-care routine is now collected in a new Amaranthe Travel Kit: one tube each of Dry Skin Cleanser, Creme Moisturizer, Quick Masque, Whipped Night Creme, plus Freshener Lotion in a plastic bottle—five easy pieces, all shiningly contained in a miniature attaché case of Amaranthe-blue vinyl.

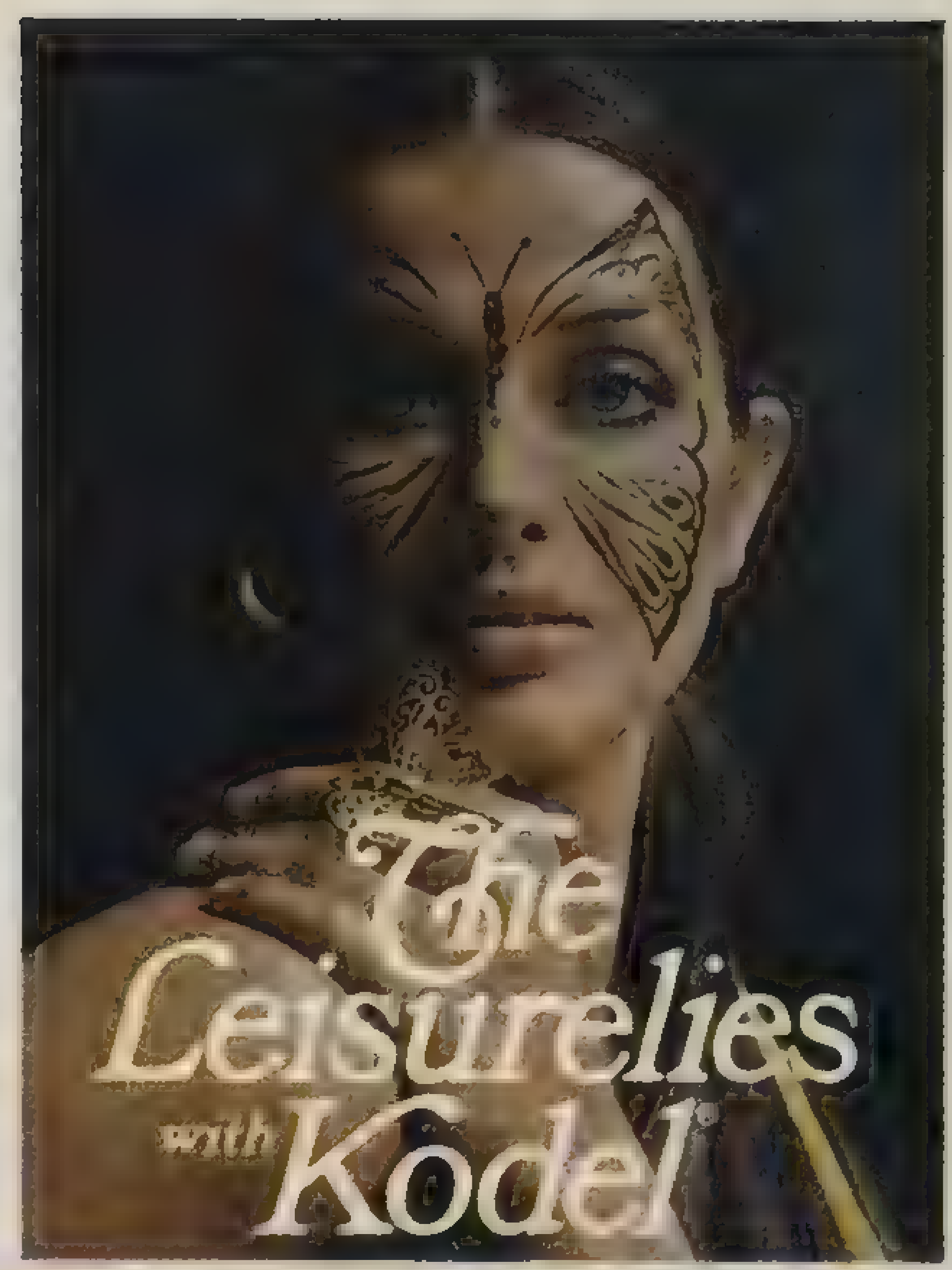
Inner resource

In dermatology jargon there are certain typecasting words ("oily," "dry," "normal") that tend to confuse rather than clarify because so few complexions fit any one of those descriptions. No less a cosmetic authority than the house of Coty says practically every skin has area-to-area inconsistencies calling for equal, not identical, attention. Equasion, the Coty line of skin-equalizing treatment cosmetics, has provided the means for this multilateral attention, newest of which is Cream Within A Cream. A rich, creamy, apricot-y night nourishment, C.W.A.C. is a one-jar, two-part program for the skin whose dry zones may surround extra-dry ones. A finger-tip-sized inner core of concentrated oils is for those areas that are especially greedy. Compact, efficient, effective; a better skin is in the balance.

White Shoulders Satinglide Body Lotion by Evyan

BODY LOTION

How to keep in swing with a leisurely Spring '71: wrap yourself in the graceful lines of a long peasant gown, a flowing robe or yards and yards of elegant lacy ruffles. You'll feel every bit as feminine as a Nineteenth Century heroine. And with Kodel in the fabrics, you'll look as fresh as a Spring morning, even in the evening.



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Look for "THE LEISURELIES" at-home clothes with KODEL at these and other fine stores (not every style at every store): ATLANTA, Rich's; BUFFALO, Wm. Hengerer Co.; CHICAGO, Wieboldt Stores, Inc.; CINCINNATI, Pogue's; DALLAS, Titche's; DENVER, The Denver; DETROIT, Winkelman's Michigan; MEMPHIS, Lowenstein's;

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036.

1. JOHN KLOSS for CIRA creates an aura of utter femininity with this flowing Empire gown. In Pedigree's "Pediswiss" duco-batiste of Kodel polyester and cotton. Yellow, lilac or aqua. P,S,M. Made to sell for about $15.

FASHIONS BY JULI chooses a Lilliputian-sized print and touches of rick-rack to give this peasant gown pioneer spirit. In Crantex broadcloth of Kodel polyester and Avril® rayon. Black/yellow. P,S,M,L. Made to sell for about $12.

2. I. APPEL splashes flowers all over a long, lithe boudoir robe. In Avila's printed "Fiesta" voile of Kodel polyester and cotton. Blue or mocha. 10-18. Made to sell for about $20. Also in short version, about $15.

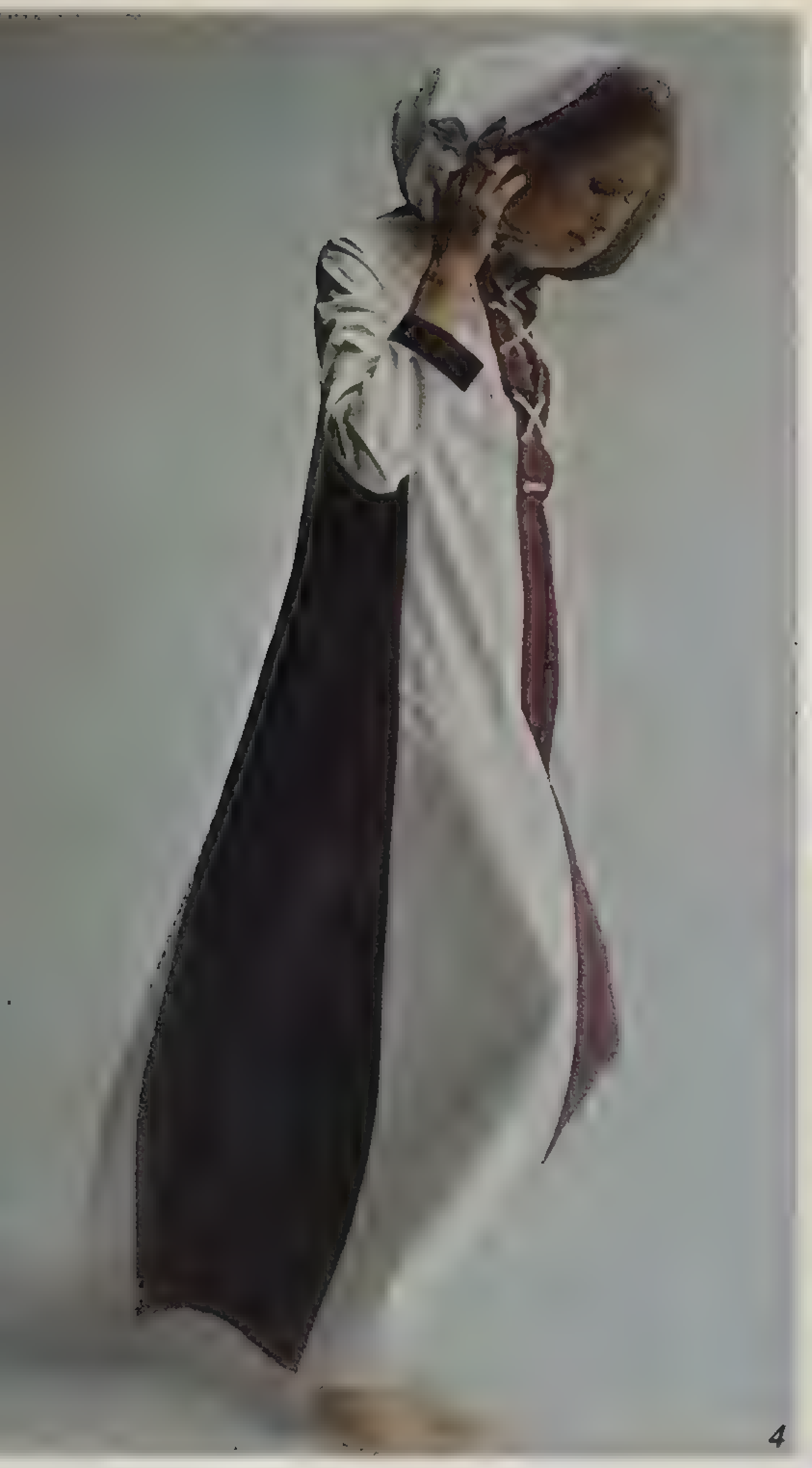
3. LOUNGEES® JRS. lavishes lacy ruffles on a long hostess robe that should make you feel as bewitching as a southern belle. In Ameritex "Caprice" printed batiste of Kodel polyester and cotton. Bone/brown. 5-13. Made to sell for about $22. Matching gown, about $11.

4. ARTHUR WILLIAMS for PERIPHERY wraps you in a dazzling hooded monk's robe that's just the fashion for terrace lounging. In Springmaid "Racquet" poplin of Kodel polyester and cotton. White/plum, white/navy. P,S,M,L. Made to sell for about $30. Short version, about $26.

5. KAYSER PERMA-LIFT gives a lovely lounge robe rustic airs with a wide-laced belt and ruffly touches. In Bazaar's "Raz-a-mataz" printed broadcloth of Kodel polyester and Avril® rayon. Green with blue or orange. 10-18. Made to sell for about $14.

6. LADY WELDON brings out the ruffles-and-lace girl in all of us with this long gown and coat. In Cone "Comfort" batiste print of Kodel polyester and cotton. Lilac, pink or aqua. S,M,L. Gown, made to sell for about $12; coat, about $18.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.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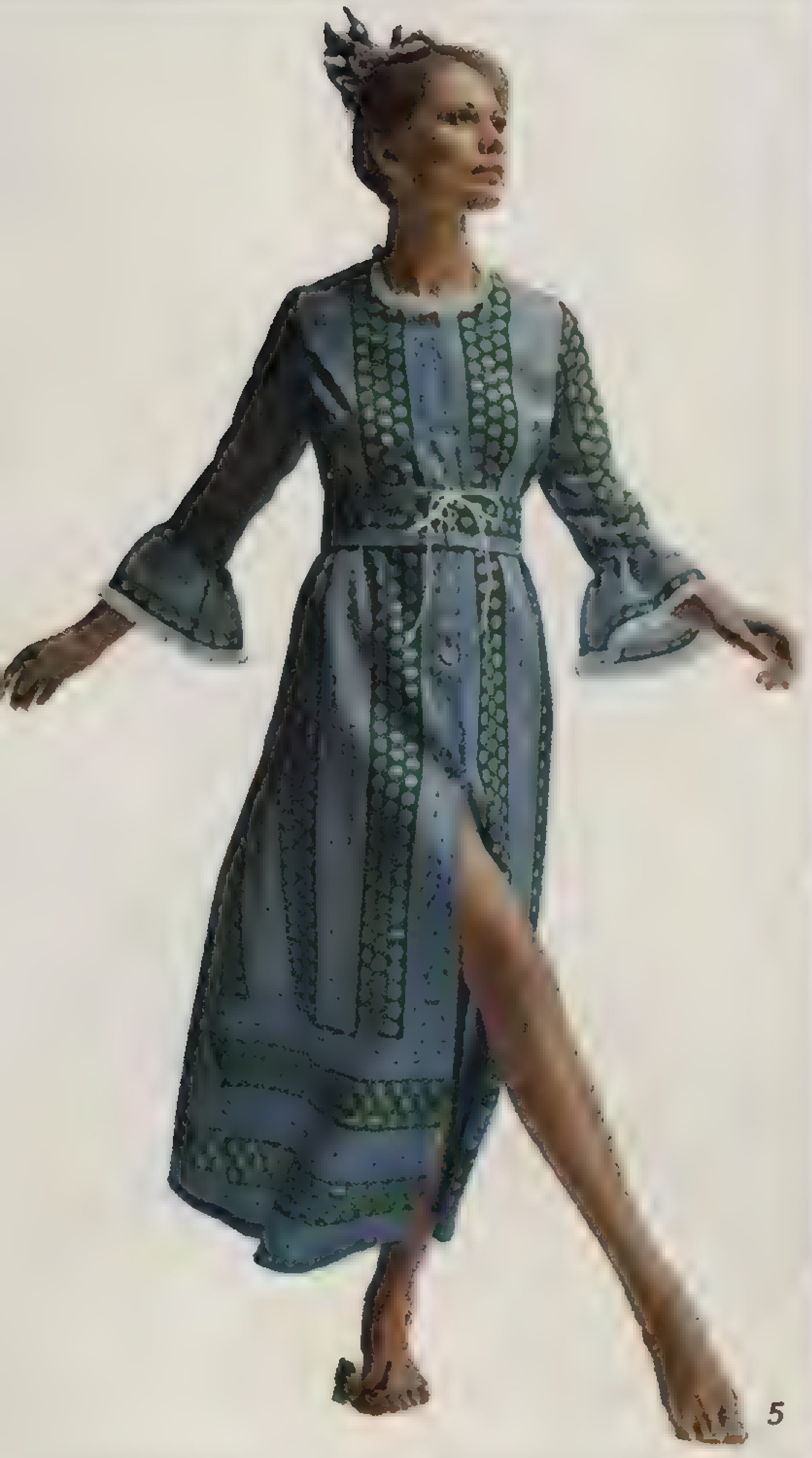
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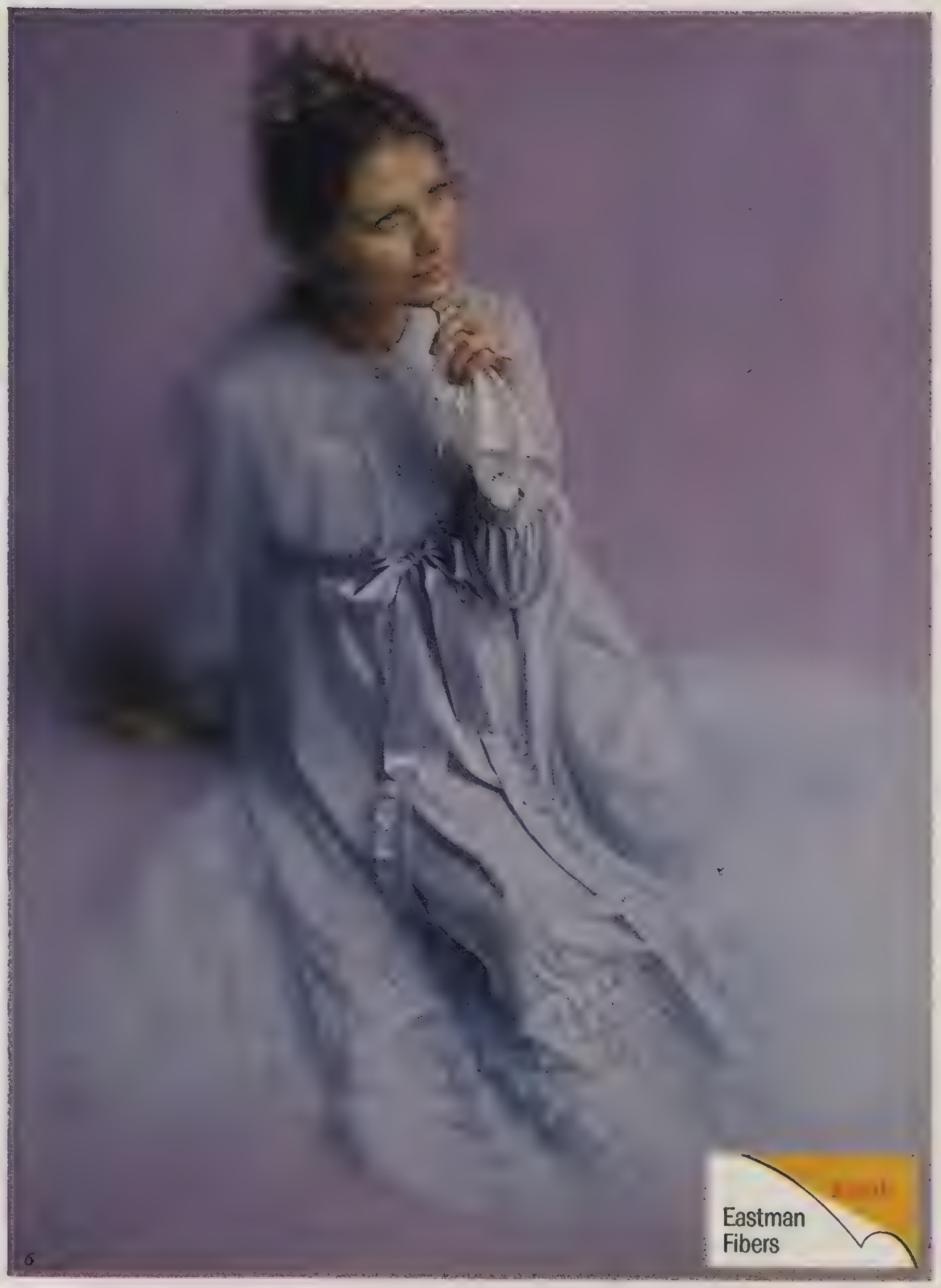
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MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's; NEW ORLEANS, D. H. Holmes Co.; PHILADELPHIA, John Wanamaker; PHOENIX, Goldwaters Arizona; PITTSBURGH, Joseph Horne Co.; ROCHESTER, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr; ST. LOUIS, Famous-Barr; SEATTLE, The Bon Marche; TAMPA, Maas Brothers Florida; WASHINGTON, D.C., Julius Garfinckel & Co.

Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or apparel.

Ondine.
You're more woman
than you used to be.

You're More Woman.
So we blended More Perfume.
We scoured the far off corners of the world for Jasmin, Patchouly, Oakmoss, Ylang-ylang, and dozens of other rare essences.
The result is Ondine. So incredibly subtle and complex, it covers your whole spectrum: wise, warm, wanton, whatever.
Ondine is available in a full range of Parfums, Eau de Toilette, Oil, Soap, and Powders.
Say good-bye to simple fragrances.
Ondine is every woman you are.

Ondine.
You're more woman than you used to be.

Latour Products, Inc., Northvale, N.J. 07647

Napoleon in Georgia The Annual Piedmont Ball

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1805 wasn't a bad year for Empires as the four hundred guests discovered at one of the oldest and most exciting events of the year in the South, Atlanta's 1971 Annual Piedmont Ball, given for the benefit of Piedmont Hospital. The party, tented in striped, tricolour velvet with a mini-army of Napoleons, portraits of Bonapartes, and a replica of the imperial throne, had, with the help of two bands, the punch and roar of a cannonade.

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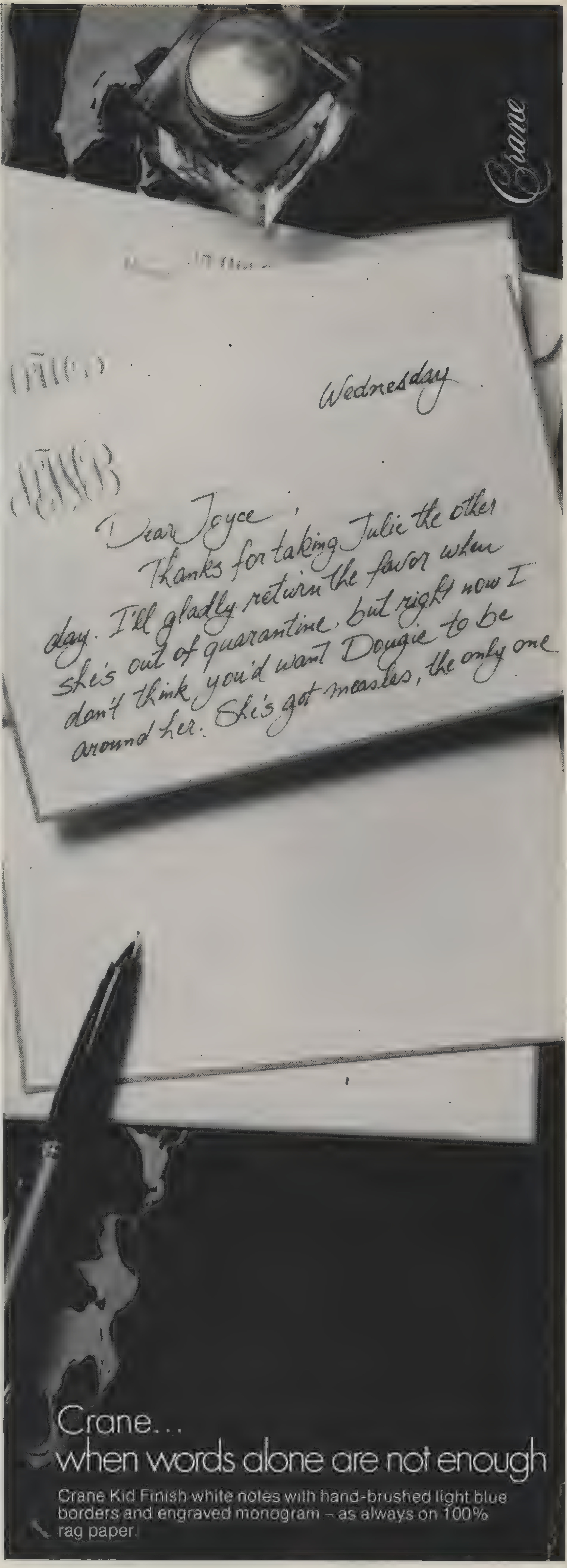
1. The ballroom of the Piedmont Driving Club. 2. Mr. and Mrs. McKee Nunnally, junior. 3. Mrs. Charles B. Woodall, Mr. McCary Ballard. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Brandon. 5. Mrs. William T. Newman, Mr. William C. Rawson. 6. Lieut. Commander Robert H. Shaw, junior; Miss Maxine Wellborn. 7. Mr. R. Irving Gresham, junior; Mrs. May Jennings. 8. Mrs. John H. Strickler, Mr. W. Dent Acree. 9. Dr. and Mrs. John H. Ridley.



Wednesday

Dear Joyce,
Thanks for taking Julie the other day. I'll gladly return the favor when she's out of quarantine, but right now I don't think you'd want Dougie to be around her. She's got measles, the only one

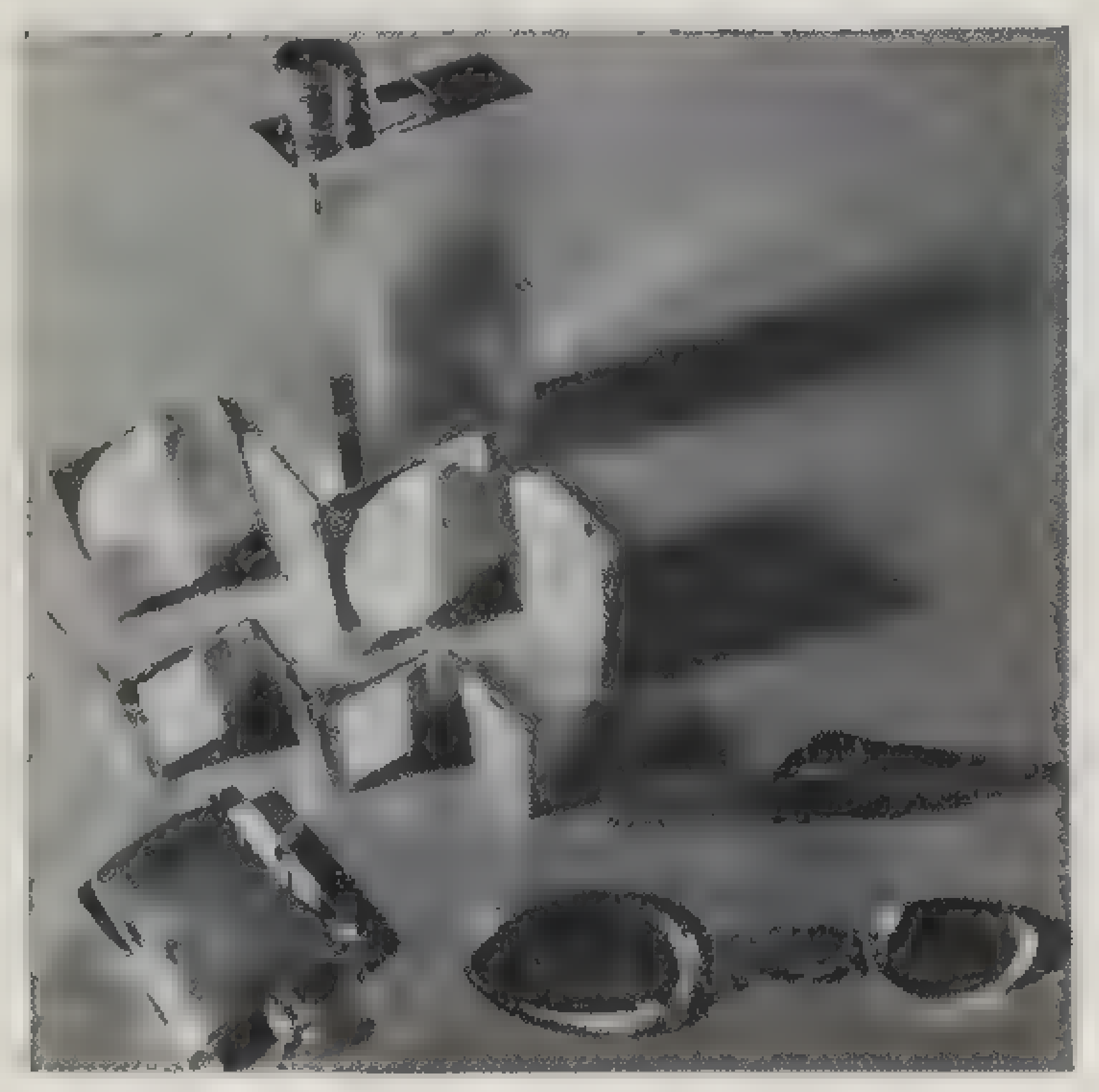
Crane…
when words alone are not enough

Crane Kid Finish white notes with hand-brushed light blue borders and engraved monogram – as always on 100% rag paper.

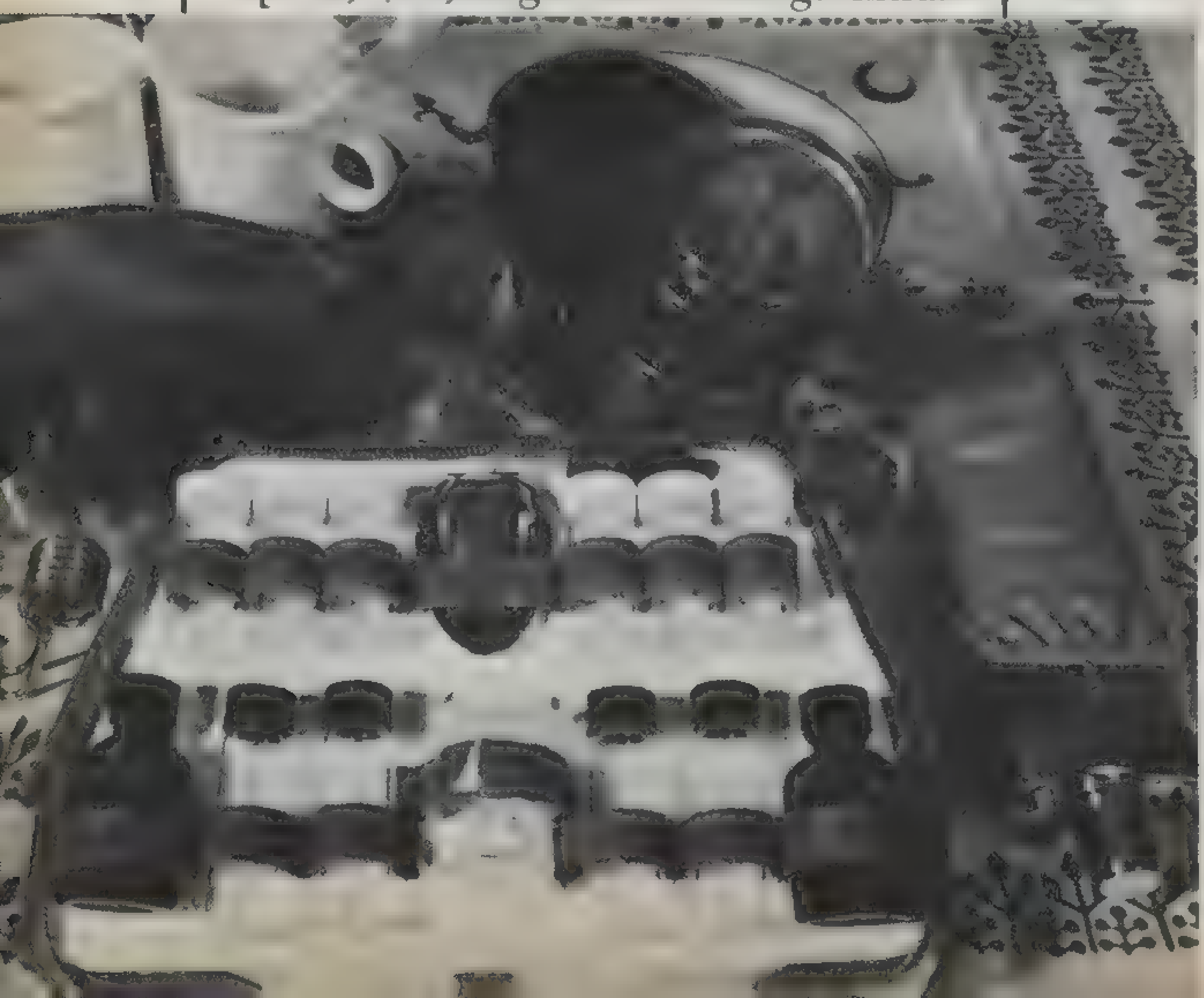
MADE TO TRAVEL

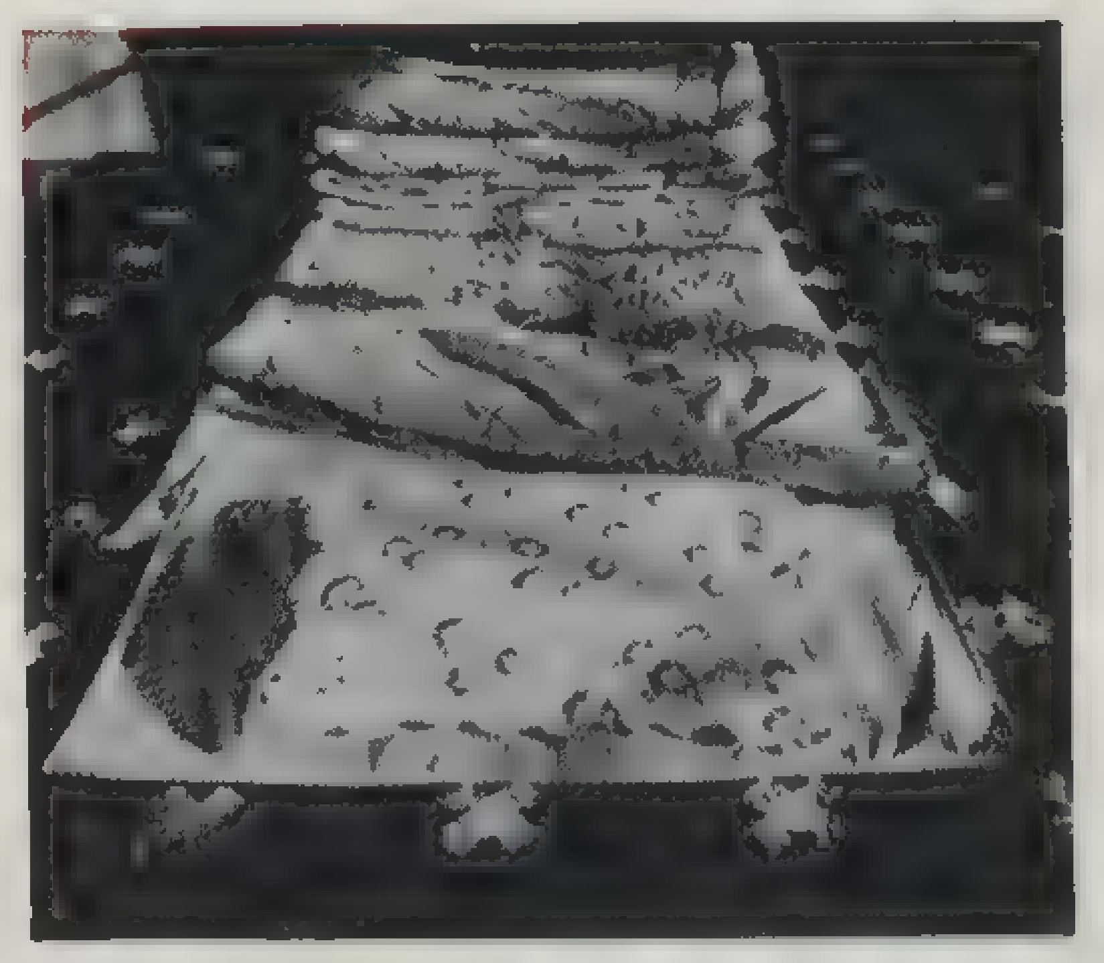
. . . a check list of ideas for being at home anywhere

Below: ***Bercy Man's Mirror*** for shaving, her makeup. It lights, magnifies. About $28, in a leather case.



In front of mirror: ***Braun*** cordless electric tooth brush, 4 brushes, $14.50. Braun hair-dryer and cap, $23.50. All have travel cases and adapter plugs. Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 E. 57th St., N. Y. Above: ***Tiffany ideas*** in sterling silver: Large flask, $225; pocket flask, $38. Folding picture frames: large, $100; small, $73. Luggage tag on leather strap, $6. Folding double spoon, $37, engraved markings extra.





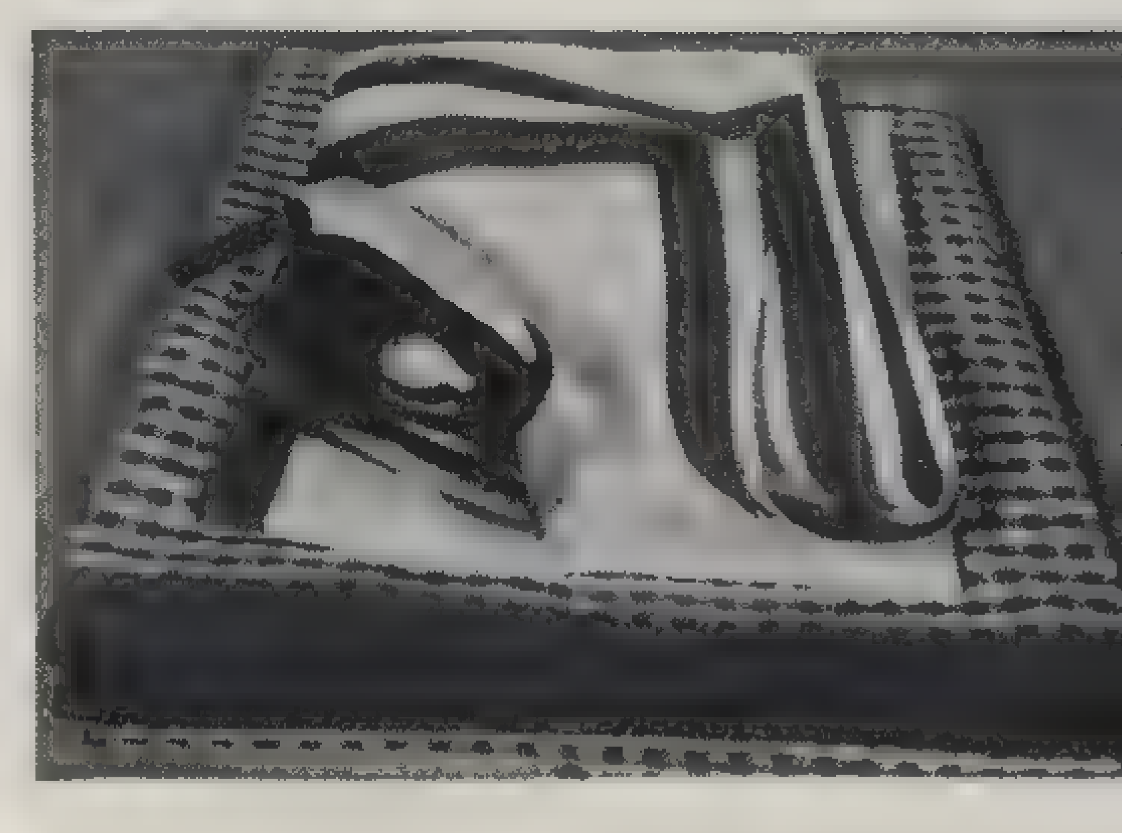
Take pretty sheets, a baby pillow, or, above, Porthault feather-light sleeping bag, $99. Pillowcase, $18. 55 East 57th Street, New York.

Scents to make a room smell fresh and sweet a Rigaud candle, $25; or Floris asbestos rings to pop on light bulbs, with burning oil, dropper, $7.50. Or use bath oil—here, Patchouli, $5. Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Good Night
Good Morning

"Good Night" linen cloth, above, goes under trays, papers on a bed, $15. The Very Thing, 149 East 72nd St., N. Y. On it, ***scented Lubin Flanelle*** to put in luggage, drawers. $25. Saks Fifth Avenue. Above: ***Pocket pepper mill,*** above, in leather case, $8.75. Hammacher Schlemmer.

Left: ***Hot Rod*** in a zip case—2 cups, spoons, tea/coffee boxes, heater coil, $12. Four aluminum cups in a case, $11.50. Leather medicine kit, $27.50. Plastic flask in leather case, $8.50. T. Anthony, 722 Madison Ave., New York.



Right: ***Great little travel iron,*** worldwide plugs, zip case, $16. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Ave., N. Y. Shown on red-and-white-check gingham blanket cover, $25, and a white piqué 45"-sq. tablecloth, $25, both bound in red grosgrain. Boutique of Parrish Woodworth, 33½ East 68th St., New York.

Right: ***Fun and games:*** Kodak's mini Instamatic X-15 camera boxed with case, batteryless Magicubes, film, album, now under $25. A ***summer's worth*** of games in a tan leather case: cribbage, backgammon, chess, checkers, Scrabble, poker dice, cards. Pieces are magnetized. 9" x 11" x 12", about $70. T. Anthony.

Note the Indian embroidered square; elsewhere ***square silk scarfs*** are shown. Throw them over tables and chairs. Sona The Golden One, 15 East 55th Street, New York.

Below left: Checked gingham ***terry-lined tote,*** pillow, quilted coverlet, and case for glasses, $60. Boutique of Parrish-Woodworth. Below right: ***In case of emergency:*** Powerful re-chargeable flashlight, $16.50. Invento's palm-sized alarm in a case, $6.50. Blink-lux light, pocket-size, flashes off and on, $11. Pocket-size case with oxygen inhaler, two cartridges, $10. Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y.

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To cook: the going thing

Take food—on the air lanes, the seaways, anywhere travel takes you. Make it light, tempting; go easy on carbohydrates or aromas that have too much clout.

By Maxime McKendry

The architect-designer John Stefanidis lives in London, works in Greece. He heli-hops from mainland to islands, often takes guests with him. Here are some of the packable, pick-up-able foods he takes along to serve in the air:

Slices of Swiss cheese wrapped around dill pickles
Strips of banana in curls of ham
Well-seasoned steak tartare stuffed in celery stalks
Wisps of prosciutto around raw carrot sticks
Cold seasoned boiled rice mixed with chopped nuts, grated carrots, and a little horseradish, and encased in a lettuce or vine leaf
Raw florets of cauliflower, topped with American cheese and broiled just until the cheese melts and coats the vegetable. Serve cold with celery salt.
Prunes filled with cottage cheese sweetened with organic honey

Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil, from their Houston, Texas, base, often fly guests off in company or chartered planes. Mrs. de Menil serves the best American meat in the best French way:

Big sirloin steaks—grilled in flight—with a salad of chilled cooked vegetables in tart mayonnaise, a superb cheese, and always a marvellous French wine.

Coffee, tea, or an air-fair drink: Alcohol has a stronger punch at high altitudes; soften the blow by taking along, in vacuum bottles, beef bouillon and fresh orange juice, both laced with vodka in a safe proportion.

Seaworthy pasta

Fulco di Verdura, who designs lavish jewels and tiny exquisite paintings, is in demand to design food on friends' boats. This dish is freshening in hot weather, nourishing for snorkel fiends.

Peel, seed, and cut in chunks 2 tomatoes for each person. Combine with an equal amount of cubed zucchini. Set in a warm oven just long enough to make the vegetables juicy but barely cooked. Boil pasta al dente; drain; dress with oil, salt, pepper. Drain vegetables and mix with pasta. Throw a huge scattering of coarsely chopped basil or parsley over all.

Food-for-health writer Adelle Davis reports that vitamin B_6 pills in generous quantities ward off motion sickness.

Bass with pesto sauce

On the Greek island of Patmos, the painter Teddy Millington-Drake lives in a complex of whitewashed houses. There he serves unforgettables, including this special:

Pesto sauce:

1 cup coarsely chopped fresh basil
½ cup olive oil
Salt, pepper
Crushed garlic
4 ripe tomatoes, peeled and seeded
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Combine ingredients in an electric blender; blend until smooth. Add juices from cooked fish, reblend, heat gently before serving.

Bake the bass—or other large fish—in foil. To serve, split open, remove spine, and douse with sauce, garnish with lightly broiled tomato halves.

Drink-up

A cool fresh-up from John Richardson, United States director for Christie's of London: in a huge tumbler with lots of ice, 2 parts vin rosé, *1 part Bitter Campari, 1 part water. Add a twist of orange peel.*

Precious lemons

There's a surprise in every dish in the cookbook called The Anti-Steak, *by Michel Warren and Yves Larsen. Here, translated from their own words, is a recipe much more intriguing than mere "veal birds." The book, "A Little Treatise on Culinary Dandyism," is published by Éditions Denoël, 14 rue Amélie, Paris 7.*

Take 8 lemons that you boil for 10 minutes in salted water. Remove lemons. Take hold of them with a dish towel so as not to burn yourself, and cut off a little wedge at each extremity. Armed with a curved grapefruit knife, empty out the fleshy part and retain only the thinnest skin. Chop 3/1 pound boiled veal and mix with 1 tablespoon oil, 1 egg yolk, the grated rind of 1 lemon, and 1 slice of bread soaked in 1 tablespoon cream. Add salt and pepper. Mix well.

Fill your lemons with this stuffing, and close each extremity by replacing the little wedges that you have kept and that you now hold in place with toothpicks. Cook these gently in a casserole with a spoonful of oil, a nut of butter, and 2 tablespoons of beer. If during cooking, the sauce becomes too sticky, you can always add a little more beer. Serve hot with mashed potatoes.

It is to be well understood that the lemon is as precious as its stuffing and is also to be enjoyed.

New approach to Italy

Your car glides by green hills and picturesque villages where castle towers and church tops reach for the blue skies.

You are driving to a famous «trattoria» where you'll enjoy the most delicious local specialities: along the way, you ride through a large «piazza» with black and white pavement where a *live* chess game is played by Italians in classical costumes. Another square is host to the pageantry of medieval horse-racing exactly as it was centuries ago. The Italy made rich by history, monuments, mountains, seas and lakes is also the Italy made exciting by vivacious young people, smart fashions, lively «ristoranti», late-late night spots, international swingers and of course the beautiful people of Italy. Here, in Italy, are the racing cars that win, the small lake boats and the luxury yachts, the panoramic ski slopes, comfortable new hotels, «autostrade», highways designed for enthusiastic driving. Here are the fascinating streets where you may see the Pope pass by in his car and bless his people. Only sunny Italy offers you so much. So much of the glorious past and so much of the exciting present. Enjoy the new approach to Italy this year.

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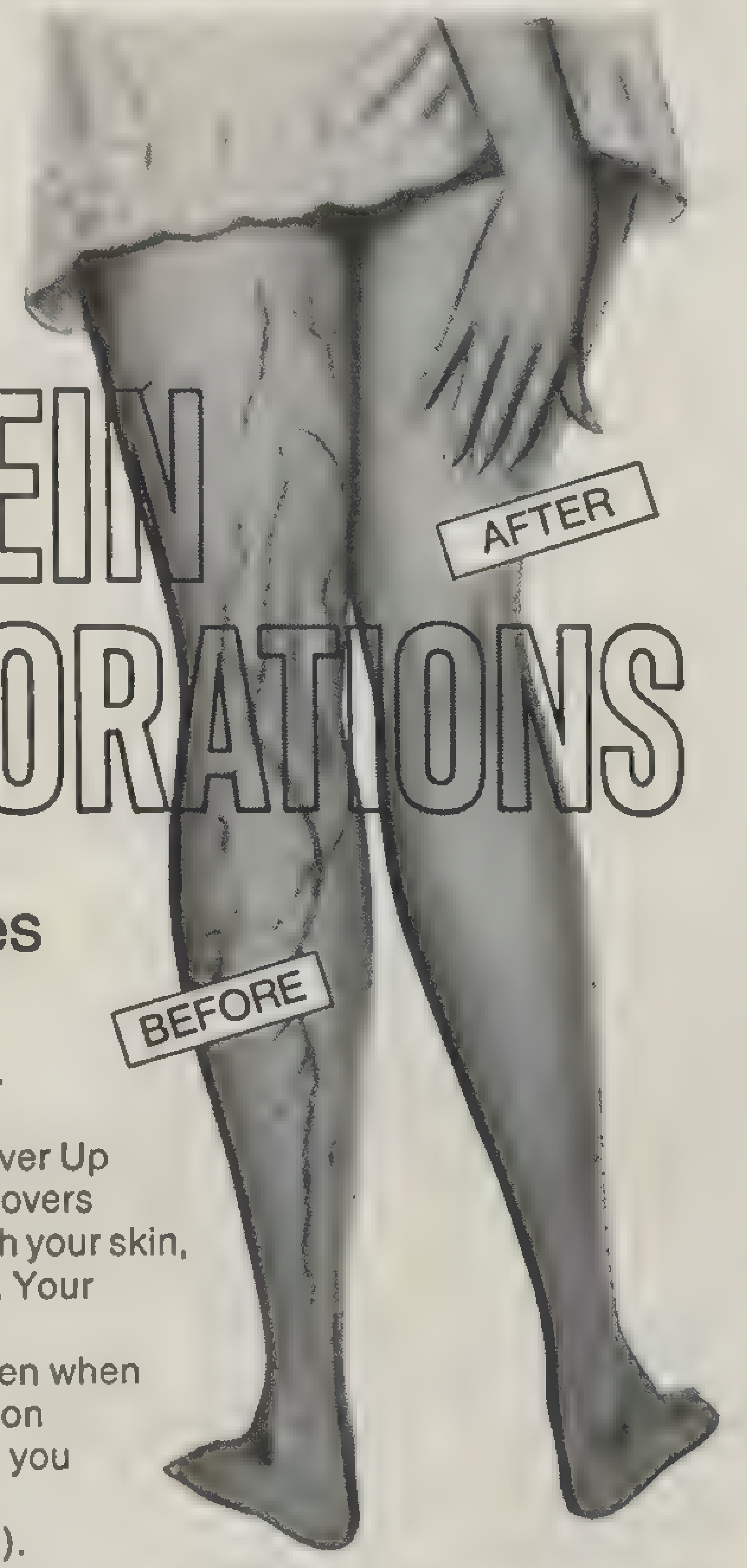

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VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM APRIL 15 THROUGH APRIL 30

ETHEL KENNEDY

Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy was born April 11, 1928, with a strong emphasis in the Fire signs—including her Sun sign, Aries—that shows self-confidence and the readiness to take the initiative in any program that has a benevolent cause. An unusual co-ordination between concept and reality should help her to cope with ideas and action simultaneously. Stemming from an abundance of generosity, an enthusiasm for attainment may be overwhelming; yet the mind is well-organized, disciplined, with a strong sense of duty.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. You start these two weeks in bringing an old obligation quickly to a successful conclusion. Then messages pour in from many directions involving you in important activities. It is native to your Aries psychology impulsively to accept new ideas. Don't overlook a fleeting chance for a new love that comes midway in this period at the new moon. After that, the pace slows, complexities are resolved.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. You will be buoyed up by the social fun during the first week—especially by a new romance, it's a marvellous spring tonic. After the new moon at the midpoint, the encounter takes a more serious turn that you are not prepared to handle. If this makes you neglect your business interests, turn to a trusted friend for advice. You are practical, but if you take too rigid a view, you may frighten your love away.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. The resistance that you have felt recently is fading; you will now be able to promote ideas that have been stalled. An interruption comes when someone from your past renews avowals of love, but the timing is wrong. All is settled quickly at the new moon, at the midpoint of this period. Go forward swiftly during the last week, and by deft moves get some of your bright ideas started. Now is the time for initiative.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. You may be having doubts about the differences in opinion among those close to you. Which one has kept you from your resolves? You can trust the change in events that comes following the new moon at the midpoint of this period; the new moon is in an Earth sign that totally suits you, placing you in a bargaining position. Press all your claims, and do not relinquish your rights until you are satisfied.

LEO, July 24–August 23. At the start of this period, there is no time to lose in gaining the recognition due you. Travel if you must to accept honours during the first week. The new moon—at the midpoint—in an Earth sign dulls

(Continued on page 62)

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From the mysterious East comes a mysterious new synthetic called Teijin Teviron. It's the most beautiful thing yet in bewitching wiggetry. And the closest thing yet to Nature's own, only better. Because Teijin Teviron is wash 'n wear hair with a flair that stays there. Till you change it. A great head of hair that goes where you go. Rolls up in your purse. Rinses out in the sink. Fluffs out, combs out, looks great straight or way out. (And won't change color no matter what.) So what could be more perfect? Or practical? Or natural? Go maxi, go mini, midi and schmidi. With Teijin Teviron, you can afford to be frivolous. Look for the label. "Tāy-jĭn Tēv-ē-rōn." Fun to say. Fantastic to wear.

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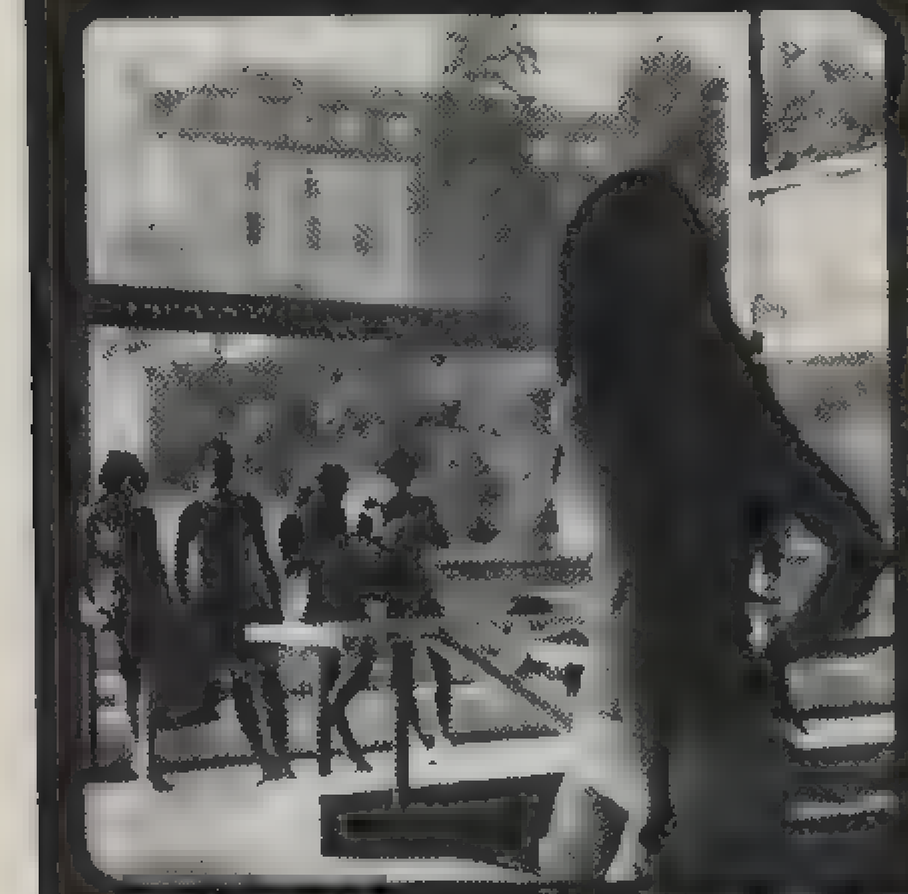

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VOGUE'S

HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 60

the chances of consolidating your efforts. Jupiter, good to your dramatic ability to make what you believe into fact, supports you in surprising ways at the end of the month.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. The mood has changed. That calls for action. Seek out past associates even if you have to travel to them. The distant contact will stimulate things back home, bringing benefits. A reshuffling of power may develop new financial impetus. This year, one planet that has dominated your affairs for years leaves Virgo. Prepare now to be on top of events when its restrictions are lifted. Good is coming your way.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Relationships with other people and the stimulation of their company are vitally important to your well being. At the beginning of this period, tensions are lifted and you feel a sense of relief. Total harmony is restored. It is best now not to become too involved in personal aims at the cost of missing business opportunities. Advance rapidly now into new business areas; private goals can be pursued later.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. If you continue to be organized and to move at an even pace during these weeks, particularly in working with past associates, you will find this a peak month. At the midpoint, the new moon, power goes over to the other side, after you have proven your self-discipline. Rewards coming from those you have dealt with prove good work pays. An older friend may invite you to a sound venture now.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. With the Sun still stimulating your initiative, begin as many projects as possible. Investigate important information coming your way during the first half of the period, and by the midpoint—the new moon—take a practical step to make this material your own. Love affairs assail you, but they are wild and useless—considering the chance you have to move toward a level you have waited for.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. While you are still harassed and struggling to bring order to a scene that is slowly becoming more harmonious, you are relieved by a thoughtful friend. At the midpoint in this period, the new moon, there is a promise of information that will reach you at the end of the month, calling up your deeper strength, a spiritual victory. Capricorns lose all battles but the last: the final victory.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. The regulation recently imposed on you has challenged your reckless nature and cool, detached manner. Yet, it has strengthened your involvement in your goals and kept you from useless motion that would have sapped energy that now can be spent on new projects. At the midpoint in this period, the new moon in an Earth sign re-inforces your firmness in sticking to the race, once begun.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Your self-involvement in a private dream has had a nice long run and you had the order and strength to carry it out. Now your dream must be exposed—at the new moon in an Earth sign, at the midpoint in this period—to an influence toward practical acceptance. The last few days of the month are a romantic period when an idea takes the place of a conquest and winning is in endurance, dependent on the self.

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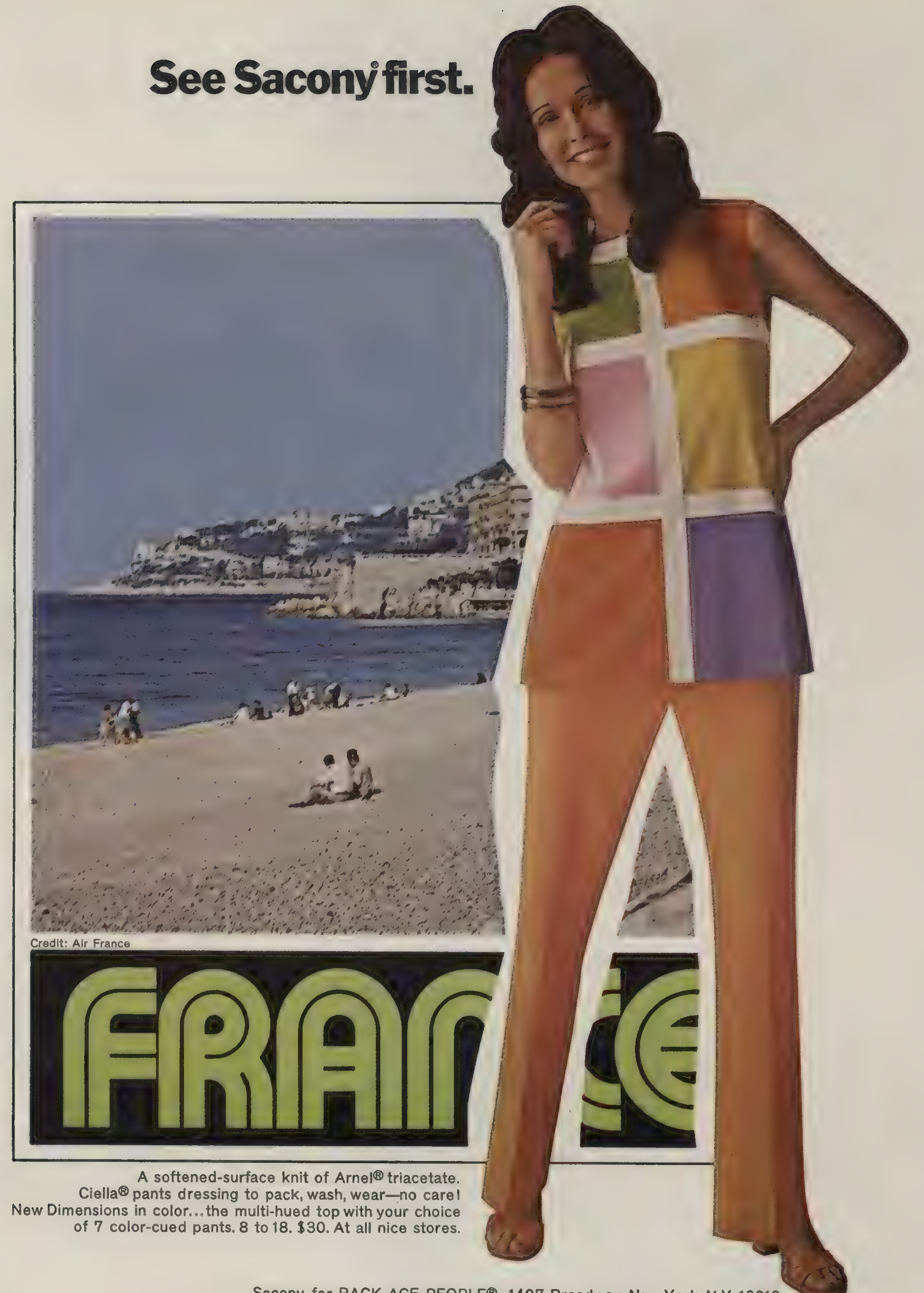

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VALERIAN RYBAR TRAVELS

a great deal: over 200,000 air miles per year! The noted interior designer of some of the world's great houses, most attractive clubs, and fantastic parties, does it all with style and super-efficiency. Mr. Rybar, set to go, below, tells Vogue how he does it all:

JACK ROBINSON

"Business travel takes me to play places . . ."

"Marbella, Acapulco, St. Moritz, or to capital cities, fascinating to visit. We have New York and Paris offices—Jean-François Daigre is the manager of the Paris office—and may open one in Switzerland. I try to take one trip a year to a place I don't know—like driving through Morocco, which I've never done—you must keep your eye and your interests alive with fresh impressions, it keeps you current."

"Super organization works beautifully"

"I have the most convoluted travelling equipment, luggage and endless books for both business and private use. My travelling office goes with me at all times: a briefcase for sketches, all the utensils of my trade; a big case with files, samples, swatches, and plans, everything thought out in depth. . . . Gucci makes all my luggage, books, and folios—not so much for a matched look, that isn't the point—the point is, I want to be able to see in an airport if one of my bags happens to go off someplace it shouldn't. Also, if I leave something behind, I know exactly how it's marked, so it's easier to assemble again."

"The hub of my whole existence today is travel . . ."

"Naturally my life style is dictated by this. I keep an apartment in Paris, and one in New York: not large, but functional, with a manservant and a wardrobe in either place. Anything that is part of a Paris or New York wardrobe is marked 'Paris' or 'New York,' so it can always come back there.

"My business appointments are scheduled for a month in advance. It's the only way I can function efficiently. I am not big for business meetings in the evening, or the very early morning.

"I don't really relax on planes, but find the uninterrupted surroundings ideal for creative work. My latest system is not to eat or drink on a plane. After a flight from Europe, I stay up till my normal bedtime, take a pill to sleep, and try to establish the routine of the locality forcefully."

"I separate my life between work and play . . ."

"Otherwise one gets tired and work suffers enormously. I exercise a bit, and keep fit without being a faddist."

For a two week business trip, Mr. Rybar packs:

Shoulder bag:	***2 stud boxes*** ***1 oblong case: watches, miscellany*** ***1 oblong case: currency from twelve countries*** ***1 leather envelope: travel tickets, hotel reservations, credit cards, and bills*** ***1 leather envelope: personal shopping records, orders*** ***1 eyeglass case*** ***1 wallet: passport and traveller's cheques*** ***1 book to read en route (currently, a life of Louis XI)***
Attaché case:	***6 address books, divided by countries*** ***1 large notebook (to record daily business meetings, conversations, future plans)*** ***2 cheque books (business and personal)*** ***1 appointment calendar*** ***1 small dictaphone*** ***2 scale rules (one in inches, one in metres)***
Big portfolio:	***presentation sketches by draftsmen and artists he employs***
Big rigid case:	***files, samples, swatches (with the attaché case, a travelling office)***
2 Large soft-side cases:	***clothing***

"The treacherous thing about travelling so much is that it becomes a way of life"

"Staying put in one place any length of time makes me very restless. I dream of going to a Greek island to stay months on end, but after a week I can't wait to move on. . . . My tempo has been established!"

(Continued on page 152)

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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

ALLONS!

To the woman of wit and imagination all travel is an adventure and all the highways and byways and skyways her rainbow, with a pot of gold at the end of the line. From the moment she leaves home, she is a heroine on her way to something pleasurable, new, and exciting, and it shows in every look and gesture. She may travel in sables or in blue jeans and sneakers, she may be a rotten packer or a superb one, may manage with a single bag or rig herself out like Sarah Bernhardt on a farewell tour—it doesn't matter, for the heroines among us (see right and in the pages ahead), only one rule applies: Be comfortable—wear what you want, take what you want. The ideas are here, so choose what suits you and have a super time... from the word Go.

CONTESSA SUSANNA RATTAZZI, *right*, beauty, journalist, adventurous traveller, in her kind of getaway gear—pants and boots; leather brief for paperwork, everything else bagged in Gucci canvas. (Contessa Rattazzi talks travel on page 119.)

PENATI

Travelling with ELIZABETH

BY HER HUSBAND WHO LOVES HER IN SPITE OF IT

Richard Burton

Gawd 'elp me!

Travelling with Elizabeth is a kind of exquisite pain. Let me explain why this is: I am ferociously over-punctual whereas Elizabeth is indolently the opposite. I love Elizabeth to the point of idolatry but—let's repeat that "but"—she will unquestionably be, as David Jones once wrote of a man from Bethesda, late for the last bloody judgment. And, infuriatingly, she is always breathtakingly on time. She actually misses no train or plane or boat but, of course, misses the fact that her husband has had several minor heart attacks waiting for her while he shifts a shivering Scotch from his trembling hand to his quivering mouth to his abandoned liver, waiting, waiting, waiting for her to come out of the lavatory. And the hooters howl or somebody says "All Aboard" or "Last call for Flight 109 to Los Angeles" and *not* standing there is my stupendously serene lady, firmly believing that time waits for no man but will for her. It is an assumption of Royalty that tends to drive a peasant like me into Communism or at least into a fellow traveller—if you'll pardon the pun. In a sense I am one of the original boys who watched the train go by and lusted for London and, indeed, I finally caught that train and never went back and never will. Little did I know that travelling first class, while I sat on a rope-bound portmanteau in a cold and miserable third-class corridor, was Elizabeth Taylor. She wasn't, of course, but she could have been. Christ, if she had been, she might have given me a tip! Or patted my head with a regal and condescending hand as I carried her bags off the train at Paddington. No, no, no. Let's face it, don't let's be facetious. She wouldn't have tipped me. She'd have arranged for one of her minions to do so.

Does the reader detect a tinge of bitterness?

Well, make no mistake about it—it is ageless, total, and absolute blazing fury. Frustrated fury. Helpless anger. And Elizabeth is not the only one of her sex who thinks that a hairsbreadth is a half-a-mile wide. I have a sister-in-law who for years has been catching the 10:55 from Paddington to Port Talbot resolutely believing that it's the 9:55. She has never understood why the train is always an hour late.

But travel has become to us, as to most itinerant professionals, a part of our lives. We have been forced by habit to become doomed nomads, incapable anymore of being sweet stay-at-homes, sweet lie-a-beds, forced to work around the world. Show us a Gypsy and we'll sing you a song called "Have Makeup, Will Travel." We find nowadays that staying in any one place for more than—shall we say—three months is intolerable. And there is no place we've been to that we don't love. We love New York (but not in June) and Los Angeles and London and Paris and Rome and San Francisco and Puerto Val-

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, FLOATING BETWEEN TRAVELS; ON HER HAND, THAT DIAMOND RICHARD GAVE HER.

SNOWDON

SNOWDON

"...with 2 nannies, 4 children, 5 dogs, 2 secretaries, 1 turtle who has to be kept in water, 1 budgerigar, 1 wildcat, and 140 bags"

TRAVELLING WITH ELIZABETH
larta and Gstaad and that rough country of my heart, Wales, and even Ireland, though the land is so un-harsh that it gives a cragged moored felled fenned man like me a touch of the creeps.

We sit around in the middle of the night wherever we are and dream of places we have been to or know—my wife is a bad sleeper and worries about spiders and mosquitoes—and the middle of the night is sometimes an open forum as to where would you like to be now? And she says, or I say, perhaps in Paris, "Wouldn't you sell your soul for a delicatessen or even an ordinary drugstore where you can have hamburgers or coleslaw or corned beef hash with an egg on top or to be able to whip around the corner right now and get any kind of short-order cooking, and screw Maxim's and the Tour d'Argent and their frigging duck in orange?" And I say, or we say, with a sigh, "Yes!" And then again we're in New York and again we awake at the dying time of night and dream of a bistro in Switzerland or some of the remoter regions of France unspoiled by Michelin or a *trattoria* in Italy nestling at the foot of a hill at the top of which is a magnificent church where the choir gives chant at seven o'clock every evening and there is a turbulent red wine and salami and fave and a cheese that crumbles in the hand falling down its own face like a landslide.

I will leave the Prado and the Louvre and The Museum of Modern Art and the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome to other fists. We separate countries into foods. And the countries themselves are reflected by their own eating habits. The English abroad, apart from the truly affluent, are easily recognizable because quite clearly they are malnutrited, the pinched underprivileged faces, the thin white arms, the permanent catarrh, the desire for an eternal meal of meat and two veg or bangers and mash or fish and chips. And there is no mistaking the Latin abroad—vital statistics 45-55-99—bursting with spaghetti or *paella* or *vino tinto* or *moules marinières* or Bordeaux and aching spa-cared livers and terrifying kidneys but, of course, great hearts. And the Germans, having conquered Europe yet once again on a diet of huge boiled potatoes and sauerkraut and jackboots and desperately trying to pink their larded bodies in the sun and succeeding only in patches, stamp majestically over the Mediterranean from Ischia to Sardinia to Corsica and invariably ask for your autograph. And the pale pale Scandinavians ghost-like from forever eating smorgasbord even at dawn, grappling desperately and publicly with sex-lives that presumably they can not handle in privacy. And the bland Asiatics, slick and smooth because they eat no cheese or red meat and, floating like bladders in swimming pools, as Mr. Khrushchev said of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, dream of global war. And the Americans, flowered shirts and huge-assed, forever middle-aged, sweet and eternally childlike, wearing invariably the hat of the country that they happen to be in. A sombrero in Mexico where no Mexican wears a sombrero. A hat in Portofino that says Portofino on the band. A Tyrolean hat in the Alps while they search for yodellers, and, indeed to God, a kilt in Scotland if they can. And in Portofino I remember a minute and enchanting American who when he saw Elizabeth on the quayside from fully fifty yards away said with exultant outstretched arms: "Liz! California!" And I remarked later that if Elizabeth had had any wit she would have replied: "Solly! Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllantysiliogogogoch!" That, believe it or

GIANNI BOZZACCHI

RICHARD BURTON, AT A RAILROAD STATION IN HIS NATIVE WALES, ASSUMES FIRST TRAVEL-WITH-ELIZABETH POSTURE: "WAITING, WAITING, WAITING"

not, is the name of a village in Wales. And believe it or not, she can actually say it. She knows a lot of the Welsh tongue. I can't think why.

Then there is, of course, the Press. I mean photographers. If they are not there to meet us off a plane or train or boat, I lament the end of our careers. If they are, I blame Elizabeth for being too notorious. What can you do? What can she do? You're damned if they're there and you're damned if they're not.

However, travelling with Elizabeth has its compensations. She loves it. Porters and stewards and even stewardesses reward her with enormous over-attention and therefore I get a little on the side. Customs men from Port Said to Porto Santo Stefano grace her with a kiss of the hand. Grim men at Chicago and Dover release the tight suspicious taut muscles of their red-taped faces and wish her well. I suppose those sons of immaculate dams know immediately that she is an honest lady and wouldn't cheat on anybody in her life, unless they cheated her first.

And it takes many forms—I mean travelling with Elizabeth. I remember once going into a restaurant, a famous one, in the South of France, and there were so many cars outside that we couldn't pull up to the entrance. We had two of our dogs with us. They ran ahead and up the steps into the restaurant. We had forgotten that dogs are forbidden in this place. The headwaiter came out in a passion of outrage looking like an impersonation of Peter Ustinov impersonating a headwaiter and with shuddering admonitory finger was about to order them out when suddenly he saw Elizabeth and the cosmic gesture of dismissal turned, in a flash, into the most sycophantic leering smile of welcome that it has been my privilege to see. I laughed for the rest of the day. So much so that I allowed them to overcharge me. After all, one hundred dollars for two bowls of soup and two *quenelles de brochet* and two *mille-feuilles* is going a bit far I think. They fed the dogs, too. By hand. Very sweet. We've never been back.

But back to the drawbacks. How would you like to have a shoe of your wife's stolen off her foot by some fanatical fool at an airport—one of several thousand fools on this particular occasion—and feel the urgency of the crowd toppling you inexorably, it seemed at the time, into a trampled albeit enthusiastic and affectionate death? How would you like to pass your small daughter over the heads of the madding crowd to a friend, all of us shouting in a language we didn't know?

How would you like your wife to be hit in the stomach by a *paparazzo* because he wanted an unusual photograph? It happened, you know. No jokes. Honest to God, he hit my wife in the stomach. No jokes. I wasn't there or I would have long ago walked death's row.

Or how would you like to travel from Paris to Geneva with two nannies, four children, five dogs, two secretaries, a budgerigar, and a turtle who has to be kept permanently in water, and a wildcat, and 140 bags, and Rex Harrison edging his way through the narrow bag-besieged foyer screaming in a low mutter—this was in the Lancaster Hotel in the rue de Berri—"Why do the Burtons have to be so filthily ostentatious?" Why indeed? Even his slim and elegant shape had to do a broken run to the bar. Where, of course, he found us and after a couple of drinks told us exactly what was on his mind. His language is particularly effective after a chat with the barman. I did say rather feebly that only two of the bags were mine. Make no mistake, we love Mr. Harrison but there are times when he will insist on telling you what's on his mind.

But trouble and all, I would still like to go to the Bell Inn at Aston Clinton with Elizabeth or to the hotel La Verniaz at Évian-les-Bains or the Österreichischer Hof in Salzburg or the D'Chez Eux in Paris or L'Escargot or the Flavia in Rome and pretty places on the Route Napoléon and a lovely earthy restaurant overlooking Beaulieu called La Ferme de something and I would like to drink a wine with Elizabeth called La Chante Merle de Monsieur Badaux in a place named Olden in Gstaad. Not because of the nature of the wine, but because of its exquisite name.

I will allow nobody but me to take Elizabeth, tardy as she is, to Évian or Austria or Aston Clinton or Tor Vaiannica or Le Coq Hardy or La Méditerranée or the Oak Room at the Plaza or the Top of the Mark or The Savoy Grill or the Terrace at the Dorchester or the Hotel de la Poste at Avallon or that Delicatessen on Sixth Avenue where they serve beer in steins and where you can have split and grilled frankfurters with appalling French fries on the side, and Rumpelmayer's for breakfast with a daughter around; or how would you like to stop your Phantom Rolls outside a fish-and-chips shop in Flask Lane, Hampstead, and munch greasily and happily away in the back of the car watching television while waiting for the traffic to ease with two enchanting daughters and an enchanting wife beside you beside themselves with the witchery of it all?

It just so happens that at this time of writing we are on our way once more. And Gawd 'elp me! We are on our way from London to Switzerland and from there to New York. And from New York to Los Angeles. And from Los Angeles to Puerto Vallarta. And from Vallarta to Cuernavaca. And from Cuernavaca to Acapulco. And from Acapulco who knows—perhaps to the end of the world?

And so, how would you like to go from London to Gstaad to Paris to New York to Los Angeles to Puerto Vallarta to Cuernavaca to Acapulco with a hundred bags, and dogs and cats, and will we never get off this express train and slide into a siding and bump amiably along in the milk train?

Well, I'll tell you, it's a rough old ride, but I wouldn't swap the privilege of travelling with Elizabeth for anything on earth.

But off we go in a couple of minutes.
Gawd 'elp me!
How many times will I lose my temper?
Gawd 'elp me! ▼

THE CLOTHES *that get you where* YOU'RE GOING

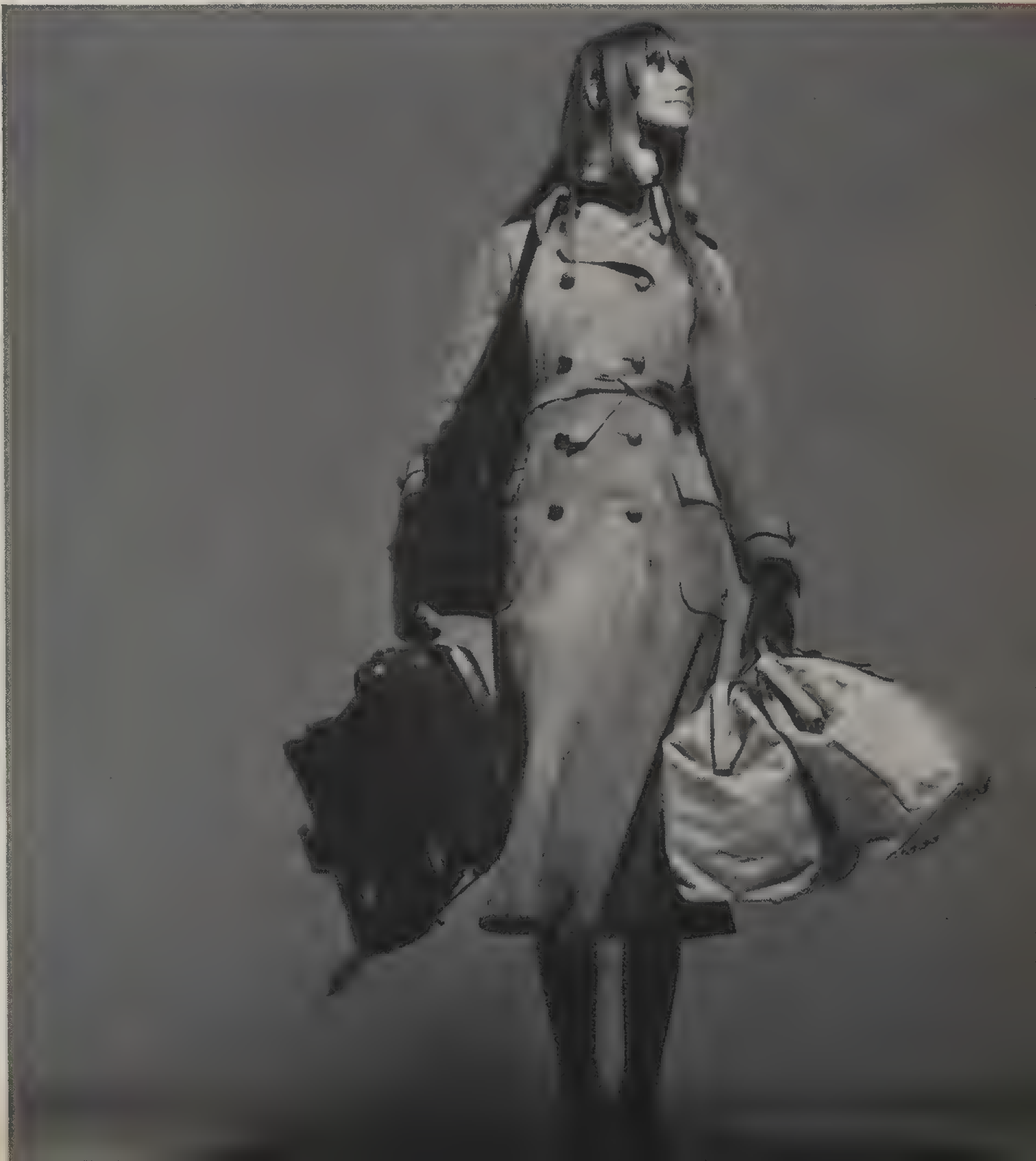
AND KEEP YOU HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE THERE

It's not so terrible to travel with too much; lots of women do. You learn to cope, that's all: If you can't be frugal about luggage, you can be extravagant about tips; failing a porter, you deal with your bags yourself; and when you can't, don't hesitate to depend on the kindness of strangers—in the presence of an attractive woman, aglow with the anticipation of travel and adventure, you'd be surprised how quickly the chivalric flame is fanned. With charm—and a little moxie—you can ease your way in and out of airports and around the world with as much luggage as you need or with more than you need, with soft bags or hard. . . . As for what you put into your bags—and what you pull out when you get where you're going and what you wear actually getting there—just remember: There's no such thing as "travel clothes." Good fashion is the same the world over and all fashion today travels well. Some things, naturally—your jerseys, for instance—you can ball up like socks and stuff in a duffle, and ten hours later who would believe what they'd been through. But, packed with reasonable care, nothing wrinkles very much or for very long. So: no problems—you dress as you like. If you're a killer in shorts, wear them; you will be divine on the Via Margutta and you will be comfortable on the plane and you will give a lot of pleasure to your fellow passengers. A white coat that you can put over pale knits by day and over a little black jersey by night will be as useful to you in London as in New York, cleaning bills notwithstanding. The point is: What makes you feel easy and happy and right in cities here will do the same for you in cities there. With that in mind, we give you, in these pages, what are simply wonderful looks to wear and to be seen in wherever you are. And if you do happen to be travelling, well, then you have it all . . . just throw in a raincoat somewhere and go. You'll be great!

THE GEAR THAT GETS YOU ON THE PLANE

PANTS AND A SHIRT, A SUPER PIGSKIN COAT: YOU COULD BE ON YOUR WAY TO LUNCH . . . 6,000 MILES AWAY

She is a camera, *left*—snapping good looks wherever she goes in her linen-y beige pants and white voile shirt, with her always-and-everywhere red cardigan knotted over her shoulders. . . . Glentex printed silk scarf. Roger Van S belt. Cartier jewellery. Bell & Howell camera—a Filmosound 8, hung on a Joseph M. Hart chain. Battani boots. Balloon-y tote by Yves Saint Laurent Handbags, at Rive Gauche. Luggage by Ventura, at Altman's. Jaeger linen-and-Terylene pants, about $44; cotton shirt, about $28. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; The Denver. Creamy, suède-y, belted pigskin, *right*—the coat you get on in, get off in, get around and around in. By Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Seedling Designs shoulderbag. Luggage, left: Madonna; American Tourister, at Bloomingdale's. Luggage, right: Leonine Leather, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, about $195. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; The Denver. Coiffures, both pages: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.



AVEDON

go VOGUE

WHERE, HOW, WHY TO GO—FROM THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW; ON THIS AND THE NEXT 15 PAGES

FAIR, BARE WEATHER ON THE ISLAND OF SYLT

" 'But they're all naked!' I shouted against the strong westerly wind after climbing down long wooden stairs to the superb beach." The shouter: Henry Bertrand, a Frenchman discovering German naked chic on the North Frisian Island of Sylt in the North Sea. "Question: Do you remain covered in front of a bare lady?" Into high sand cliffs, people dig sun-rooms, about six feet deep and twenty feet around, furnishing them with high-backed wicker chairs, tables, and parasols, posting them with such signs as: "This hole belongs to Fritz Schmidt." "The theory is to leave all clothes in the hole. The shy are looked upon rather severely, although some wear sweaters against the chill air for co-ed volleyball, beautiful if the players are young and energetic. After a vigorous swim in cool and agitated water, people eat delicious sea-fresh lobsters, crayfish, and prawns at beach restaurants, but in town the basic scene switches—dinner clothes for dancing in the discos. Difficult meeting friends the next day wearing only sunglasses, but the embarrassment is yours. German hand-kissing and heel-clicking (silent, of course) are par for this unmapped course."

THE ART OF CROSSING THE PALM

Everybody does it, but Europeans do it as an art—tipping. Tip scientifically. Leave nothing to chance; plot each move. The first time at a good restaurant make a point of speaking to the maître d', handsomely cross his palm. Immediately, a good table; next time, a welcome by name. To avoid the awkward moment of the arrival of the bill—face down on a plate—after a dinner party at a restaurant, ask the maître d'—freshly tipped—to add a certain amount for the captains, the sommelier, plus 10 to 15 per cent for service. Drop by the next day to settle, or arrange to have it paid by the hotel.

A tip works like a passport for getting service. On a short stay at a hotel, tip on the first day—doormen, concierge, maid, valet, any of the staff directly responsible for your comfort. Should your lifeline depend on the telephone, send a tip down to the switchboard operators in an envelope with your name and room number. On long stays at resorts or a city hotel, tip every week; at spas for a fortnight's cure, it's routine at the end. The same goes for ships, with the exception of the maître d' and sommelier. Keep change handy for grooms delivering notes and packages. Jog your memory by making out a list as you go along: masseur, pool attendant, deck steward, night maid. Remember everybody who has given you exceptional service, and hang on to your list of tips—for ships, spas, resorts—to use the next time.

On a holiday when you expect and really want to be royally treated, tip extravagantly, more than usual. Splurge; you'll never regret it, and "they" remember.

TRAVEL: MENTAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL BY NICCOLÒ TUCCI

Where could an artist work while vacationing this year? At Lacoste in Provence, France, I would say, a place I chose in 1960 for reasons that may sound almost prophetic today, but then my forthcoming *Autobiography of a Lost Continent* in eight volumes and two languages traces my "ecomania" back to the time when I was fifteen.

In 1960 I wrote *Before My Time* at Lacoste, while Bernard Pfriem (first feudal lord of Lacoste after the Marquis de Sade) painted, someone else sculpted, one fellow wrote love letters, another studied the violin; we even had a student of suicide, but none of the jumping sites seemed good enough for him: He killed time, ours more than his, then decided to live for a local village beauty.

We all worked seriously because there was moral ecology in the place. Ancient villages have it: Everyone's life is open to inspection, who would dare waste his time?—you hear, you see, you smell the blacksmith, the carpenter, the cobbler, the butcher, the baker, even the candlestick-maker, because the local power station *does* have its dark moments.

After work everyone shares the notion, when not the sights and noises, of a well-deserved privacy—until the next morning. Another great advantage: Lacoste is far from the sea. The sea, of course, is the most perfect of landscapes: It sums them all up in a constant re-constellation of masses and lights. But by its very majesty and violence, the sea erodes both the land and its inhabitants, caught in feverish activity as seafarers or fishermen, or in dreamy passivity as beachcombers and sea watchers. Inland people are less fortunate but more poetic for that reason: The sea is still "famous" where they live; a craving for infinity spurs their creative minds. In this they resemble the mystics, whose most creative period is on earth: Beyond it, God will not have to be invented by them every day. Those who say Heaven is boring must be thinking of *them*, deprived of their talent. My only objection to Lacoste is that everyone knows it because of the sadist Marquis and not because of his ancestress: the greatest Muse in the history of Europe, together with Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Madonna Laura. Yes, Lacoste keeps your talent alive in a landscape so intimate that it contains your thoughts without dispersing them. The red soil, the green hills, the grey villages, the monumental stone quarries, and the blue water ribbons unpolluted by industry give great ecological comfort. Let's only hope no "doers" and "improvers" will discover it—and kill it.

NOTE: Visual arts courses are part of the new Sarah Lawrence College summer session in Southern France, at Lacoste, open to all college students and high school graduates, and directed by Bernard Pfriem of the college's art faculty.

TEMPTATION TO THE GREEK ISLANDS

Sample-sized packets of Elysium: Sun Line's seven-day cruises through the Greek Isles. Telescoped into one week: the treasures of the Herakleion Museum, the palace of Knossos, both on the island of Crete. Fresh archaeological turn-ups on stunning, volcanic Santorini. One day to explore Rhodes: its Crusader palaces, beaches, casino, the windswept beauty of the Lindos Acropolis. Three days in Turkey: an impressionistic view of the Ionian ruins at Ephesus; sailing by the green Greek islands of Samos and Lesbos, nudging the Turkish coast, through the Dar-

(Continued)

ONLY POETS GO ANYWHERE IN A CAPE

THEY WEAR THEM OVER EVERYTHING . . . AND WRAP THEMSELVES UP IN THEM ON PLANES . . . AND MAKE EXTRA BLANKETS OF THEM IN INNS AND WAYSIDE HOTELS

Wide and rolling and soft and beautiful, *right*—Halston's divine hooded cape in kasha-coloured cashmere that instantly makes a poet of anyone who wears it. Try it and see . . . people will wonder who you are and whom you're meeting . . . and offer to help with your bags. The romantic woman makes travelling adventurous for everyone. . . . Cape, of Amicale cashmere, with straight matching pants and a white crêpe de Chine shirt, to order at Halston. Halston shoes. Belt by Elsa Peretti for Halston. Baar & Beards marron chiffon scarf. Celia Sebiri cross and Pierre Cardin cotton duck luggage by Lark, all at Bonwit Teller. Keys by Nulock Supply. The coiffure, by Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

AVEDON

IN PANTS: SO GO THE ADVENTURERS

Off to Katmandu, *left*—and she's going all the way in these divine thin-as-skin chamois jeans and pullover, with everything she needs in back-pack and suède furoshiki. This is the girl who doesn't depend on porters, doesn't miss them . . . doesn't miss a trick. Very cool. . . . Zig Zag stitched jeans, $85; laced pull, $50. At Macy's Young Collector Shop. Leather Works back-pack. Ruza Creations furoshiki. Dakota Transit luggage tag. Keys by Nulock Supply. Corum watch. Richelieu cuff. David Evins boots. Ara Gallant coiffure.

Start your trip in a nifty beige wool knit pants suit, *above*, bandage up your hair in a cap, pull out some gold chains to change yourself a little en route, and you know how it's going to end, right?—eight hours later you've still got all your dash about you. Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat; about $110. Sibley Coffee shirt. Mr. John cap. Necklaces: Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Bulova watch. Issey Miyake belt. Van Raalte gloves. Golo shoes. Gucci shoulderbag. Tassel: Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Samsonite luggage, at Altman's. Turnout, Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Manchester's; I. Magnin.

IN KNIT WITH
ALL HER GOLD
CHAINS, IN CHAMOIS
PLUS A PACK ON
HER BACK . . .
SIC TRANSIT THE
GYPSY TRAVELLER

Go Vogue

(Continued)

danelles to Istanbul—minarets, its maze bazaar, mosques, Topkapi treasures. The last day: the sun-bleached monuments of ancient Delos and the bouzouki, *tavernas*, churches, and beaches of Mykonos. Every Monday at seven in the evening in the spectacular Greek twilight, the new "Stella Oceanis" sails from Piraeus to which it returns at eight on the following Monday morning. On board, on the top deck, a pool, and lots of deck space for sunning. Air-conditioned cabins, Greek dances in the *taverna*, and briefing by experts about the next day's sightseeing. The Sun Line cruise, like any good sample, tempts to more and larger helpings of Greece.

WHAT TO EXPECT OF A TRAVEL AGENT

Expect everything. A good travel agent operates like a computerized crystal-ball gazer: advises on itineraries; shoulders the tricky details; suggests trips not on tourist beats; opens castles closed to visitors; and provides cars with intelligent guides. A good agent is one who has recently been "there." Chemistry between the traveller and the agent is vital; if you do not hit it off, you shift to another person in the same agency.

HOW, AND HOW MUCH

News of a good agent gets around. Most people find one by asking friends. Travel agents are trained professionals paid for their skills. There is no charge, usually, for a straight reservation on planes and ships: Agents receive commissions from the airlines and steamship companies, hotel chains. But the customer pays for cables for hotel rooms and prepaid cabled confirmations. For consultations on a complicated itinerary, there is no rule of thumb for the fee: Some agents ask for a working deposit, say about $25, and, depending upon the amount of time they spend, the balance may be deducted; or if the trip is unusually complex, an amount is added to the total cost. Others charge a percentage of the trip cost. Should the trip fall through, the traveller forfeits the deposit.

Some things wise agents do. They pace the itinerary to each

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traveller: Block out time for jet lag, for siestas or for golf, or avoid crack-of-dawn plane flights whenever possible or rev up the program for speedsters who want to knock off several capital cities in a couple of days. They supply reading lists. They advise on colours and weights of clothes, tell what temperatures to expect. They suggest fishing and hunting gear, give tips on camera equipment.

For people flying in first class, agents who have good contacts with the airlines reserve seats in advance. They arrange for travellers to be met by a limousine at airports or at boat piers, chauffeurs to page the passengers over loudspeakers. Agents alert travellers about this, as their own names called out by foreigners may sound unrecognizable.

Because good hotel contacts are the trademark of a top agent, the traveller gets the hotel room he wants.

A travel-witted agent works closely with correspondent agencies around the world whom he knows firsthand. The home agent gives the name of his overseas contact , his address, and telephone number, and, of course, alerts the foreign agent. The foreign agent takes over for theatre tickets, change of itinerary, and the unexpected—the charm, after all, of travel.

LEBANON . . . RACING TYRE

Quo Vadis? To Lebanon for chariot races in the grandest of all Roman hippodromes, newly dug out from centuries of windswept sand at Tyre. Bang . . . they're off! A field of brunette Ben Hurs in white tunics banded in colours clued to their wooden chariots drawn by Arabian chargers. Halfway, at stone axials of the five-hundred-metre hairpin course, boys douse water on grinding wheels, such exact Roman replicas that the wood on wood often sparks fire. Spectators bet on favourite colours, cheer from the honeyed-stone steps of the A.D. 200 grandstand. After meets—held only on summer weekends—visitors cross over to the thrusting splendour of Tyre's triumphal arch framing the crowded necropolis, sun-gilded against the reaching sea. Crusty with history—from the Phoenicians to the Crusaders—Tyre soon rates an updating with lacings of canals and hotels on deserted sands. Until this touch of Venice is built, there's the Mexican restaurant Chez Pepe for dinner on low divans in the candlelit cave, for lunch under fishnets on a wharf terrace overlooking the old port.

PRESENTS TO BRING

Safe bets out of the U.S.: latest U.S. books, records—newest pop, albums of hit musicals, classics. Cosmetics: especially lip and nail colours in the just-out shades. Chancy but worth a try: U.S. bathing suits. Blue jeans for children. Nonsensical assortment of American greeting cards. Flower gardens of non-iron sheets. Sure winner: U.S. costume jewellery. NOTE: Bring more presents than you think you need.

UNBEATABLE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS

No use trying to charm U.S. Customs inspectors, nor compare U.S. Customs with the easy routine often given Americans by foreign Customs inspectors. The biggest hang-up now is hard drugs, plus the usual smuggling. Inspectors base their methods on official training, experience, extrasensory perception, cooperation from foreign countries, and tips from informers. For travellers arriving from places labelled high-risk areas—Europe's expensive shopping ground, the Orient and Mexico, both fertile fields for narcotics—inspectors turn particularly suspicious.

Declare *everything* acquired overseas over the $100 Customs exemption, one quart of alcohol, and one hundred non-Cuban cigars: Declare clothes though they have been worn, skis, perfumes, wigs, cameras, both real and costume jewellery, luggage. Include repairs, remodelling of clothes, buys made at Duty-Free Shops. Declare the price you paid; make a reasonable guess on presents.

Pack everything to be declared together or remember where you put things. Hang on to the paid bills. Each Customs inspector has his particular yardstick for figuring out the value, sometimes may make an allowance for things that have been used. Duty tax is based on the wholesale cost, with the exception of custom-order clothes that are taxed in full. No duty for paintings or any kind of art.

For those who own and travel with foreign-made cameras, tape recorders, watches, a safe idea is to register them at the Customs Bureau before leaving the country. Women who have already been taxed on clothes and jewellery should carry on future overseas trips the receipted tax bills to avoid complications on their return.

With an above-average supply of medicines that might spark the inspector's attention, carry a statement from your doctor confirming that the medicines are for your personal use, listing them and specifying those containing narcotics and the amount. NOTE: Returning from the U.S. Virgin Islands, American Samoa, and Guam, the duty-free allowance is $200 and a gallon of alcohol. . . . Rum deal.

Alerted from planes or ships about sick travellers arriving, Customs officers give them special care—even rush them through formalities and, when necessary, wait for them at the carrier door. But they're there, inescapable always.

BAHAMA'S PARADISE

"Take a right at the bridge." In Nassau, Paradise Island lies across the bridge; and the Ocean Club, its Bahamian-pink Utopia facing the Atlantic, is to the right again. Only minutes away from the Casino's green tables, the Ocean Club seems remote, amazingly peaceful, right, this time, for people who like outdoor action with deep comforts and service. Housekeepers unpack; rooms, recently coloured in jungle greens and yellow, have huge closets, enormous bathrooms with double sinks, and patios open to sun rays but sealed off from neighbours. There is an unpeopled ocean for swimming, a beach of grainy, hard sand for walking to the east end of the island. Lunch around the swimming pool happens to the soothing tock of tennis balls from the four courts behind the trees used as windbreakers and, occasionally, to the voice of Walter, the even-tempered tennis pro. Pool specialty: Ocean Club Salad—Roquefort-cheese dressing over a mound of Chef's Salad. Robert Trent Jones designed the challenging eighteen-hole course, champion calibre. With all this and the gambling inside, is it Paradise or Pairadice?

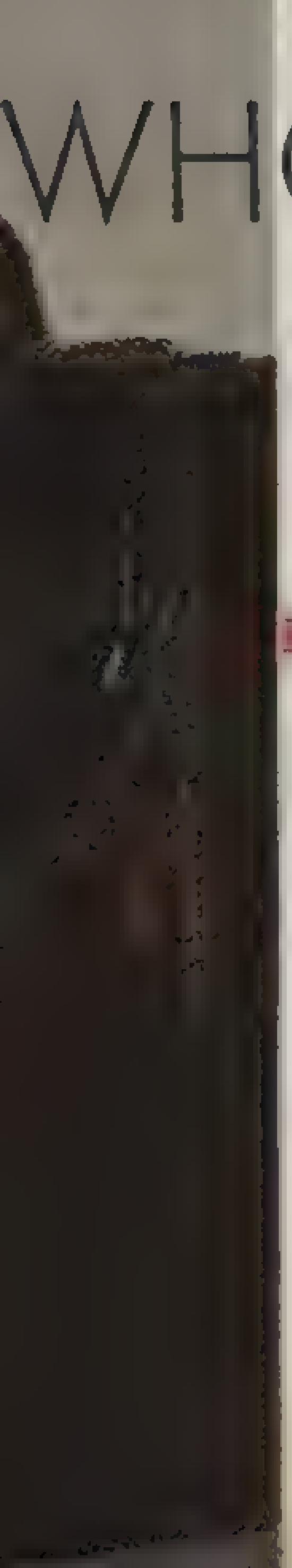
INDISPENSABLE CHATTELS TO TAKE ANYWHERE

- Bottle opener
- Penknife
- Scissors
- Soap
- Facecloth
- Shower cap
- Flashlight
- Pads, pencil, extra reading glasses, if required, by the telephone
- Magnifying mirror
- Radio
- Outdoor thermometer
- Also-runs: earplugs, eye mask, folding picture frame with snapshots

(Continued)

SHE TRAVELS FASTEST WHO TRAVELS IN SCARLET

NOT ONLY WILL THIS LOOK GET YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING, IT WILL GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT . . . A SEAT NEXT TO THE WINDOW . . . A ROOM WITH A VIEW . . . FRIENDS

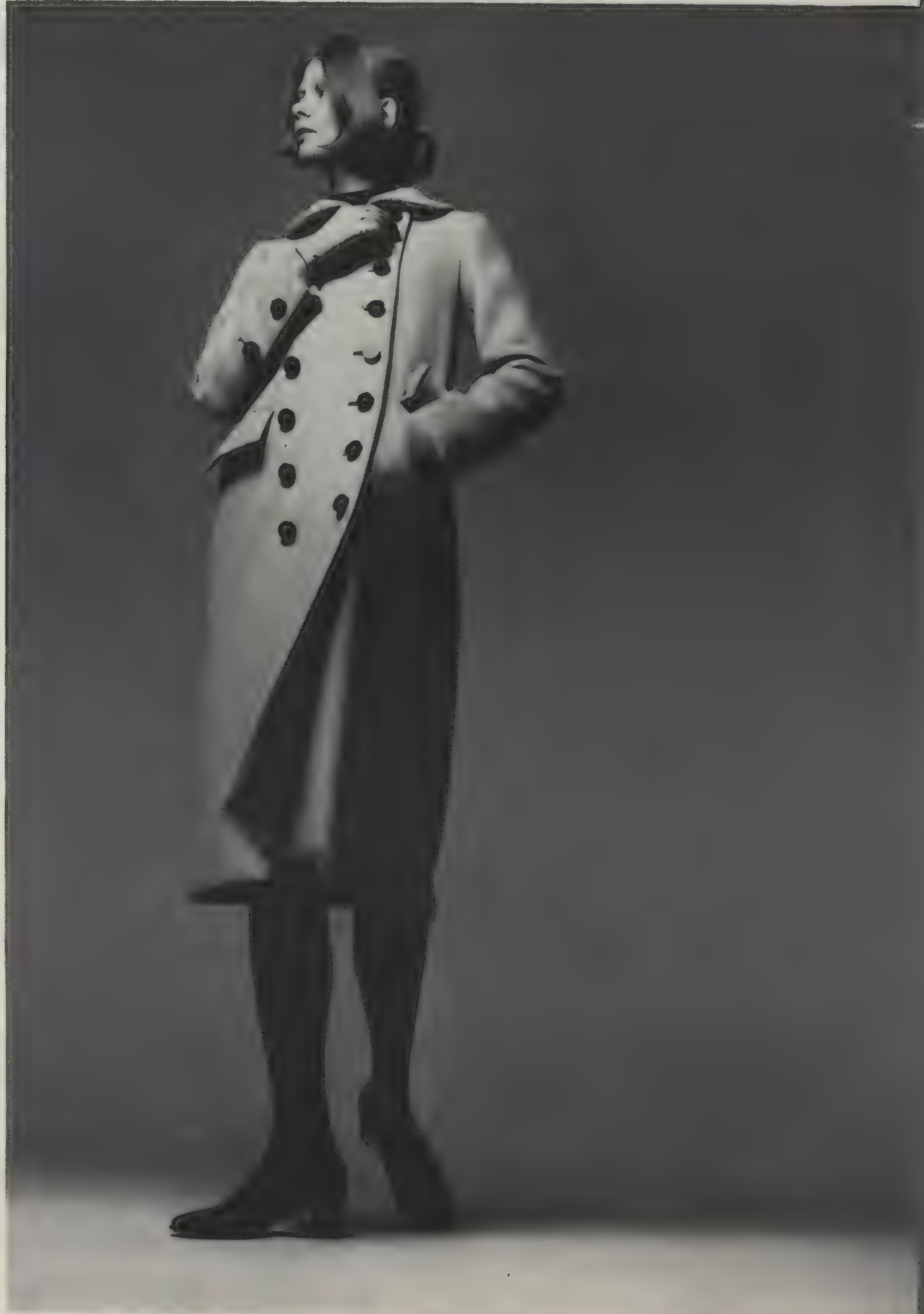


In your little scarlet knit shorts, *left*, you will go like a shot—walk right through the buttonless cardigan coat and into who-knows-what adventure on the other side. (But of course you won't forget to write, chained as you are to your Olivetti.) . . . Wool knit coat, about $95; knit shorts and tunic, of Trevira Star, about $45. By Kimberly. Shirt: Florence Alper for Contessa Monique. Joseph M. Hart chains. Locks and keys: Nulock Supply. Cartier watch. Roger Vivier boots to order, Saks Fifth Avenue. Wings Luggage by Bill Blass, Bonwit Teller. Kimberly turnout, Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The coiffure, by Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

YOU ARE THERE!—IN THE CITY—
WITH ALL YOU NEED FOR DAY AND EVENING

NOW COME THE LITTLE DRESSES YOU'LL LIVE IN AND, FOR A COOLISH DAY—SAY IN LONDON—THE PERFECT COAT TO WEAR OVER THEM



A really good-looking coat, *right,* such as everyone needs through spring in cities everywhere—Norell's sand-beige wool herringbones buttoned in black; to wear from one end of the day to the other, later over short white or black dresses. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Aris gloves.

Here's a little turnout, *far right*—jump-shorts and pleated skirt—that's going to make you very happy when you want something shirtdress-y to walk around the city in . . . to drive from Paris to Chartres in . . . to have lunch in the country in. And on a warm day, chuck the skirt and go barelegged and sandalled . . . that's a bit of all right, too. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Dacron (Klopman fabric); about $165. Halston hat. Belt and cuffs: The Bee's Knees. Bonnie Doon socks. Olofdaughters clogs. Gucci bracelet. Turnout, next month at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Vandever's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Both coiffures: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

AVEDON

Go Vogue

CATCHING GOOD ART AND GOOD FOOD IN THE U.S.A. . . .

By Barbara Poses Kafka

When I tell people that I am going to upstate New York for a cultural wallow or am flying to Detroit to benefit my aesthetic soul, I am greeted either with derision or as a wit. Nevertheless, I am serious. I go to see superb museums—old, new, and constantly expanding. As dividends, I get good food and a view of some of the best contemporary architecture.

Many of these museums, cities, restaurants are beyond the bursting areas of Boston, San Francisco, Washington, New York, and Los Angeles. If carried there by circumstance or caprice, try to plan the trip for the same satisfactions you would expect in a European city.

Start with a trip to upstate New York: Buffalo is not just Niagara Falls. It is also the Albright-Knox Art Gallery with an extraordinary permanent collection of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European art, a particularly good place to recommend to European friends who do not find the most important work of the last twenty years on permanent view in New York City museums. You can have a decent French-style meal at David's Table (Tel. [716] 884-1100) and drink into the morning; but the Shanghai Village on Hertel Avenue is gayer, less expensive, with a younger crowd. It offers more Chinese smorgasbord than your stomach can hold.

If you start early—a truly intrepid sightseer—you can drive to Skaneateles to have dinner at The Krebs before spending the night and the next day in Syracuse. A restaurant since 1899, The Krebs still serves six courses with relishes, homemade bread and rolls, lobster Newburg as an entrée before the main-course choice—solid foods such as roast beef or broiled chicken—and then brownies and cake as extra accompaniments to dessert. Reservations are a must (Tel. [315] 685-5714).

(Continued)

Go Vogue

(Continued) In Syracuse, twenty miles away, see the Everson Museum of Art. The building is by I.M. Pei. The collection, mainly late nineteenth and twentieth century, is growing stronger daily in the important American art of the last twenty years. Try Mirbach's for lunch and dinner any day of the week (Tel. [315] 471-9421). The food, moderately priced and mainly German, includes good strudel and a selection of beers; but, for a real treat, try Oneida Lake Pike with a flesh not unlike the *omble chevalier* that people go all the way to Talloires to eat.

If you are not too concerned with food, you can probably see the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica the same day you see the Everson. The building was designed by Philip Johnson, a man so involved with museum design that he has built an experimental one for himself. In addition to superb examples of modern art, there is a fine collection of Victoriana and among the pre-Columbian pieces what is considered the best white clay Olmec figure in the world.

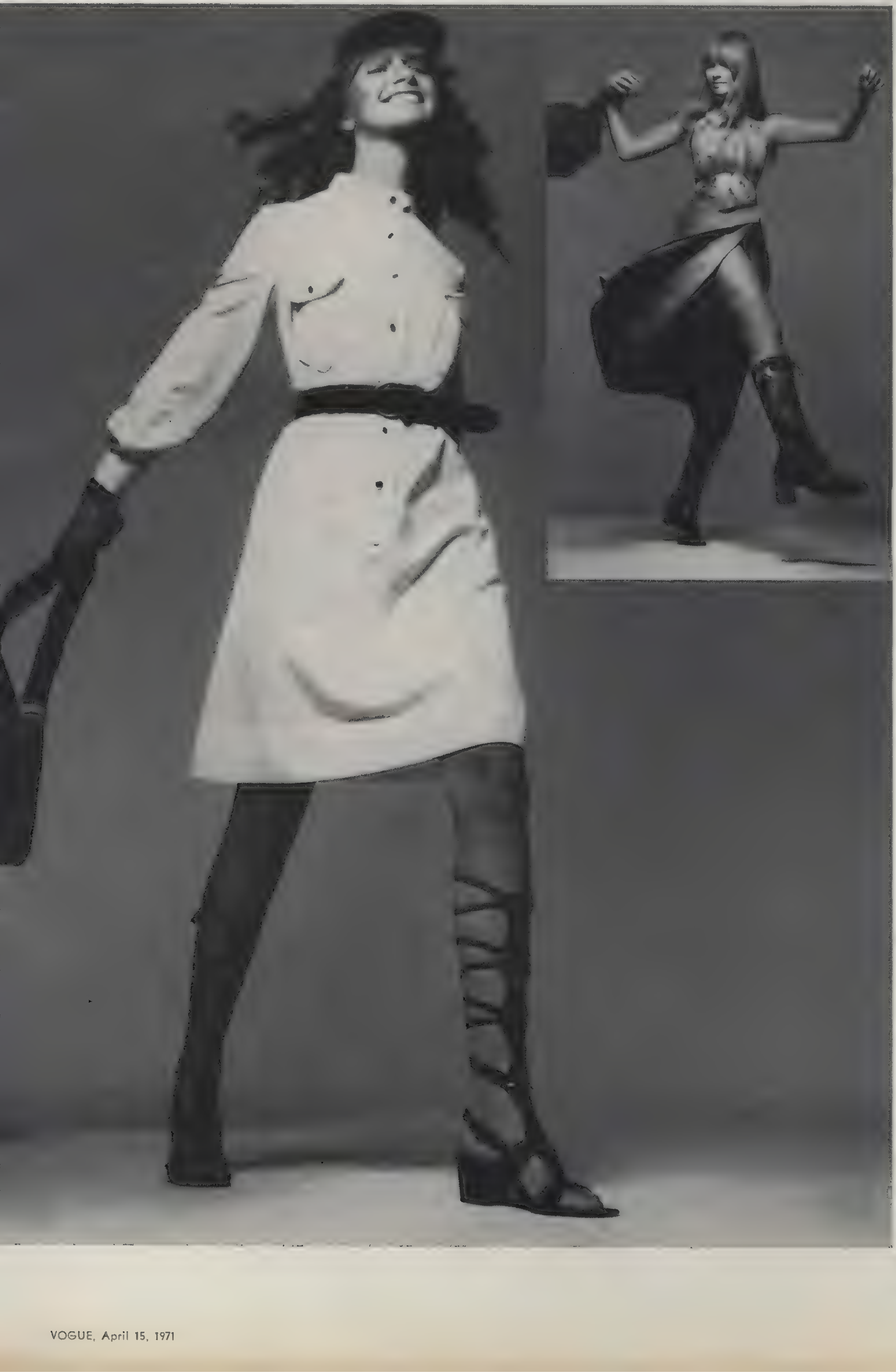
To see great Chinese art go to Missouri. The City Art Museum of St. Louis has a free-standing carved and painted Sung Kwan-Yin of heroic size and tranquil beauty, as well as a complete Han terra-cotta burial village. This is just the beginning. More Oriental art, fine seventeenth-century paintings, the superb Zurbarán "Still Life" and, apt for this confluence of the Mississippi and the Missouri, eight major paintings by George Caleb Bingham. The best food is at Tony's in the deserted downtown of St. Louis—good French and Italian food in a setting like a living room. They don't take reservations, so you may wait.

In Kansas City, Missouri, the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts has even more treasures than words in its name. The best Chinese stone sculpture outside of China and superb Chinese pottery highlight a general collection. Kansas City and St. Louis were slaughtering centres even before Chicago, so think beef. The Golden Ox began as a stockyard workers' restaurant. The décor is pretty authentic even if it looks jazzily

(Continued)

AVEDON

YOUR DAILY FARE—SWING INTO THESE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING AND GET ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS



HOW NICE YOU'LL LOOK, VISITING THE ROTHKO CHAPEL IN HOUSTON . . . HOLDING HANDS IN THE TUILERIES . . . PICNICKING ON THE ACROPOLIS BY A FULL MOON

The nifty cableknit shirtdress, *far left*, you pull out of a corner of your duffle in the morning and snap around in all day long. Topaz-and-white Fortrel knit. By L'Aiglon; about $40. Camera, a 35mm Coronet 51C. Sheffield watch. Ruza Creations wriststraps. Leather Design bag. Roger Van S belt. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Olofdaughters clogs. Dress: Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson. Natural beige shirtdress and open sandals, *near left*—very cool for beating around on hot city pavements, no? . . . A. G. Designs by American Golfer, of Dacron (N. Erlanger, Blumgart fabric). About $44. Buxton belt. Bag by The White Buffalo, at Paul Stuart. Endura watch. Sandals by Marianne Tater in Rome. Dress at Hutzler's; I. Magnin.

Blue bleach-out turnout, *above*: bare little cotton knit top and a cotton sateen skirt to wrap-and-tie on . . . and walk right out into your day. By Theo Hyngstrom for Leslie Juniors. About $34. Belt by Roberta, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bag by Thomas Robbins for Lesco Lona. Canvas boots: Chandler's. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Foley's. Both pages: visors by Siobhan Leather Arts; coiffures by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

Go Vogue

(Continued) "old West." Beyond the city limits, Stephenson's Apple Farm Restaurant grows its own vegetables, smokes its own meat, and bakes with butter and cream (Tel. [816] 461-8400).

Going to Ohio in search of art is rather overwhelming. Probably the best museum of its size in the country is the Cleveland Museum of Art. There is seemingly no period that is not stunningly represented. All the exhibits are beautifully installed. The pre-Columbian collection there is one of the best in the country. The best restaurant is The Wagon Wheel and there is a good businessman's pub-type place, Harvey's English Oak Room.

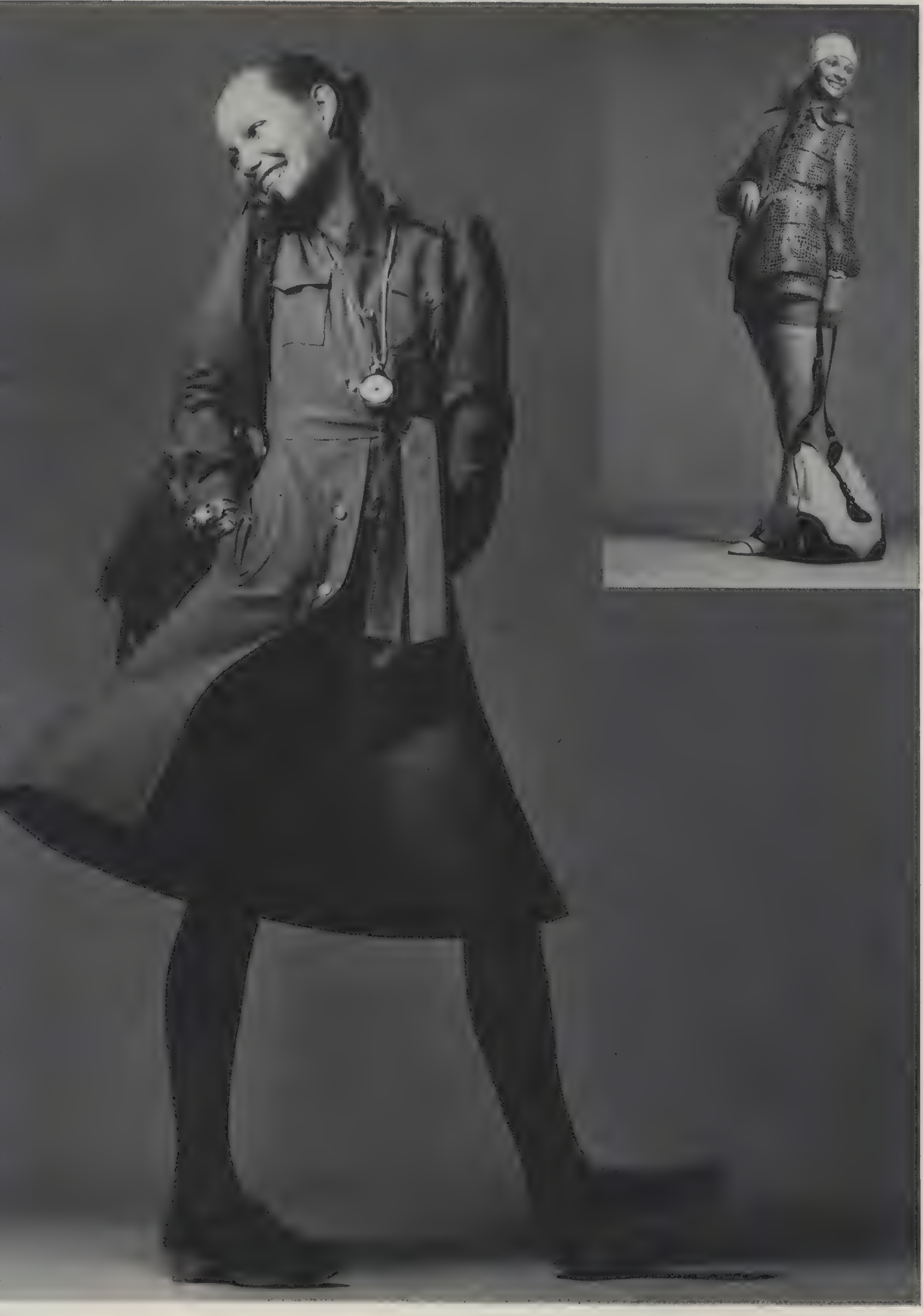
If Cleveland has one of the best museums, Cincinnati has some of the best restaurants in the country, all basically French. The Gourmet Restaurant, on top of the Terrace Hilton Hotel, has the best food; the Maisonette, the best wine and most elegant service. Pigall's is the cosiest. The city also offers three museums: the Cincinnati Art Museum—very rich and particularly strong in French paintings; the Taft Museum—once a private home, with good Turners and fine seventeenth-century paintings; and the recently formed and growing Contemporary Arts Center.

At the Toledo Museum of Art, first go to see the tomb pottery of the Han, Tang, and Wei—unparalleled in the country. Then see the important paintings of Western art and, if you have time, the fine worldwide collection of glass. Toledo food gets a somewhat less ecstatic reception. The Northwood Inn seems the most dependable.

In Dayton, the food is better: Try the King Cole for excellent food, wine, and service plus really good paintings on the walls. The Dayton Art Institute, with a good general collection, is strongest in decorative and primitive arts; they have the best Peruvian gold mask in the country. Ohio footnote: The Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts has the Howald Collection specializing in American art from the turn of the century to World War II. All this is just first scratch at the riches for body and spirit around the United States.

AVEDON

THE KIND OF CRISPY COTTONY LOOKS THAT MAKE AMERICA BEAUTIFUL . . .



AND MEXICO AND ITALY AND MOROCCO, TOO— WHEREVER GO YOU

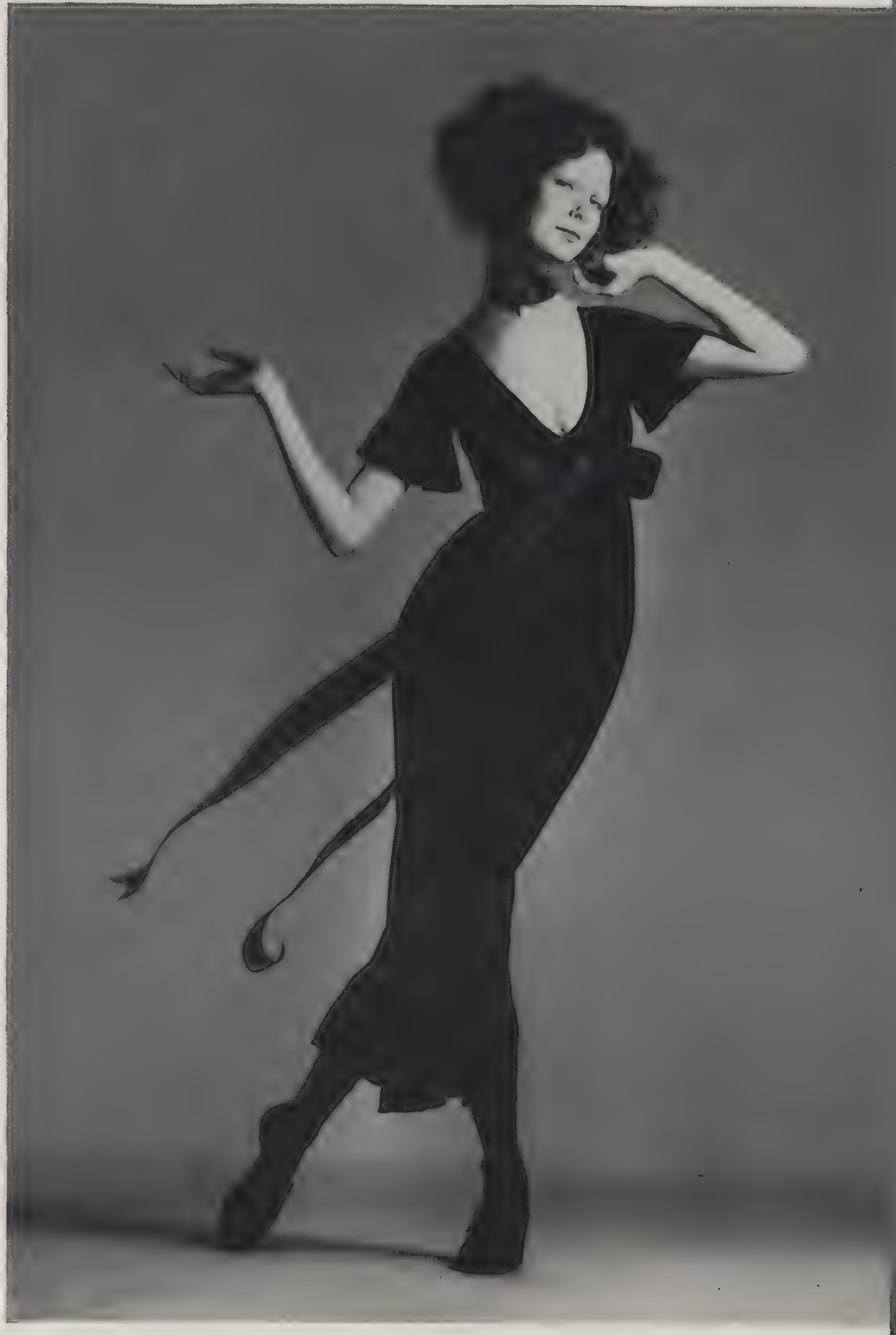
Printed denim hits the road, *far left:* a sleeveless dress, a matching jacket, a round-trip ticket, and away we go—blue-and-white tile-patterned denim plus a tiny white cap, tiny gloves. By Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, of Avril and cotton. About $95. Calderon belt. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Chadbourn tights. Charles Jourdan shoes. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neusteters.

Denim: it's great, *near left*—button yourself into this terrific blue-denim shirtdress and take off for the south of France . . . and if it's hot, just skip the stockings. By Larry Aldrich; cotton denim (Concord fabric). About $95. Gucci bracelets. Endura watch. Shoulderbag by Thomas Robbins for Lesco Lona. Tights by Beautiful Bryans. Clogs by Olofdaughters. The denim shirtdress, at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Maison Blanche. Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

A little print to go a long way, *above left,* day in, day out—a snaky black-and-white cotton safari jacket and matching short shorts to wear cycling, shopping, table-hopping in the Via Veneto. By Don Simonelli. About $55. Bag by Roger Van S. Watch by Trifari. Socks by Bewitching. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. Turnout at Lord & Taylor, New York; Maison Blanche; I. Magnin. Caps, both pages, by Mr. John; coiffures under the caps, by Suga.

BLACK FOR EVENINGS IN THE CITIES OF THE WORLD

BLACK FOR THE OPERA IN VIENNA IN JUNE . . . FOR A WEEK OF THEATRE IN NEW YORK . . . FOR DINING IN SOMEONE'S GARDEN . . . FOR ONE NIGHT IN ROME



Empire-waisted black jersey, *right,* with a beautiful décolletage, streamers streaming, and ruffles ruffling around sleeves and hem—even if you've been feasting your way across Europe, won't you be slim and marvellous in this one! By Morton Myles for Malcolm Charles; about $95. Choker: Accessories by Yves Saint Laurent. The dress, of nylon jersey, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's.

A super romantic dress of black organza, *far right,* in which you will feel like Les Sylphides rolled into one—but more fatale, being in black. Long and wafty, with huge sleeves ballooning off the shoulders and a high wrapped waist. By Bill Blass; about $275. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; O'Neil's; Hudson's; Swanson's; Frost Bros. Suga coifs.

AVEDON

Go Vogue

SEVEN STEPS FOR A QUICK ONCE-OVER OF A HOTEL ROOM

1. WINDOWS. Open; check noise, view, sun. (In tropical countries, a western exposure with the sun beating down can be an inferno at sunset.) For those who can only sleep in total darkness, look for shades, louvres, shutters, lined curtains that draw, blot out chinks of light.
2. BED. Correct size: double, single, twin. Punch mattress for bounce, pillows for plumpness. See if there is a blanket cover, sufficient blankets.
3. HANGERS. Make mental count, there are rarely enough.
4. STRATEGY. Plot positions of luggage racks: one suitcase with clothes near the cupboard, one with flat things near the commode; tote bag of medicine and cosmetics in bathroom; briefcase by the desk.
5. CLEAR THE DECKS. Sweep up the paraphernalia—booklets on hotel services, menus, television instructions—into bedside drawer. Slip hotel portfolio with stationery, cable forms, laundry lists into the desk drawer.
6. LIGHTING. Test all lamps for brightness, placement.
7. MIRRORS. Can you see all of yourself—from head to toe?

If the room passes the test, you're in luck. If not, telephone to the reception desk, ask to be changed. Before accepting the new room, repeat test.

A B C D for immediate comforts

A. Telephone for the hotel housekeeper who generally speaks some English. All understand sign language. All get things done: provide bed board (if none available, a door works equally well); arrange for blackout curtains, extra lamps, stronger bulbs, full-length mirror.

B. Ring for the chambermaid. Tip immediately. Ask for an extra hotel sheet to substitute for a blanket cover. Explain, in sign language if necessary, how you like the bed made up: sheets tucked in, bed turned down for siestas. Ask maid for additional pillows, blankets, armfuls of clothes hangers, small- and tall-sized flower vases.

C. Call the floor waiter. Tip. Order bottled water. Have waiter open it; first check the cap.

(Continued) *D.* Order breakfast the evening before. If you prefer breakfast served on a tray, repeat this to room service each time, unless you like it wheeled in on a table that opens up to banquet-size.

TRAPPING SKY PIRATES

Nobody knows which one, it's classified information, but a passenger who looks like a salesman or an engineer flying on an American commercial plane could be an armed security officer trained by the Secret Service. In the new Sky Marshal program to detect and trap skyjackers, others of the more than two thousand security guards operate on the ground. They mill around airports, study passengers, search luggage and sometimes passengers. To trip up hijackers at the boarding gate, passengers pass by an electronic detector that is triggered by metal. (It will *not*, as rumoured, harm camera film.)

In Europe, the screening of passengers is even more stringent. At some airports, all the hand luggage is searched, even coat pockets, the traveller frisked in private. In others, the search is supplemented with an electronic detector shaped like a hand-held hair dryer and passed over the passenger from head to toe. These systems may hold up takeoffs; nobody beefs, provided they hold off the sky pirates.

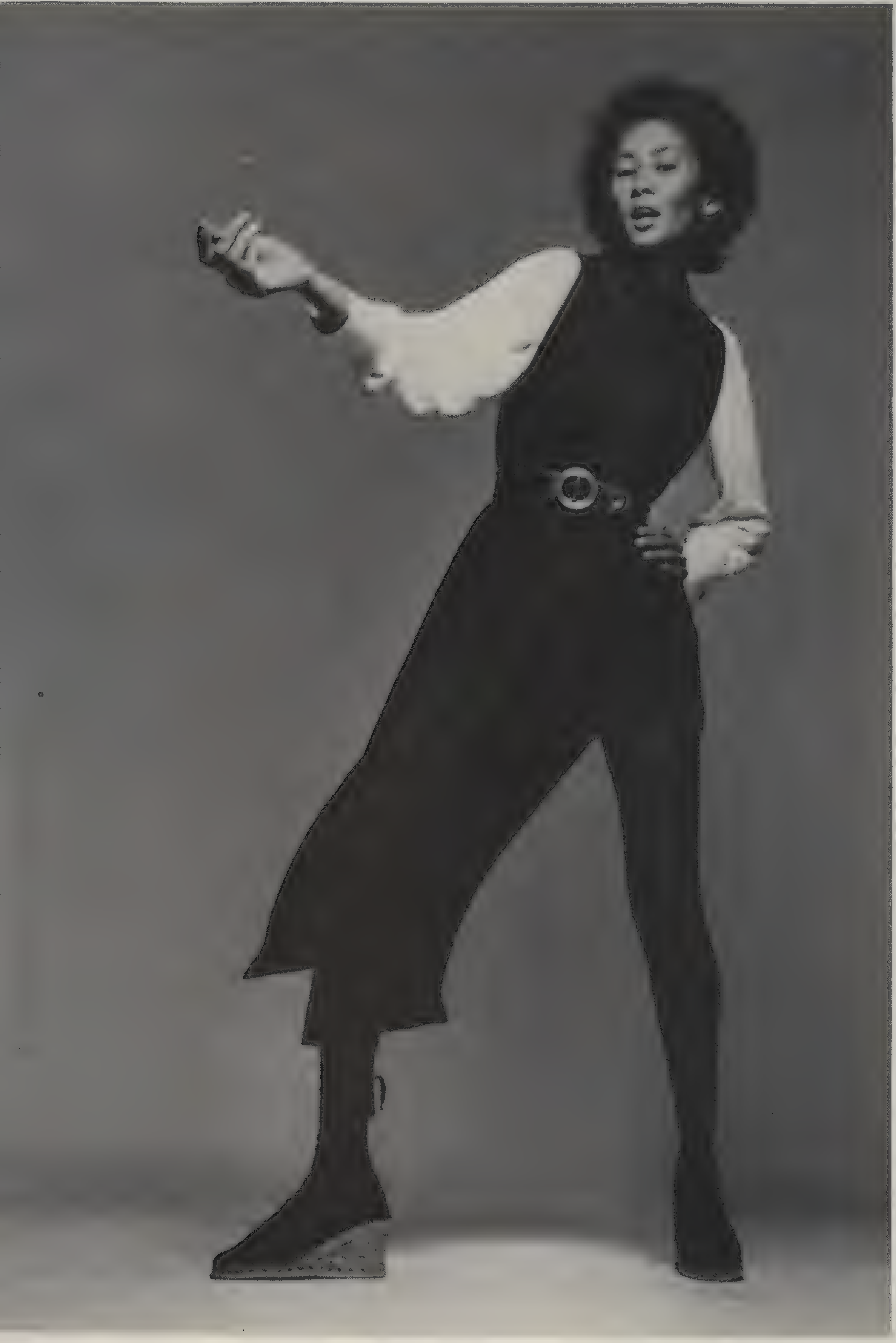
QUEEN'S TOUR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

What's a British Columbia? Innocent foreigners ask who its ambassador is. New York City telephone operators ask if it's overseas. One well-known traveller thought it was on the coast of South America. British Columbia —bigger than California, Oregon, and Washington combined—is a Canadian province on the Pacific. One hundred years ago, it joined Canada and lost its crown.

To honour the centennial year that this crown colony got away, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II; H.R.H. The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh; and H.R.H. Princess Anne will travel this extravagantly beautiful province from May 3 to 12. For non-royals following in Royal tracks —provided they have Royal stamina—this outline.

(Continued on page 151)

AFTER A HOT DAY IN THE CITY, HOW DELIGHTFUL TO GET INTO SOMETHING DARK AND COVERING



HERE'S WHEN YOU WANT A MARVELLOUS BLACK DRESS AND A NAVY JERSEY TURNOUT THAT'S PRACTICALLY A WARDROBE IN ITSELF

A superlative black dress for capital evenings, *far left:* Norell's silk crêpe shirtdress with huge romantic sleeves and a tiny cinched waist, a black satin ribbon tied like a stock at the throat —great with a capital G. Martha; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

Good looks, high mileage, *near left:* that's what you get out of this matte jersey turnout—white-sleeved navy top plus navy shorts equal a nifty little day-or-evening look; slip the side-split skirt out of your bag and you've got another leggy look for all times, all cities. Turnout by Galanos, of Racine jersey. At Martha; Maison Blanche; May D & F; I. Magnin. The tights by Roman Stripe. Laced black canvas espadrilles by Yves Saint Laurent Shoes. Coiffure by Suga.

AVEDON

THE GREAT *romantic* TRAVELLERS

BY ANTHONY WEST

MAGNIFICENT, EXTRAVAGANT, KINKY, AND OUT OF THEIR MINDS

Progress is, of course, all very well in its way, and it is wonderful indeed to be able to get from New York to Paris in six hours—but who, nowadays, can look forward with delight to the prospect of having to get, somehow, from New York to Boston? There was a time, not so long ago, when this could be an entirely pleasant journey. One went over to the West Side to get on board one of the ships tied up at the pier of the Fall River Line, and found oneself on something that was not so much a boat as an old-fashioned Southern resort hotel that had run away to sea without losing touch with the family. This beaming and reassuringly solid object began to tremble slightly soon after one had strolled up the gangplank, and it presently slid away down the Hudson River and round the Battery in the gathering twilight, gave one a beautifully served, if not gastronomically distinguished, dinner as one entered the darkening Sound, passed through the Cape Cod Canal after making a stop at Fall River for the convenience of visitors to Newport, and delivered one at Boston in the morning. When it reached its destination, one never had any occasion to find out. The boat was simply there when one woke up, lying, with its engines dead, tied up at the dock. One got up when one felt like it, had a good breakfast in the calm of the dining saloon, and went ashore at one's leisure, unpressured, rested, and relaxed, with a fresh new day all glittering and unbruised before one. . . .

And if, for whatever reason, one had to make the journey by train, one put oneself in the hands of a railroad that, however dubious and pregnant with future troubles its financial involvement in the trolley-car business might be, was still as passionately in love with the fare-paying passenger as ever, and willing to testify to its love by a thousand touching and even pretty acts of devotion, such as keeping its toilets spotlessly clean, providing magnificent dining-car service, planting its cuttings and embankments with Dorothy Perkins roses, giving prizes to its depot staffs for the best kept and most enterprisingly planted station gardens, and so on. Above all, the railroad saw to it that whenever and wherever a passenger appeared at one of its stations, no matter how monstrously he was encumbered, he could count on finding people ready, willing, and even *eager* to help him and his belongings onto the right train. Once in the baggage car, the trunks, boxes, cases, or whatever he might have with him were in the care of a baggage-car attendant who saw to it that the stuff was put off the train at the right place—where, once again, porters and baggage handlers would be waiting to be helpful.

It was, of course, that abundance of help and that naïve desire to please that gave the era of heavy travel its character. The spirit of that era, in which the traveller's whim was law, is epitomized for me by a piece of luggage that belonged to an Englishman called Lionel Portman, an aristocrat who had formed his travelling habits in the high noon of the Edwardian period. He was inclined to be a little bit of a crank about food and feeding, and he liked to know what he was drinking, particularly if water was in question. To make sure that he would never be in doubt on this score he decided that he would always travel with his own supply. He knew that he would be thought eccentric if he were seen to be going about with demijohns of water in his baggage, so he had a special container made for him. Outwardly a perfectly ordinary, for those days, pigskin suitcase, it was built round a zinc ten-gallon tank. With this handy device, which can not have weighed less than 140 pounds when full, Lionel travelled all over England, and all over Europe without any trouble or bother at all. . . . Lionel never thought that there was anything odd about his case, because it didn't seem to him in any way extraordinary when he compared it with the enormous steamer trunks, wardrobe trunks, portmanteaus, hampers, and other monstrosities that were in common use when he was a young man. In that company it was a mere bagatelle, neither exceptionally large nor particularly heavy.

Lionel was, indeed, a survivor from the great days in which the culture of privilege, of which travelling heavy was a part, reached its peak. He had been brought up in the days when those who had real journeys to make, as from London to Cannes for the winter, or from Moscow to the Crimea, would travel with wicker hampers of their own enormously heavy, almost indestructible bed linen—made of real linen—because, "don't cher know, one's own sheets are so much *nicer* than anything you find in a rented house or a hotel," and would take along with their other necessities a box, or case, for those silver- and leather-framed photographs of one's relatives and friends that were not only nice to have with one from the sentimental point of view but that were also possibly necessary proofs of one's social identity as a top person: ". . . and that one is Gégé Primoli's picture of my cousin Marie in the garden at Saint-Gratien with the princess's dogs." And since the strangeness of strange rooms was as unpleasant as the strangeness of strange sheets and pillowcases and since one was taking so many boxes anyway, one might as well take along a few rugs, pieces of embroidery, bedcovers, Spanish shawls, small keepsakes, and knickknacks of silver and porcelain with which to colonize and subdue temporary resting places and to turn any room in which one might find oneself into a thing altogether one's own. It now seems very eccentric of Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac to have travelled in this way in his Orientalizing period, laden with Japanese hangings, paper fans, umbrellas, kites, and butterflies; but it was a commonplace of the time to travel with as much of one's décor as one could, and all that attracted attention in his case was the exotic nature of his props and the extravagance of manner, so cruelly caricatured by Proust, with which he brought them to the notice of his friends. A heavy traveller who was thought to be overdoing it at the time was that English lady who, having married a peer with a splendid name and an immense inheritance but with a certain lack of intellect and physical appeal,

(Continued on page 156)

GREAT PERFUME: PRISM OF MOODS

Imagine swirls of clear, clean coral and cool woodmoss green filtered through lavender and deep-violet shadows. . . . Givenchy did, when he created the dress at right—a narrowness of sheer organza over a small coral slip, with tiny pleat points prickling all the edges. He called this dress Givenchy III to celebrate the arrival of his new perfume of the same name: Givenchy III, a fragrance that shares the light and shadow, the clarity and nuance of these lavish Paisleyed colours, and floats like golden motes on the air, warmed by the woman who wears it and wears it, wherever she goes. Dress of Abraham fabric. To order at I. Magnin.
The matching evening sandals, by Mancini for Givenchy.

HELMUT NEWTON

HENRY CLARKE

ITALY'S MOST ROMANTIC TRAVELLERS— PUCCI COTTON PRINTS

What a way to go, to stay, to linger—along the Appian Way that leads, past grazing herds and ancient aqueducts, as all roads do, to Rome—or anywhere else in the world: After a day in the sun, can't you just see romantic Mediterranean looks like these up at a villa, down at a palazzo...on the islands off Naples... in North Africa...your own garden...the hot Tyrol? Nothing travels like a Pucci. ...*Left:* All the blues and greens of Italian seas in a long cotton print dress flounced out over the ankles....*Right:* a batiste shirt and sarong to wrap up a bikini of wild, zingy, violet cotton print. Also on for evening: Bonne Bell's moisturizing After Sun Beauty to replenish your skin with all those vital things it's apt to lose in the course of a sunny day...plus great splashes of Vivara, Emilio Pucci's Mediterranean fragrance that travels as well as any of his prints. Luciana jewellery. Alba coiffures. Turnout, this page, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

HENRY CLARKE

TWO MODERN GOYESCAS: CARMEN AND MARIOLA MARTÍNEZ BORDIÚ

Carmen Martínez Bordiú, right, and her sister Mariola, far right,
are the daughters of the Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde,
the granddaughters of Spain's Chief of State, Generalissimo Francisco Franco.
Tall, slender, with beauty in their bones, they were brought up
in the strictest Latin tradition—including an English nanny. Now they're
described as "very modern," the first words to follow "the prettiest girls in Spain."

A SIX-PAGE PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

TWO MODERN GOYESCAS

In soft Spanish hats: Mariola, left—
a brown-eyed ambery brunette,
now studying architecture at the
University of Madrid; and Carmen, right,
white-skinned, black-haired, recently
engaged to Don Jaime Rivera, a member
of the splendid Spanish riding team.

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

TWO MODERN GOYESCAS

Mariola's strong profile, right.
Left: Mariola and Carmen wearing the new, pared-to-the-shoulder black capes they have made the young rage in Madrid.
These, by Miguel Rueda; coiffures and makeup, by Duran.

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

SEX ON THE GO

The Garden of Eden has no flag, issues no postage stamps, accepts no telephone calls, prints no currency. . . . Venus and Adonis live abroad.

Unicorn marrow and the tresses of virgin mermaids are not always easy to obtain from even the friendliest neighbourhood delicatessen. Acid trips are bummers if the only ego they open to your intimate inspection is your own. Underground movies are almost always out of focus; when they are not, you almost always wish they were. At overground cocktail parties there is a grave risk of encountering people with whom you fell in love last season, and out again. Novels have become generally unreliable since the dominant motion-picture financiers rediscovered the poignance of full-dress romance and incurable diseases.

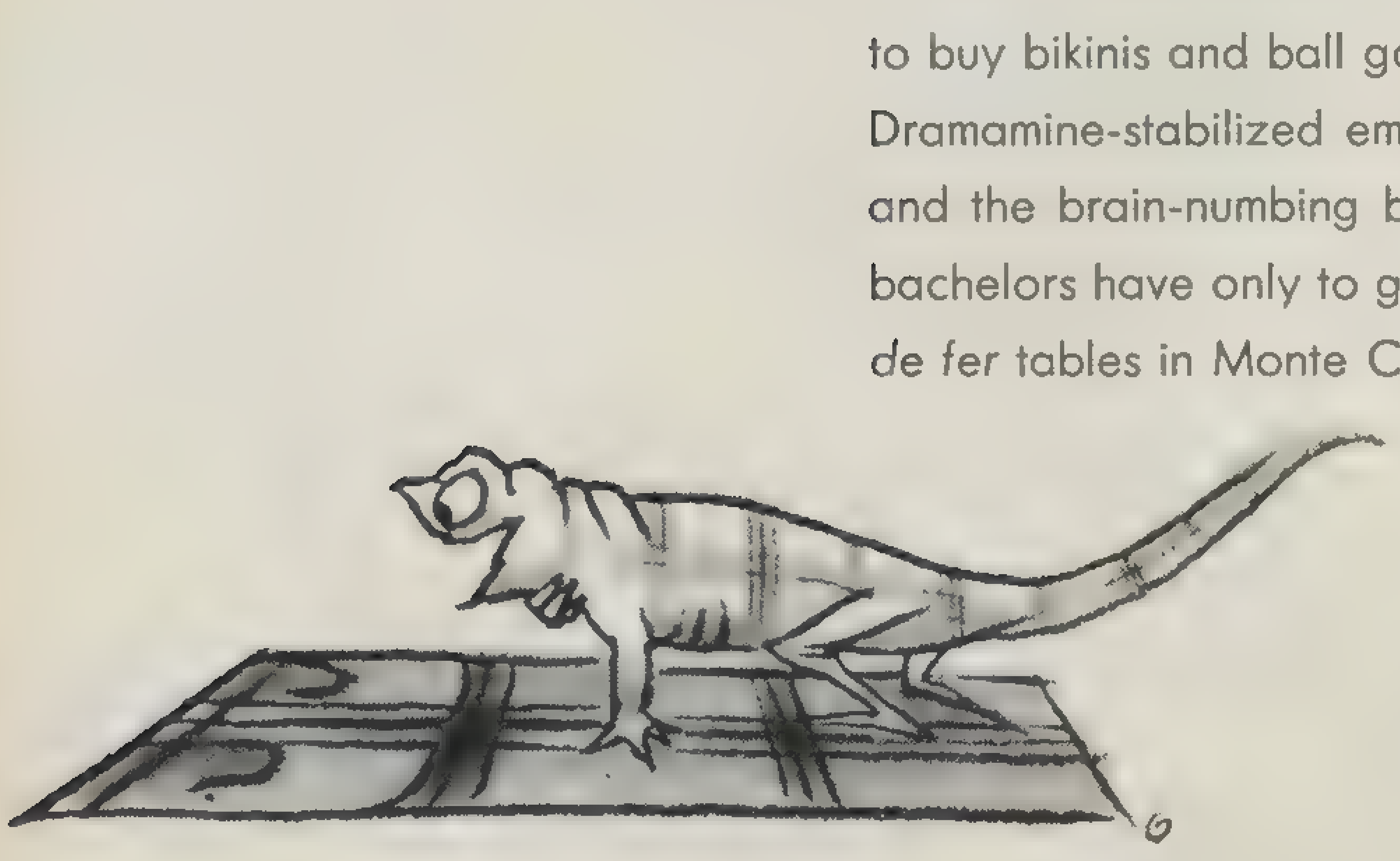
The most potent aphrodisiac on the market is a ticket to another country. Venus and Adonis live abroad. Nowadays, they usually live apart, and they, too, sometimes experience the hollow feeling of amorous ennui, the disturbing, warm tickle of desire. Sex is in transit, at the speed of imagination, beyond the horizon. Go there.

Foreign affairs that matter occur outside the jurisdiction and influence of the State Department. They occur in a state of mind. The Garden of Eden has no flag, issues no postage stamps, accepts no telephone calls, mints no currency, and generates no electricity, except between the fortunate inmates. There is a serpent there, of course, with plenty of Freudian know-how and phallic energy, but he is a benevolent serpent. The management (more tolerant than it used to be) discreetly averts its gaze from perjury in the register, demands no fig leaves, extends unlimited emotional credit, and would be shocked by the very idea of compulsory fidelity or eviction. The invisible, swift agents of room service provide ambrosia and nectar instantaneously in response to telepathic orders and subliminal yens. The sun and the moon in their turns shine on trees and flowers and grass and sand and sea. In ideal, irresponsible love, life is a succession of extravagantly poetic, mutual eulogies, enacted intermittently by neither too many nor too few rhapsodic episodes of tumescence and detumescence of pyrotechnic brilliance and gossamer delicacy. Music is optional.

Love is lovelier and sex is sexier—and they are both a lot less demanding—the umpteenth time around, with a stranger in a strange place. Exotic erotic novelty can renew your sense of identity, your uniqueness, and your capacity for growth, accomplishment, and recognition. At any age, as a college sophomore or after any number of years of unseemly, sometimes painful trial and error, you may find that the assumption of a new rôle with a new partner in a new game is invigorating and encouraging, especially if you are confident that the relationship is an ephemeral one, in remote circumstances in which you are sure that there can not be any penalties for failure, that nobody who knows you can ever find out.

Consider a middle-aged chameleon, discouraged in its native community by having failed to adjust satisfactorily to polka dots and Paisley lozenges and then given a chance to get away from it all and to make it with a tartan. The unknown may seem hazardous foreseen from far away, but just the thought of it causes squirts of adrenalin and other precious essences to quicken the blood, galvanize the nervous system, and inspire clickings of the heels.

The motion and distance of an international sexual quest are themselves exciting. There are senile rakehells, and others not so senile, whose eyes lecherously glitter when they see atlases. Ah, Saint Moritz! Oh, Hong Kong! *Dear* Nassau! Ladies of a certain age, particularly widows and divorcées still generously disposed toward mankind, at least in the abstract, can not contemplate cruise-ship brochures without feeling an irrational, potent compulsion to buy bikinis and ball gowns. They remember the enchanting dalliance beside the pool and on the boat deck (those Dramamine-stabilized embraces in a Force 9 gale); they forget the desperate paper-hat gaiety of the purser's table and the brain-numbing boredom and claustrophobia of the chief engineer's guided tour of the engine room. Jet-set bachelors have only to glance at airline schedules to find themselves suddenly ogling bejewelled matrons at *chemin de fer* tables in Monte Carlo. Bachelor girls may achieve happier results in Sondre Strom Fjord, Greenland, where they are in short supply. Even England thaws in the radiance of women who aren't English; while English women, naturally, are likely to fare better than Americans in the United States.



Although English is now used almost universally by diplomats and businessmen, our language is not as yet understood by everybody in every bedroom in the world. Cupid has always been a capricious marksman, and the present era of rapid global travel gives him countless opportunities to pair lovers who are linguistically incompatible.

There are occasions when communication can be achieved best by mime, when spoken words are superfluous. But in that traditional scene of tranquil convalescence in which man and woman lie side

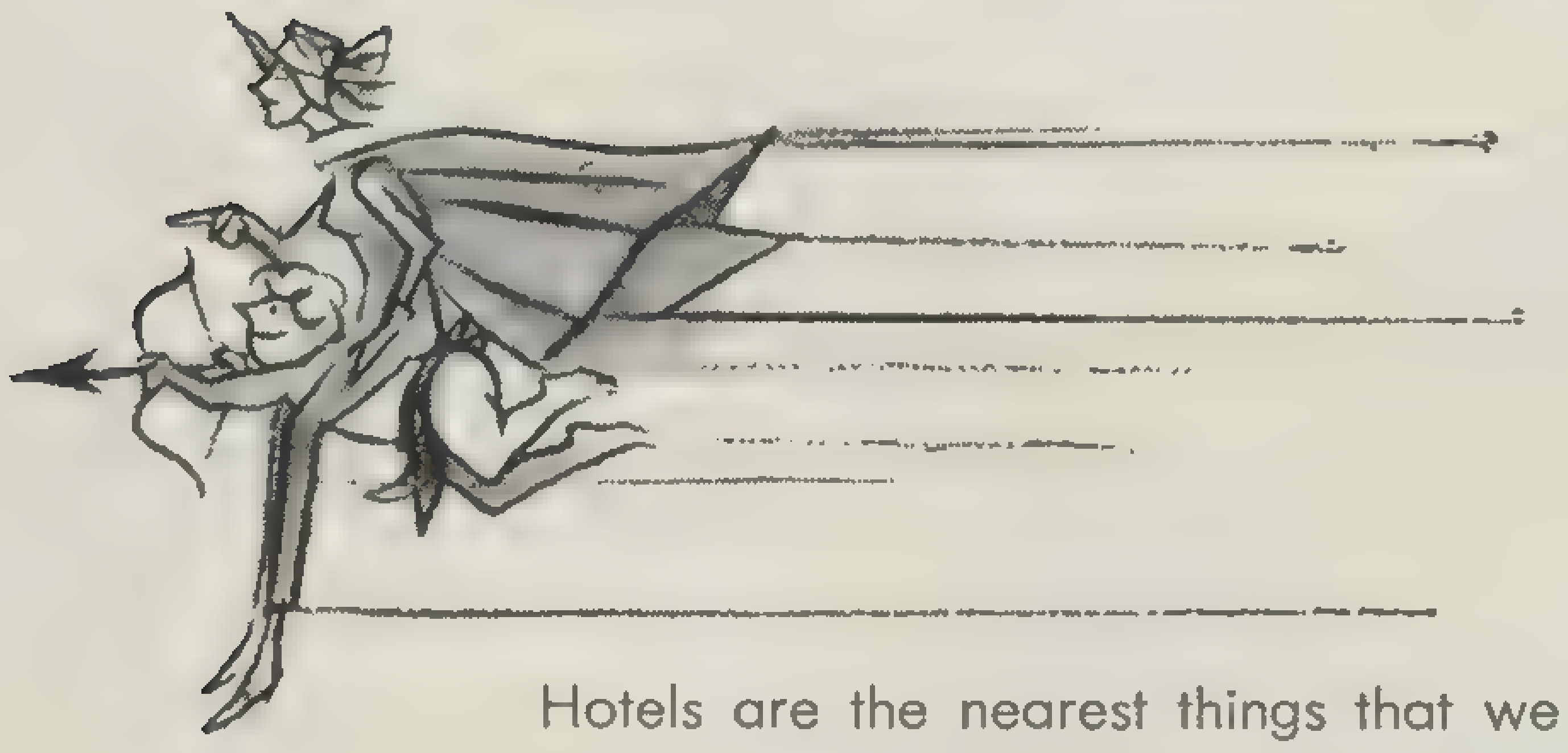
(Continued on page 152)

BY PATRICK SKENE CATLING

EROTICISM OF HOTELS

The gilt and plush are gone but sex lingers on, even when the bed is on the floor.

It does not matter how long one has been married, there always remains a slight feeling of wickedness as one asks for a double room at the reception desk of a hotel. It is a stock-in-trade of receptionists, that knowing look with which they cast doubt on the legality of the largest-standing marriage. Of course, it is also in the nature of hotel guests to find hotels erotic, so when the look is lacking they imagine it.



Hotels are the nearest things that we can find to ships; and ships, as anyone knows, are the most aphrodisiac inventions in the world. It is not for nothing that girls love sailors. Sailors are sailors because of their erotic drive which can only be assuaged by their way of life. A life of impermanence, of involvement without responsibility, of charm that has no time to be exposed as spurious. Such is a sailor's life in every port and such is ours aboard; but we can not take frequent voyages and cruises, and so, meanwhile, a hotel is the nearest approach to the insouciance of the sea.

I fear that the eroticism is ruthless, for that is the nature of eroticism, but it need not be sordid. It is normal to expect to find romance in a hotel, but it need not take the form that once befell me in the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco. I had inadvertently left my key in the door and woke at two in the morning to find two saucy Black ladies in blond papier-mâché wigs leaning over me to announce that it would be forty dollars for the pair of them. That is not erotic.

I think it may be the atmosphere of old hotels that somehow invests all of them with the aura of romance. Red plush and wrought iron, painted gold, suggest actresses, actresses with cleavages or on tiger skins—either way yielding and naughty. Such decoration has long since disappeared in domestic circumstances, so by its very survival it evokes the opposite of domesticity.

There is, too, the abandon that clean sheets every day and a superfluity of towels provoke. The ultimate in sybaritic life would be to change one's sheets each night; and when it happens, it gives a harem flavour to living, for any memories of the night before are erased. The whole purpose of good hotel-keeping is to make one feel that no one else has ever used the room before.

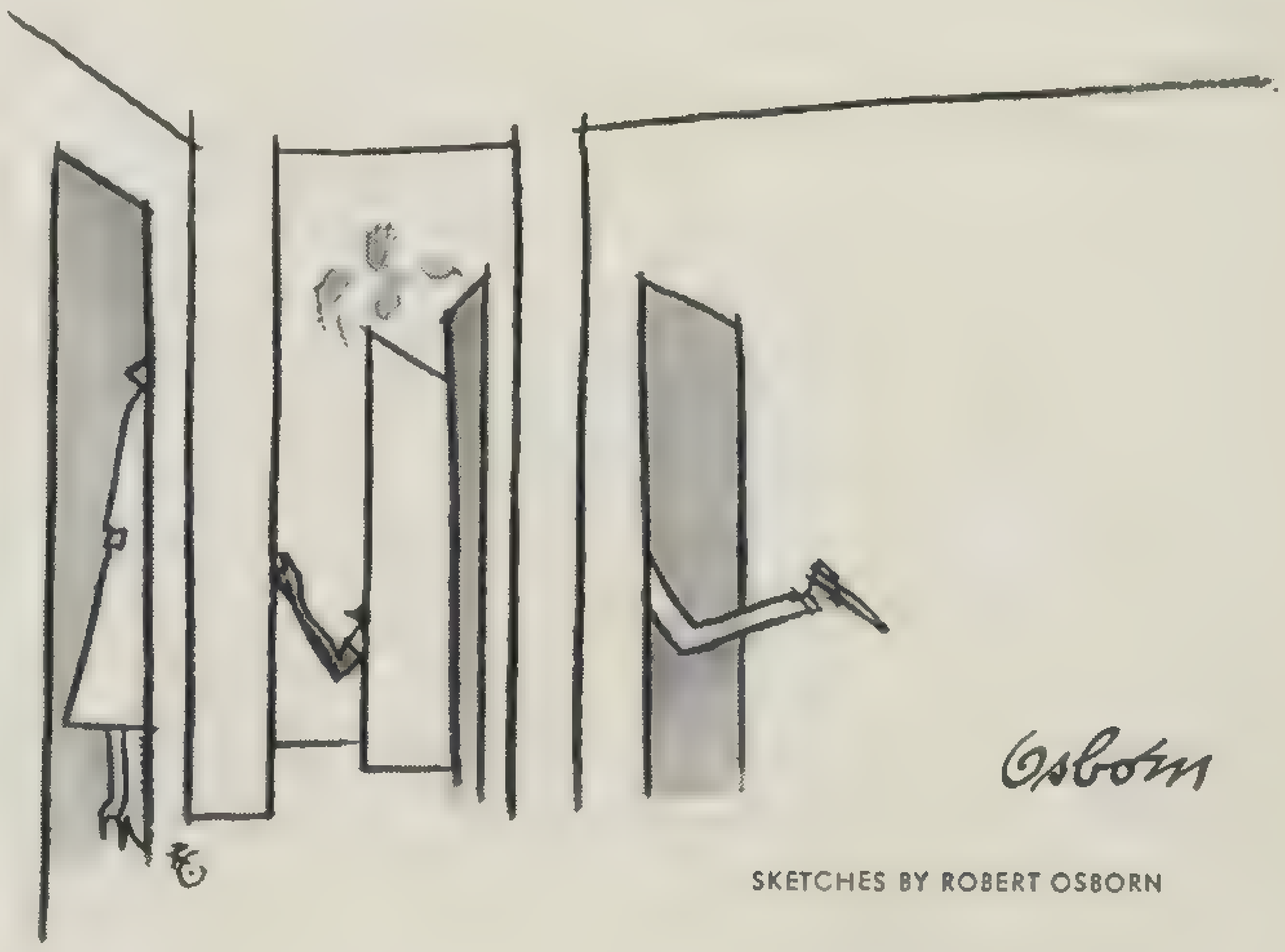
There are the sensations of having a room next door to someone you have never seen, of waiters or chambermaids coming into your bedroom. Suddenly you are in intimate situations with complete strangers.

BY QUENTIN CREWE

It does not matter where you are in the world, it is always an occasion to be in a hotel; and change is in itself a stimulant. But there is no doubt that of all hotels the Japanese inn is the apogee of eroticism.

There you have a bath, perhaps even a communal one, and change into clothes that are not your own. The impersonality of the situation is complete. You sit in the crisp *yukata* that the hotel provides, and pretty girls bring you your dinner in your own room. They kneel beside you waiting on you, laughing obediently at your jokes. And when dinner is taken away, they bring out quilts and lay them on the floor for you to sleep on.

Somehow a bed on the floor is that much more erotic than an ordinary one—not to a Japanese, I daresay, but to us who regard quilts on the floor as something to romp on. And even perhaps to a Japanese, because it is surprising how often in the remoter village inns in Japan, when you have put out your lamp, the paper door will slide back unexpectedly and an obediently laughing figure will slip gently under the quilt beside you. ▼



SKETCHES BY ROBERT OSBORN

jet lag

HOW TIME-ZONE CHANGES CAN SHAKE UP TRAVELLERS' HEALTH

By Dr. David Moreau

An item in the British Medical Journal in April, 1968, about some psychotic reactions during long journeys stimulated me into planning a project to check what harm long-distance travellers might be doing to themselves.

As early as 1965, I had begun to reflect that literally millions of people were travelling across large time zones every year. Passengers could travel, say, from London to Los Angeles by a polar flight, and no one would be greatly concerned as to whether they went mountain climbing, drove racing cars, or decided the political fate of the world at the far end—even though there were indications that crossing the nine hours of time-zone change on the way could temporarily make you quite a different person.

Time change makes you a different person

I had myself, at the time, made a number of journeys, including one around the world in which I went to thirteen countries in eighteen days. It was summer when I left England, winter in New Zealand and Australia, the heatwave and typhoon season in Hong Kong, monsoon in Delhi; and, in addition, I suffered a twenty-four-hour time-zone change—which completely upset the whole biological clock mechanism controlling sleep, appetite, bowels, and maximum wakefulness.

Sense of unreality

I noticed a number of things about myself on that trip. Firstly, I had a persistent slight sense of unreality, enough to make one just a little careless when driving. Secondly, when making public speeches, I had a tendency to aphasia, so that I would abruptly forget a common word and have to cast about in my mind, sometimes for an embarrassingly long time, in order to find it. Thirdly, I would sometimes begin in conversation to list a number of matters that I thought should be taken into account in arriving at a particular decision. Inevitably I would forget one. At three A.M. I would sometimes become wide awake in a moment, my stomach gnawing with hunger, or go to bed and lie with the lambent wakefulness I normally feel at noon. My skin was unusually greasy at times. Twice I became severely depressed, although regarding myself as totally equable, and occasionally I felt unaccountably edgy. I could not remember telephone numbers and addresses that I had known by heart for years. My nails became brittle, the skin on the back of my hands became rough, and my hair became sticky with sebum.

Recognizing that there were elements of stress—severe climatic changes, constant meeting and sitting with perfect strangers, and the mild claustrophobia of being cooped in an air-conditioned box for days on end—I thought that there were, nevertheless, other probable elements at work. I knew, for example, that Robert Ardrey had hypothesized that human beings need a "place" as much as domesticated terriers and suffer symptoms of insecurity when their lair changes constantly from one hotel room to another.

From work with the oral contraceptive pills, we knew that the pituitary—and therefore nearly every gland in the body—is influenced by the length of exposure to daylight and the brightness of it. Man, it is slowly emerging, is actually far more influenced by his latitude and environment than people thought.

With my medical director, Dr. George Christie, and associate medical director, Dr. Miriam Moore-Robinson, I devised Project Pegasus. Fourteen volunteers, eight males and six females, would jet across nine one-hour time zones to San Francisco and back. They would spend the first seven days near London, in offices at Maidenhead, sleeping on the premises and being examined medically every four hours day and night. Then they would travel to California, spending ten days in a hotel there, with a final rundown period of eight days in our offices again. The tests done would include the frequency and depth of respiration (this varies throughout the twenty-four hours), pulse rate, manual dexterity, coordination and speed of reaction time, judgment and reasoning power. Four of the male volunteers were included in a sleep cohort. Every night for the twenty-four days of the experiment they were connected up to electroencephalograph machines that monitored the tiny changes at different points in the brain throughout the period of falling asleep, sleeping, and waking again.

Some eighteen hundred samples of urine had to be bottled and refrigerated. They arrived at London Airport as a shipment weighing nearly

how time flies— count the ways, right: 1. Gold watch by Corum; $600. Georg Jensen. 2. Baume & Mercier gold watch; $330. Bloomingdale's. 3. Brown-and-white tassel on suède thong by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. 4. Stainless steel watch by Concord; $100. Tiffany. 5. Wooden luggage tag by Ruza Creations; $6. Henri Bendel. 6. Official stop watch by Bulova; $100. Bloomingdale's. 7. Gold watch with stick figures, by Vacheron & Constantin; $450. Lambert Bros. 8. Lucite luggage tag by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. 9. Sterling silver tag; $16. Mark Cross. 10. Chronograph with 30-minute recorder, calendar, tachometer dial to time speed. By Mathey Tissot; $175. Franklin Simon. 11. Unisonic underwater watch in stainless steel, by Universal Geneve; $250. Tiffany. 12. Ruza Creatio wooden tag; $6. Henri Bendel. All watches, with Swiss movement.

PENN

12. Play tag with wood

9. Eye-catching bags wear silver tags

1. Time's square

11. Fly by night, scuba by day

10. You're on instruments now

2. Cutting corners—real ones

7. Stick around

8. Which bag's yours? Clear as crystal

3. Tagging along—a horsehair tassel

4. Dating service

6. Stop—and go

5. Picking up the tag here—nailheads

HOW TO SHAKE OFF JET LAG

Dr. D. John Lauer, as medical director of International Telephone and Telegraph, helps travellers in his care (last year they made 4,400 trips) to shake jet-lag problems with these rules: (1) Study your own adaptive pattern. (2) To fly from the United States to Europe, choose a daytime flight. (3) Use a sleeping pill if you need it to get a good night's sleep in the new time zone. (4) Do not plan an important meeting or a tiring excursion for the first morning abroad. (5) Break up any flight of more than ten hours; for example, flying to the Orient, stop overnight in Hawaii. (6) Arriving in the Far East, do nothing but rest and adjust for a day or two. (7) Remember that irritable, panicky, or depressed feelings will disappear as soon as your biological clock catches up. Dr. Lauer also has devised a take-along medical kit for ITT trippers. Turn to page 154 for a list of its contents, as well as instructions for using them.

jet lag

(Continued) half-a-ton, to the consternation of the Customs men on duty. There were nearly fifteen hundred bottles of blood samples. Both these sets of samples have now been assayed by a London expert who has looked not only at the varying content of stress hormones from the adrenals but also for sex and growth hormones and those brain hormones that are concerned in mood.

Light signals better than sound ones

No precise machines existed to test some of the characteristics in which we were interested, so we built them ourselves where necessary. One of these was the reaction meter. To a hundredth of a second, this recorded on a roll of graph paper the precise interval before a subject reacted to a buzzer or a light signal. One important finding was made early on; human beings react fractionally quicker to light signals than they do to sound ones. So that in any situation where split seconds are vital, a flashing light should be preferred to a buzzer. Another small but effective device that Dr. Christie built was a narrow tube down which the subjects had to drop thirty beads of a diameter that just permitted their insertion. After a major time-zone change, this sometimes showed up severe alterations in manual dexterity requiring up to double their best time.

Our psychologist, Dr. Stuart Lewis, had the difficult task of developing tests on paper that showed up variations in judgment, memory, mental grasp, and also such phenomena as whether the subject was feeling withdrawn, sociable, persecuted, sexy, or depressed.

A symposium on September 19, 1970, gave some idea of what emerged from the Pegasus experiment. Firstly, it is clear that nearly every body system is disturbed by major time-zone changes. Mood is affected; it was no accident that nearly all the six female volunteers burst into spontaneous tears the night that they got back from California. Soundness of judgment may be 20 per cent down from a man's best performance. Manual dexterity is even more seriously affected. Indeed, one wonders how many of the fatal crashes occurring among healthy young racing drivers are consequences of slight lack of coordination due to an onerous travelling schedule. Incidentally, journeys down the lines of longitude would not provide comparable problems to those along lines of latitude because the sun rises and sets at the same time no matter how far one travels.

Disturbances of sleep, an important cause of distress

Disturbances of sleep emerge as an important cause of distress in travellers. Indeed, the British Medical Journal's reference to the development of severe symptoms after three days ties up with the finding that depriving normal people, for seventy-two hours, of a proper balance of Rapid Eye Movement and Slow-Wave sleep will frequently produce hallucinations under laboratory conditions.

The period required for accommodation to so drastic a time-zone change proves to be at least five days travelling east to west, and seven days west to east; which means that politicians, businessmen, artists, doctors, and actors are definitely not in a state to produce their best work for at least two days after a major latitude shift.

Sexual interest seems to me inclined to increase during the flight when zones are changed. This may be due to the stimulus of new places and faces, stress, or even just one's posture on the aircraft seat. It dips again when the acute phase of jet lag is experienced after landing. This drop is no doubt connected with the depression that is experienced so widely. An explanation of it will require more work on the brain hormones that condition mood.

Biological clock: complicated series of interlocking systems

To what extent can the imbalance of the jet lag be corrected artificially? Can a satisfactory time-zone pill be perfected?

In theory, it should be possible to shift the adrenal peak by use of tablets in such a way that a traveller arriving in a new zone reaches a peak of alertness, intelligence, and performance at the beginning of the new activity. Some preliminary scientific results have shown that these characteristics are closely dependent on the blood level of adrenalin. Research is being done to test such medication, but it is clear from the results of Project Pegasus that the adrenal system is not the only one that requires readjustment to a new time. The biological clock is an immensely complicated series of interlocking systems, the temporary derailment of any of which can make life more difficult.

Why is this girl smiling?

Ah, who wouldn't be, if she were wearing a cabochon emerald as big as the Excelsior? It weighs a smidge over three hundred carats, is comfortably settled in diamonds, and hangs from a chain of gold studded with cabochon emeralds and rubies and hundreds of diamonds, wrapped twice around the neck. Absolutely beautiful . . . and perfect here between a little black dress low on the shoulders, gleaming hair pulled up and away from the neck, on a very pretty girl made all the prettier by a little gilding . . . with Revlon's new Moon Drops makeup. The Golden Girl Mouth dazzled with Golden Sable lipstick, cheeks piqued with Copper Luminesque Creme Blusher, with springy Fresh Green eye liner highlighting green eyes. . . . Jewelled gold chain and emerald pendant by Bulgari of Rome, in New York at Danaos at the Hotel Pierre. Coiffure by Alexander of Kenneth.

PENATI

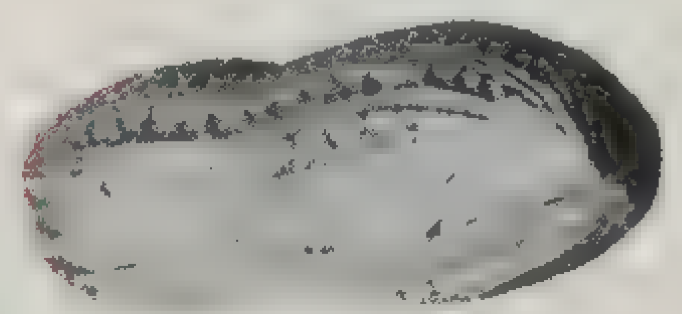
PACK UP YOUR beauty

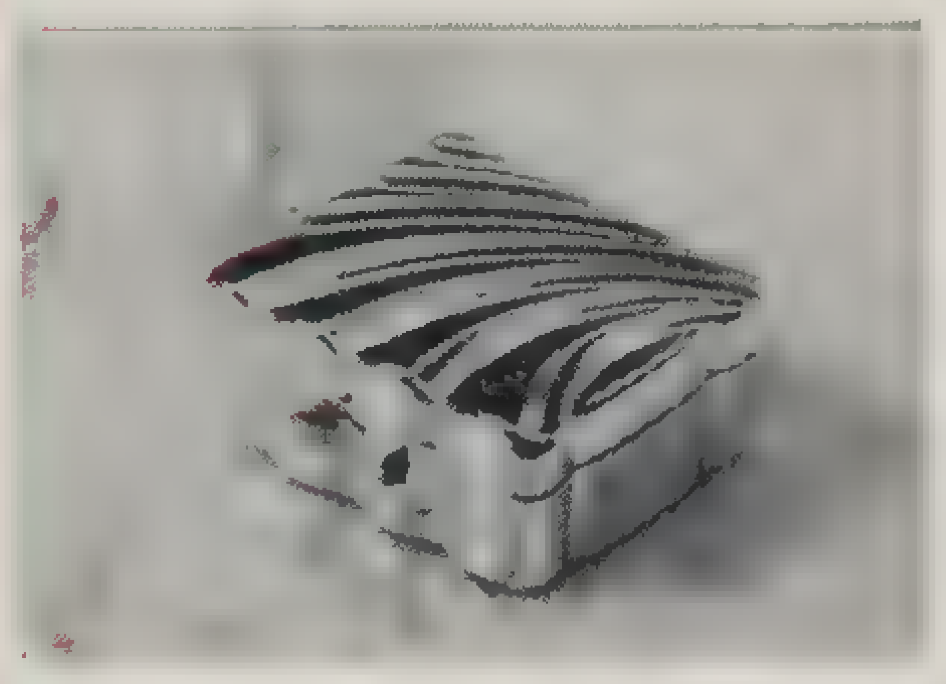
in a great zipped bag and go, go, go . . . have makeup that allows for different climates and moods ...take beautifiers that are more than skin-deep — vitamins, prescriptions... know some portable exercises . . . pack peace of mind with health and property protection . . . pack the lift of a great perfume.

You're off—to some fascinating place. Arrangements all made, tickets in hand, clothes in order. Time, now, to think about packing your beauty—for a really wonderful time, this is one thing that can't be caught jet-lagging since, when you get to that place, one of its fascinations should be you.

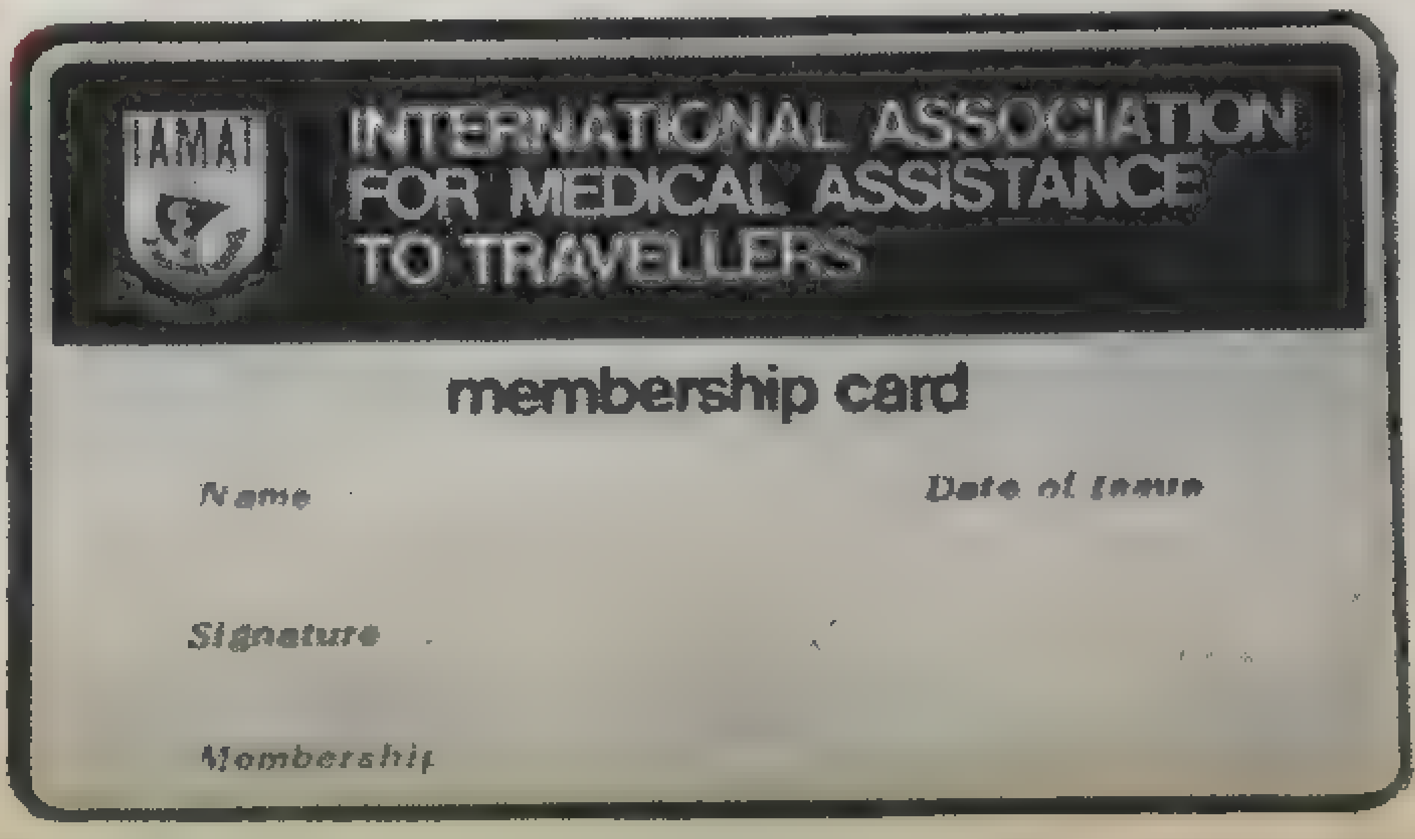
Packing beauty takes canny planning. You'll want things that do a job, maybe several jobs—no room now for duds. Things that are pretty and pleasant to use. Things that keep you up and doing. Things that give you a lift. (Small suggestion: Guerlain's little cloisonné-looking atomizer, *left*, that sprays Shalimar on demand.) It might seem the soul of prudence to take only what you regularly use, but this plan has drawbacks. Changes of climate, of time zone, of altitude can call for totally different measures to produce the same results. Also, certain cosmetics travel better than others. . . . Now, you take gels—*take* them; they are, apparently, the happiest wanderers of all. With a gel, all is swell—no spill, no mess, not much weight, and almost every cosmetic you need nowadays comes in gel form. The cleanser that whips you clean, the freshener that freshes, the sunscreener that protects—and doubles as an under-makeup moisturizer, triples for allover body care, can pinch-hit for hand lotion and cuticles. . . .

On the subject of beauty and well-being on the go, a few thoughts that hinge on health: The Medic Alert Foundation, non-profit and based in Turlock, California (95380), provides the service of a doctor directory throughout the world; takes down your medical history ahead of time; makes note of unusual problems (allergy, diabetes), equips you with an ID bracelet, *above left*, engraved with your special facts, their special phone number. A similar service is IAMAT (International Association for Medical Assistance to Travellers) that has offices in just about every country. You get a membership card, *below centre*; then, while travelling, a phone call to the nearest office gives you a choice of local doctors who speak English, charge standard fees ($8 per office call, $10 per hotel call). They can be reached at 745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. More protection, this time for belongings: membership in the Hot-Line Charge Card Service, Inc., that goes into action if your credit cards, passport, or other vitals are stolen. Should disaster strike, a call to them—(212) HOT-1234, collect, from anywhere in the world—squashes any fraudulent phonybusiness. . . . Prettier things, for keeping well: pill boxes made of Vermeil, from Tiffany. *Above*, a strawberry; *higher up*, a peanut. Both enchanting, and marvellous going-away presents. Also from Tiffany, the gold mirror, *right*; magnifying and regular glass, a good neat size, a way to see yourself in luxury—anywhere. . . . Speaking of pills, remember the vitamins the doctor ordered. Remember which is which by painting them—all B's blue, all C's orange, for instance—with vegetable dye and a little brush. Can't go wrong, then, and they look amusing. Remember the perils of the disease known as "turista." Studies being made on this now indicate that travellers from northern countries (America, England, Germany) suffer more than Latins, Indians, Turks. Bottled water is a wise idea, most places; one in France called Chateldon, is particularly nice (Louis XIV thought so, and we agree). . . . About hair—take all possible helps. Wigs (one, two, several, and have them styled by your own hairdresser so you know they're right), hairpieces, a ribbon or two that earns its keep on a windy funicular. Solid shampoo in a translucent green bar. In Europe, sample the hairdressers, also the facials and massages. Consider a weekend at a great spa. . . . Not to pack, but to do: Some special exercises from Marjorie Craig, that can be done discreetly on a plane (see page 48). . . . Handy things to have in a handbag: Eye drops—a pause that refreshes. Blistex, a medicated balm for chapped lips, fever blisters. Insect repellent in stick form, for hot or bush country. Helpful little packets—towelettes, hand lotion, leaves of soap, wash-and-dries, capsule face cloths. Smelling salts—very reviving. Purse-size hairspray. Blusher. Foot powder—for walking happy. And, in some leftover corner of that bag—a pair of gladiator sandals to change into when scrambling through the Roman Forum. . . . To get in another two scents' worth, more delicious items shown *above* and *right*: Estée Lauder's solid pomade of Super Perfume in a scrolled silver case the size of a postage stamp; Norell's Norell—spray perfume zipped up in a little black-and-white pouch. Such things put a lot of *bon* in voyage. . . .





New softlines that pack a lot of allure, opposite. Dewing up the body: new Satinglide—a luscious skin lotion from Evyan, with their renowned White Shoulders scent. Light, crystal-clear, not sticky; skin slurps it up, turns satin-soft, keeps its natural moisture balance. . . . Over the body, a tank tunic, alligatored and piped in white, worn with shorts—both, red double-knit Dacron. By David Crystal (clearly); about $36. Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Rike's; Chas. A. Stevens; Montaldo's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Battelstein's. Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. François of Kenneth coif.



IAMAT

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
FOR MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
TO TRAVELLERS

membership card

Name

Date of issue

Signature

Membership

PENN

What the footloose traveller really wants: masses of Gucci. . . . Veruschka, right, walking the dogs in Rome's Borghese Gardens, wears Gucci beige suède shorts, gilet; brown shirt, brown leather belts with silver animal heads; shoulderbag, travelling bag in GG jacquard print. Straw hat by Remo Argenti. Dark-brown sandal-boots by Mario Valentino. Coiffure by Sergio Russo of Alexandre. . . . Left, three cases—big, bigger, biggest—newly plasticized, imprinted with the unmistakable GG. Leather bindings, red-and-green canvas bands. What a way to go . . . with Gucci.

HOW TO HAVE THE PRETTIEST FEET

walking

Whether you like it or not, and some women hate it, feet are always in view—with skirts or pants, a bikini or nothing at all; and shoes, while they conceal many flaws, can't hide such basic truths as size, shape, springiness. In summer, with feet going bare or lightly sandalled, they're at maximum visibility—and they're also apt to have maximum demands made on them in other ways: travelling, sightseeing, tramping over cobblestones, scrambling over ruins—which have reduced many a loyal foot to the same condition. Now, therefore, is the time to give your feet some really intelligent attention. . . .

Feet that are strong and well-muscled, sleek and beautifully-groomed, are among the greatest assets a woman can have—not only because they look pretty and alluring, but because they work. And almost any woman *can* have them, even if she thinks of her feet now as mobile disaster areas. . . . Like most disasters, those involving feet are generally caused by negligence. Neglect, apathy, defeatism—a dreary sort of martyr complex about avoidable, or curable, woes—these are the real "foot problems."

First off, it's important to get rid of the idea (so firmly held by so many people) that "our feet were never meant to be walked on—we were supposed to hang from trees." Whatever we were supposed to do, our feet are admirably designed to be walked on, run on, danced on, pounded-around-the-tennis-court on. . . . Leonardo da Vinci, no mean authority, described the foot as the greatest engineering device in the world. More recently, a well-known medical writer made this ringing statement: "The human foot is a structural masterpiece, unexcelled in design and durability."

Strong, flexible, complex, the foot acts as a sort of suspension bridge to carry the body's weight, and also as a springy propulsive mechanism to move it forward. It's been estimated that in an average American lifetime, the average pair of feet carries its owner over 65,000 miles. . . .

There are 26 bones in each foot—the feet together contain one-quarter of all the bones in the body—connected by 33 joints, supported and interlaced by 19 muscles, 107 ligaments. Plus tendons, blood vessels, nerves . . . there are more nerve endings in the tips of the toes than anyplace else except the fingertips; this is why both areas are equipped with nails for protection.

With this award-winning design, then, why is the foot so often in trouble? The answer is that if it were any less well-designed, it (Continued)

HENRY CLARKE

THE PRETTIEST FEET
walking

BEAUTY *bulletin*

Beautiful way to tell time, left, anywhere in the world your feet may carry you . . . glance at the flashing diamond hands of this onyx-rimmed watch, the face and band both made of finely-woven gold. By Audemars Piguet; at Tiffany.

(Continued) wouldn't be able to function at all. Like the noble horse in *Animal Farm*, it keeps going in spite of the most appalling mistreatment. . . . Trouble starts almost at birth. Although most children are born with perfect feet, 40% of them —according to one medical study—have developed some foot trouble by the age of six; 80%, by age twenty. Enthusiastic young parents often bounce or spring a baby up and down on his feet, or encourage him to walk at the earliest possible moment, when he'd be much better off crawling—which is excellent exercise. Or just lolling around, wearing soft knitted booties, for as long as possible. . . . Walking means shoes, and many parents simply don't realize how often these should be replaced; a small child's foot can grow a full size in a month.

At the first sign of flat feet, a child should be taken to an orthopaedic specialist for advice on corrective shoes and arch-strengthening exercises. The foot may never develop a high arch, but it can be made a strong, well-muscled, untiring foot, instead of a weak one that tires easily—and tires the whole body in the process. . . . At any age, flat feet can be improved and strengthened by exercise; the flat foot can be a perfectly well-functioning, trouble-free mechanism. Strengthening the musculature can make it look a lot better, too—slimmer, suppler, less flabby. . . .

Dr. Bernard Jacobs, a leading orthopaedist at New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, recommends these exercises: To strengthen the long arch—the main arch of the foot—simply rise on tiptoes twenty or thirty times a day, all in one session. This also keeps toes flexible, improves muscle tone of the entire foot. . . . For the second exercise, put a telephone book on the floor and drape a towel over it. Sit in a chair with one foot planted firmly on the telephone book, toes over the edge. Claw toes down over the edge of the book; pick up towel with the toes. Alternate feet for ten to fifteen minutes every day. . . . These exercises also help to strengthen the weak ankles that are so often part of the problem.

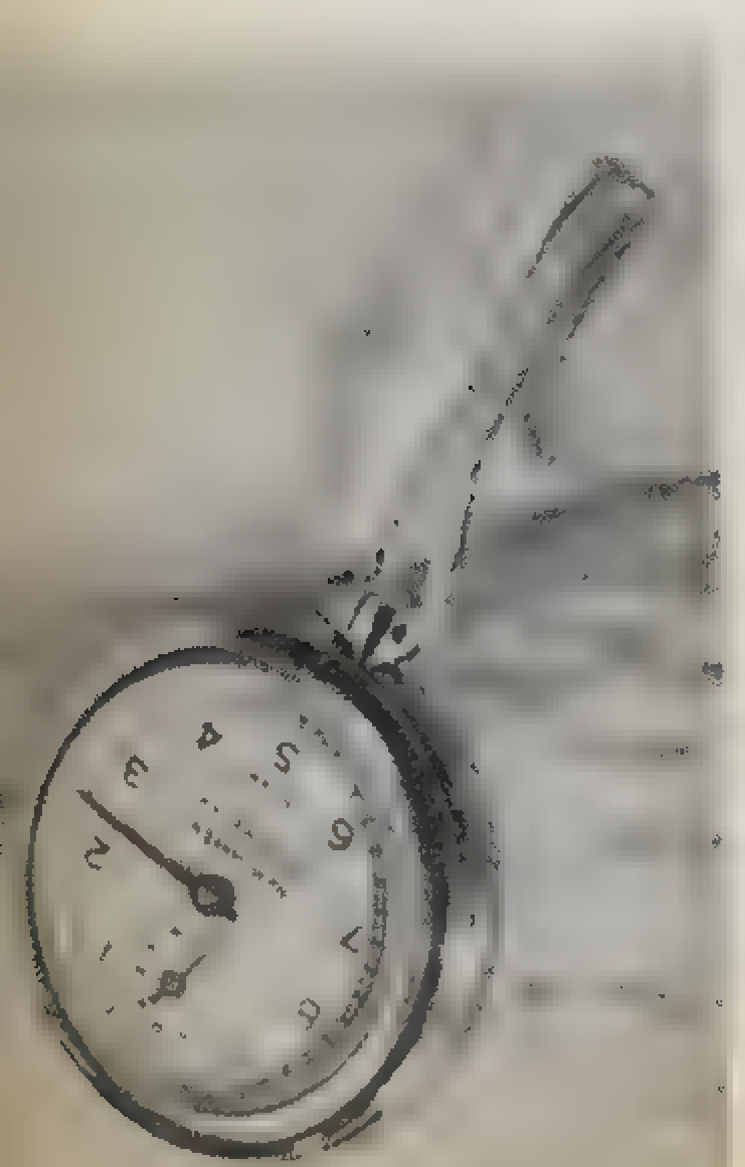
Walking is actually a sort of balancing act—a juggling act, almost—in which the weight lands first on the heel, then is transmitted along the outside of the foot to the metatarsal heads, the ball of the foot. Crossing this area, it's taken by the first metatarsal, under the big toe—which then, with a push and a spring, launches it forward in the next step. All this can be keenly enjoyable if feet are in good shape, agony if they aren't. And since everyone agrees that walking is close to the ideal exercise for people of all ages, it's worth getting feet in shape if only so you can walk easily, vigorously, enjoyably.

If walking causes corns, calluses, or other pile-ups of protective tissue, it's obvious that something is wrong. These are distress flags—clear signals that the foot is trying to defend itself against pressure. The pressure may be caused by imbalance—uneven weight distribution, for which the foot can't compensate; or by incorrect foot position—feet toeing in or out, instead of pointing straight ahead. But in the vast majority of cases, it's caused by badly-fitting shoes. . . .

Buying a pair of walking shoes, say the foot doctors—who see all the dire results of hasty selection—should never be approached in a larky spirit. Feet should be re-measured every time—don't just re-order the same size. Buy shoes in the afternoon, when feet have expanded. Try shoes on while you're standing, not sitting; and don't buy them unless they're comfortable right there, at that moment, in the shop. (Breaking in shoes can break down feet.) Walking shoes should never have high heels, but they shouldn't be totally flat, either; about 1½ inches is best.

A good podiatrist—i.e., foot doctor—to whom you should hie at the first sign of corns, calluses, or other woes, will not only take care of the immediate problem, but will often suggest ways of preventing further trouble—by easing the pressure at one or more points; a small lift here, a bit of support there. . . . However, if the same problem keeps recurring, or if it involves the actual bones or joints of the foot—as do bunions, hammer toes, and the like—it may be advisable to see an orthopaedic specialist. He can survey your entire walking-and-balance problem in the light of the body as a whole, and suggest corrective measures. He may, if he thinks it's indicated, advise surgery. This is often and routinely done for bunions, which are overgrowths of bone on the inner side of the great toe caused by pressure.

Assuming, then, that all problems have been attended to, your feet are ready for the final, delightful, pampering flourish: a pedicure. Here's what happens when you have one at Kenneth's, in New York. . . . In a big, bright, pink-curtained room, you sit in a wicker chair, feet soaking in a bowl of warm soapy water to which a splash of Sea Breeze antiseptic and cleansing peroxide have been added. Then Kathy, the manicurist, props one of your feet up on a towel-draped stool and examines it under a strong light. With a slab of pumice, she gently rubs away some hard, dead skin on the sole. . . . "Every woman should have a pumice stone beside the bathtub; never try to cut hard skin away." Next, toes are scrubbed with a little brush dipped in antiseptic solution; after that, a fragrant moisturizing cream is rubbed all over the feet, carefully worked into the heels, around the toes. "If only women would remember to cream their feet at every opportunity," says Kathy. . . . Cotton wool, soaked in cuticle oil, is used to push down cuticles; "never, never cut them." Nails are clipped straight across with a clipper—"don't round them, it leads to ingrowing toenails." The next delight is a soothing massage, done with firm, strong strokes. Last comes polish, any shade you like—pale-pink, ruby, plum.



Left: Walking's more fun if you know your mileage; this pedometer clocks up to 100 miles without resetting. Swing it from your belt, and you're off and walking. . . . $8.50, Abercrombie & Fitch.

A fantasy, opposite, a celebration of nails . . . decked out in the prettiest Jordan-almond colours, on sleek, well-tended hands and feet.

PENN

TRAVEL TIE-UP

aHouseBoat

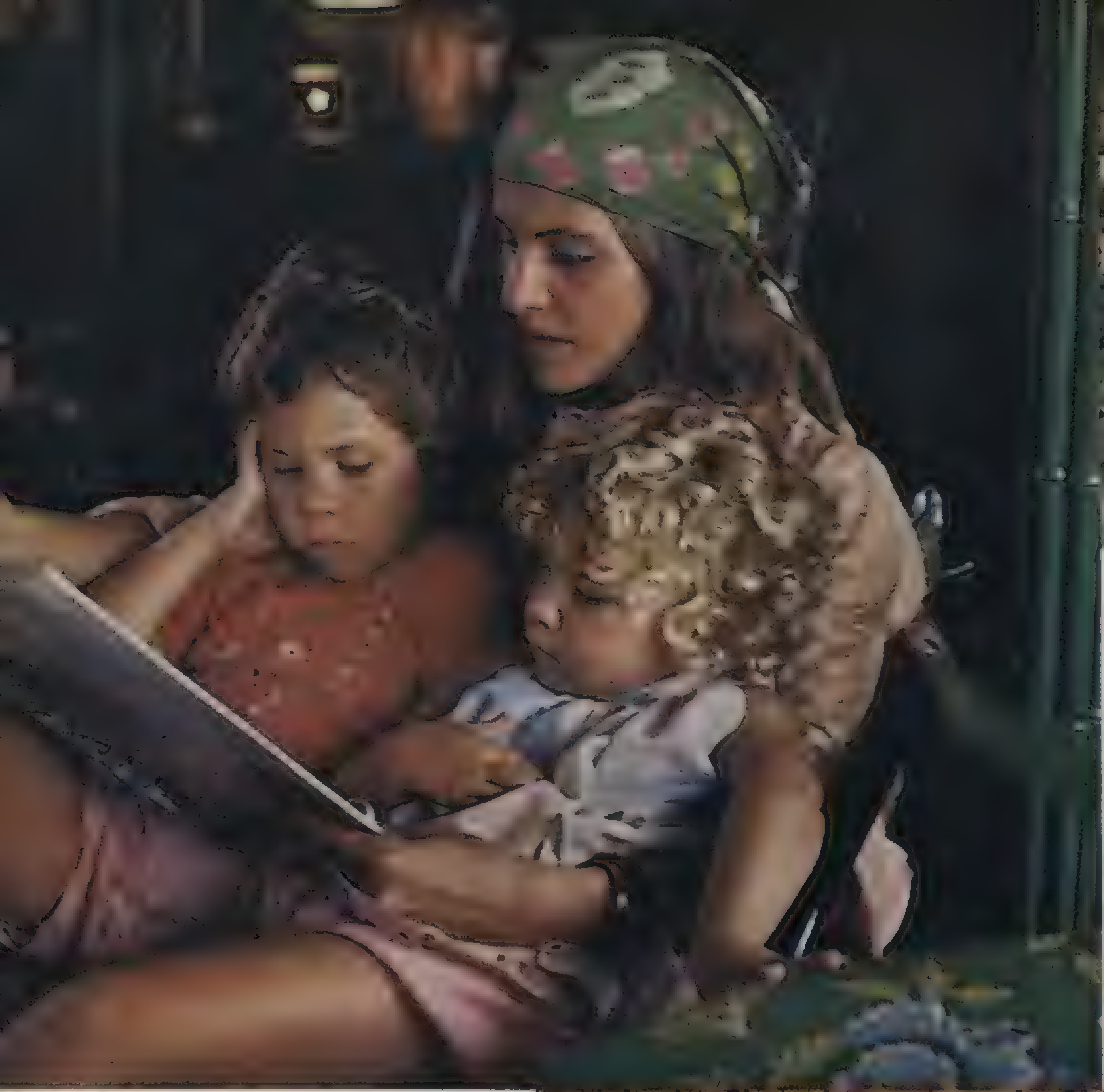
anchors life for Mr. and Mrs. Barend van Gerbig II

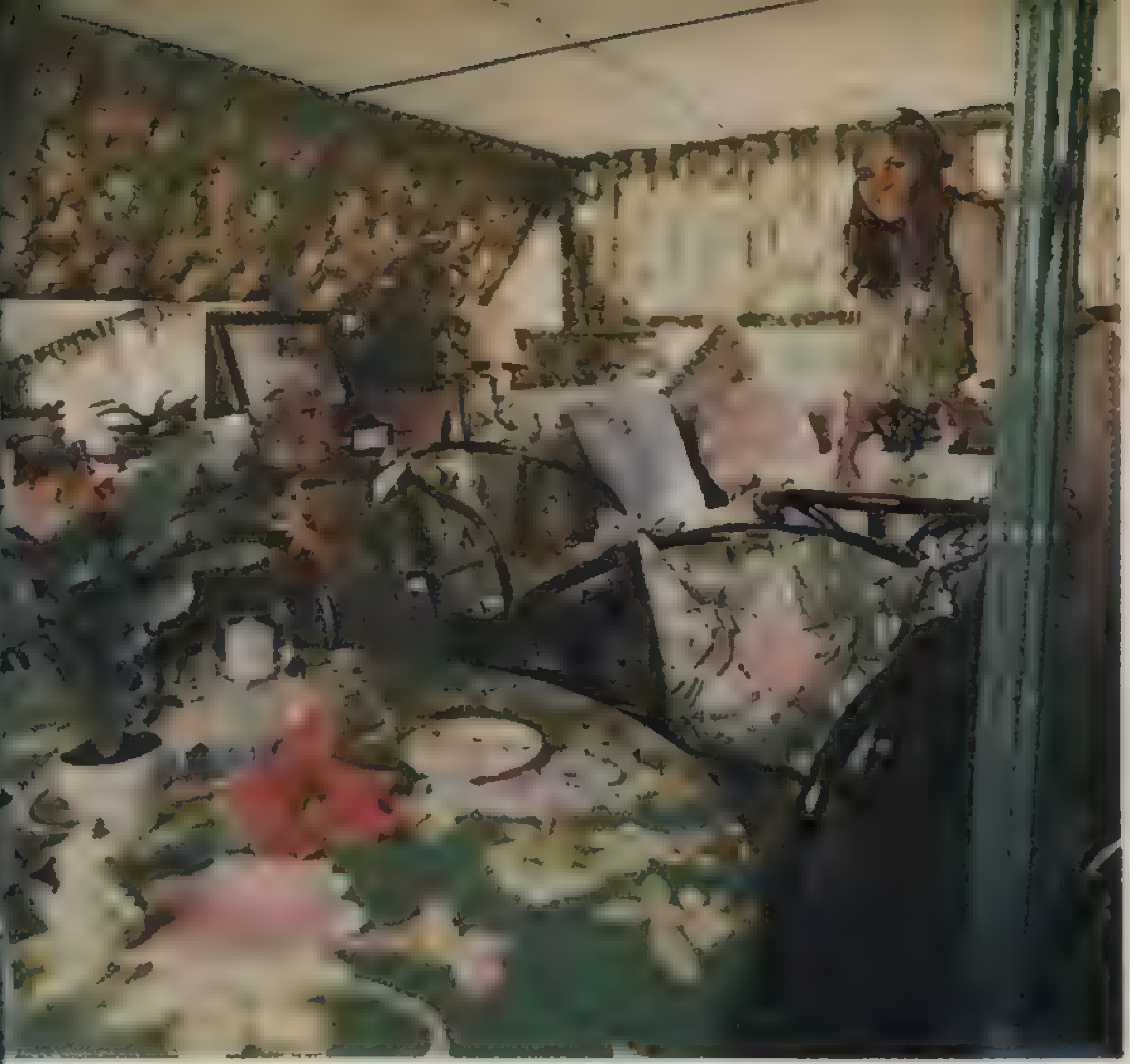
When Barend van Gerbig, Princeton graduate and sportsman, decided to buy and run the marina at Great Harbor Cay off Nassau, he and his wife, Victoria, had to settle on how and where to be comfortable and still to live within commuting distance of work. A boat docked at the marina and a plane, which simmers Mr. van Gerbig's 140-mile commute down to an hour each way to his Palm Beach office, are the couple's matchless solution. Home for the van Gerbigs is what Victoria's mother, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, calls "an ugly duckling," a lumpy-lined catamaran, "Tonda" *(below)*, transformed by her daughter into "a most divine and spacious country house." No one is more pleased with "Tonda" than Mrs. van Gerbig. "I've never liked cities anyway," she said, "and I've always disliked wearing shoes."

FLOATING LANDSCAPE, VIBRANT AND PERMANENT

Because Mrs. van Gerbig (with her husband, *above*, on top deck) finds the Bahamas so "white and green" and herself so "starved for colour," she has landscaped the living-dining area of "Tonda," *left*, with the ripe French chintz called La Grande Arbre, "papering" over original brown Formica walls, covering banquettes and tables. Many of the pillows on "Tonda" are sewn from scarfs collected by Mrs. van Gerbig's family, childhood gatherings as well as ones collected on the Fairbanks' visit to Cambodia.

HORST



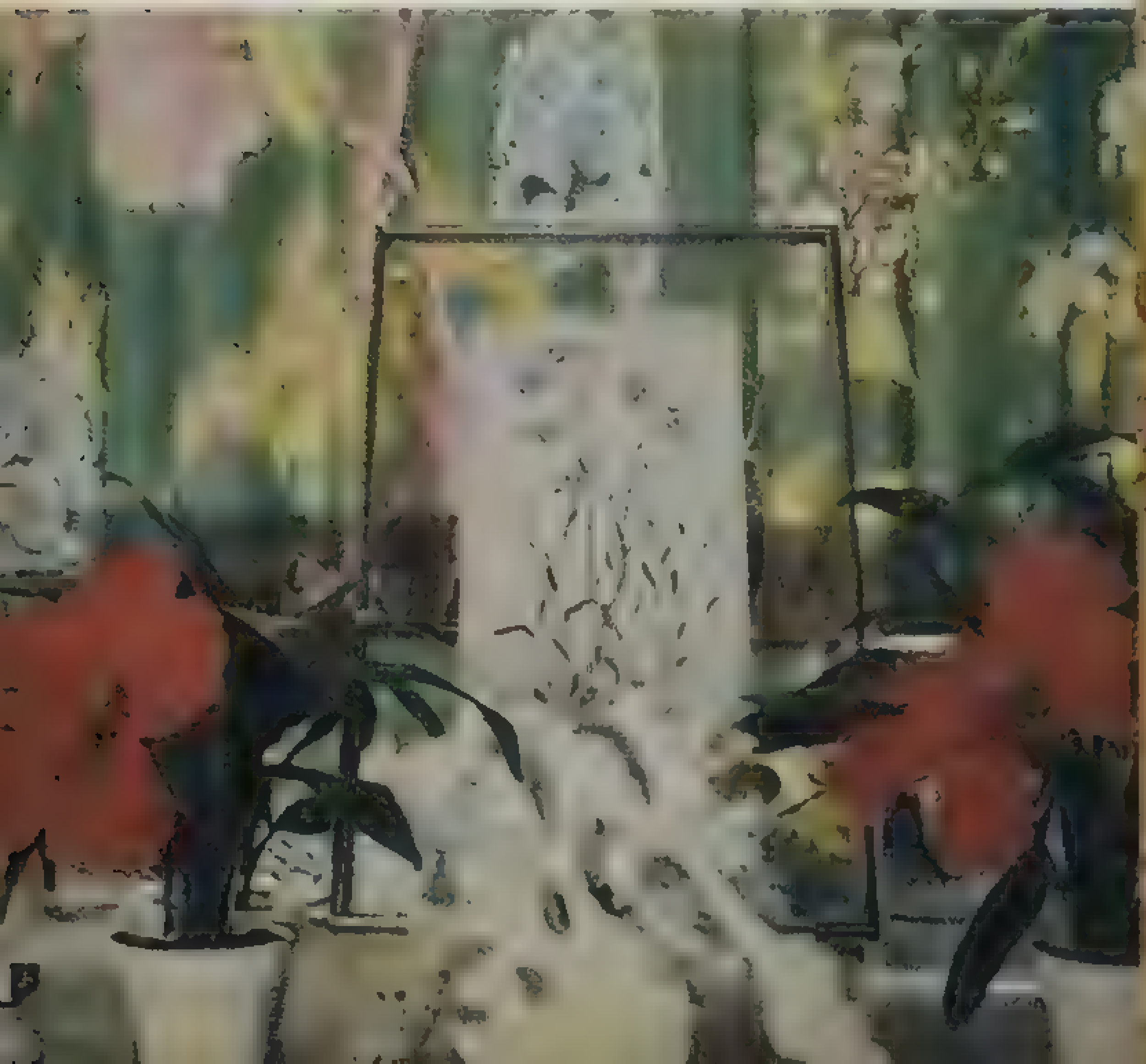


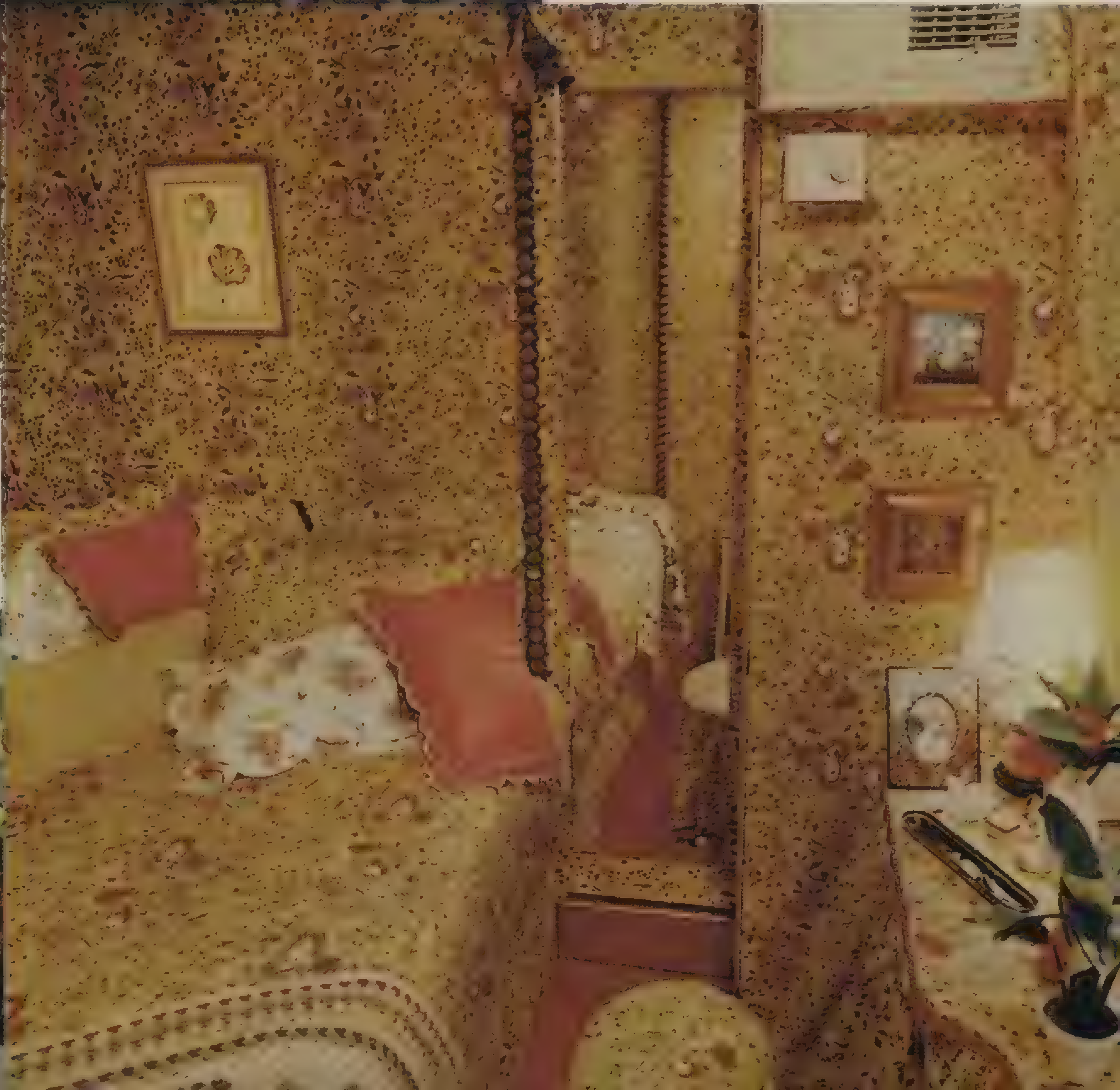
The everything room on "Tonda" *(above)*, the living and dining area, is a capsule guide to Mrs. van Gerbig's thoughts on decoration. "I'm a fiend for confusion, organized confusion, that is." And a fiend, by admission, for flowers, "smelly ones, good smelling ones," cymbidium orchids or common variety blooms that she snatches from the supermarket whenever she can to mass everywhere in sight, including on the dressing table of her bedroom, *below*. The perennial garden here—more French chintz, flowering French bed linens from Porthault, flowering watercolours. The bedposts add to the country-on-water feeling about "Tonda."

FLOWERS, FAMILY BLOOM ON "TONDA"

Victoria van Gerbig reads, *above*, a favourite, *The Lonely Tree*, to her crew: Barend, aged four and dressed in an Indian T-shirt, is called Van; Mary Elizabeth, two, festooned in ringlets, answers to Eliza. Mrs. van Gerbig began knotting kerchiefs about her head when she and her husband explored the dusty roads (now cemented) on Great Harbor Cay and continues even so. *Below:* Wedding present from Rory McEwen, a gouache by him in Mrs. van Gerbig's favourite lavenders running into purple.

HORST





THE VAN GERBIGS' Travel Tie-up

Victoria and Barend van Gerbig live on "Tonda" with their two children and a nanny as comfortably as though it were a deep-country manor, attics and all. One of the boat's pontoons (bunk beds line up in the other) secretes stowaways—three months' worth of clothing, canned foods, a washer and drier, as well as a linen cupboard. There are two iceboxes, a freezer, a dishwasher in the "one-and-a-half-person kitchen," *right*, where Van and Eliza sit guard at the steps leading to top deck. Mrs. van Gerbig has lost the booklet about her radar range but does remember how to do a five-minute baked potato, a menu staple therefore. Dinner often runs to steamed fish, "because it's so available and so fresh," for eight on top deck, *below*, steeped in patterned pillows. In spare, spare time Mrs. van Gerbig, who has exhibited her miniatures in New York and been offered shows in London and Munich, paints "inch by inch" on ivory and gesso, sometimes under magnifying glass. Her studio couldn't be more compact: a "beat-up" crocodile makeup case once her grandmother's.

THE SURVIVAL BOOK
AFRICA

HOW PEOPLE *really* TRAVEL

8 pages of inside tips, practical and amusing . . . life-styles from nomad to grand-hotel

LAUREN HUTTON: "Lots of people have asked if I dreamed about being an actress or a model when I was a child. I don't remember these fantasies, but I knew at the age of six I'd go to the Amazon . . . but I didn't know I'd go with Robert. . . . I never travel alone, always with my mate.

"We went up the Amazon in Peru from Iquitos—a week on a riverboat, getting off at night to sleep in stilt houses in villages—I slept in a long T-shirt in a hammock. (If I'm uncertain, I sleep in my clothes to make a quick exit.) It was around Christmas and I thought it was such a funny thing to have Christmas in the Amazonian jungles that I brought along plum pudding in a tin and pheasant in a bottle. Actually the jungle is extremely hospitable. We took Fli-Backs, paddles with red balls on elastic, to give to some kids of the Yagua tribe. The older kids took them away, then the big guys took them over and the last thing we saw, they were running through the jungle snapping these red balls. . . ."

"Our favourite hotel room costs seventy-four cents . . ."

"We never go first-class . . . never anywhere. If you stay in first-class hotels, you might just as well never have left home. Our favourite hotel costs seventy-four cents a night for a double army cot; that's all there is in this room, in a Mexican fishing village, and no window blinds so the sun blazes in at dawn and you wake up to see fishing boats on the beach. We loved another hotel—Outspan—in the highlands of Kenya . . . just fine old English with a trout stream and gardens.

"I travel with a couple of soft duffle bags that I found in Nairobi, strong canvas and lightweight. We travel light. I take two pairs of jeans, two safari split skirts, two khaki shirts, and a bunch of T-shirts. I always wear sneakers, Sperry Topsiders with super-thick soles, the queen of sneakers. I pack in Halston jersey pants for fancy deals and one straight suit for getting off planes. They give you the hippie riff if you wear jeans in Asian airports.

"For makeup, I use coconut oil on my skin, good in the heat and sun, and take bottles of salt tablets. I have Estée Lauder lip gloss, blush, and mascara. A first-aid kit is important in the places we go. We always take a butterfly net, binoculars, and a compass called Kumbak with a whistle at one end and a middle compartment for matches to light to guide you in the dark; it blows people to you, too. I always blow the whistle when I say something dumb.

"Robert and I never have problems travelling together . . . only once in India when the Customs guy saw that Robert carried all the money and began asking 'Are you staying in the same room? Where?' and pulled *Naked Lunch* out of my knapsack. I told him it was a restaurant guide.

"Our roughest time was in southern Tanzania. Robert was driving the Volks and we came over a hill and saw about forty Masai "*morans*" warriors—young, very beautiful, tall with red robes and spears. They jumped out of the grass all yelling '*simba, simba*' . . . and a whole lot of guys began sticking their heads and their hands full of knives in the car. Then they brought over this raked-up boy, trickling blood. *Simba* means lion and a lion had gotten him. They stuck him in the backseat and two Masai got in, holding him up while I put a tourniquet on his arm; he was bleeding to death. Robert raced the car seventy miles an hour over those bumpy roads—not one cry of pain from the kid and the others really enjoyed it; they'd never been in a car before. An hour and a half later we left them at a hospital.

"The wildest thing happened in Ethiopia. Robert was showing some kids how to adjust the binoculars when an old guy came up and looked through them. He threw up his arms, screaming. He fell on the ground, screaming. He wanted to look again and saw the mountain coming at him . . . and it started all over again."

"Travel grows me . . ."

"Travel is to change your head . . . to show you something you've never seen, pleasurable, sensual, adventurous. Africa, I find something very very magic about Africa. And I feel that the desert will be important to me. Travel grows me more than anything. Our first trip was to Morocco, three years ago. It was so sensual, courteous, I felt I was just one small tiny life. We had a guide, Mustafa, and people would ask us to have mint tea at their houses. Once they insisted we stay the night. I got to hang out with Robert and the men and then go into the kitchen with the women and the kids.

"Our trips have been scouting trips. Two or three months checking out countries to see if we'd like to go back. We've seen marvellous places to buy—everywhere—and we say, 'Why are we hassling around New York, why don't we stay here?' But then we have so many more places to go. . . ."

LAUREN HUTTON

ACTRESS, MODEL, BEAUTIFUL NOMAD

WITH THE GEAR THAT TAKES HER FROM A TO Z

Green-eyed, honey-haired, Lauren Hutton, *left*, in jeans, khaki shirt, and Sperry Topsiders: today's traveller travelling light with most of her gear spread at her sneakered feet. *Counterclockwise:* Kumbak compass with matches and whistle, "best in jungles and deserts"; Mexican slingshot "for fun"; snorkel mask; Fli-Back "for kids everywhere"; snakebite kit (not a cure); *The Survival Book;* Masai knife, "good for fruit salad"; Estée Lauder cream blush; Michelin road maps; Pentax camera and field glasses "for watching wildlife"; flippers; Frisbee, "it glows a trail at night"; knapsack, "my model's bag." Here, Lauren shoulder-slings her butterfly net and one of the two duffle bags she packs—all she needs for blitzing through Nepal, Mexico, Africa, anywhere from the Amazon to the Zagreb.

PENN

HOW PEOPLE *really* TRAVEL...AND

INGE MORATH, crack photographer on the move, tells how to travel with cameras:

"You're going on your first photographic safari? What films, equipment, clothes should you take? My first advice: Get a short haircut," said Inge Morath, photographed, *left*, on an Argentine movie set. "There may not be many hairdressers along the way and wigs take up space. If you travel to take pictures, you'll have to think of lens openings along with clothes. Sounds silly, but it makes sense—for shooting in long dresses at night, for instance, you'll need a faster lens than for photographing in khaki shorts under the desert sun. Don't worry, I treasure femininity, but just try to imbue it with the necessary efficiency.

"I spread everything out on a big bed to organize my packing.

On the wall, I pin my schedule, checking it for stops in cold climates on the way, say, to Java via Tokyo. Wet weather—the monsoons—demands silica gel for my lenses. First, I assemble my photographic equipment: the various lenses, light meters, films of different emulsions. For each type of film I choose a different coloured soft bag—red for Kodachrome, yellow for Tri-X, et cetera. For the exposed films I take along extra bags. I list my equipment for Customs before putting everything into my favourite big enormous bag. It is of fibre, light, with two handles, easy to carry because I am often the porter. Between my different equipment bags I stick in soft things: scarfs, camera wraps, dust masks. Belts somehow also fit around lenses. I pack at least a day before I leave; missing equipment, I find, is almost irreplaceable during a trip.

"I don't take jewellery on working trips.

I hate losing it and it gives me a chance to pick up something great in a bazaar in Tunis or Teheran. I limit the ruffles as I often have cameras lashed over my shoulder, and I forget bulky clothes, even special ones. Underwear and stockings wash easily, so I don't take piles. Slacks are wonderful, but in many places a skirt, I find, is more polite. I suggest taking along one madly flattering thing: long, short, whatever looks best on you. You may have to charm people whose picture you have to take. Makeup can be stuck into the yet-unused pigeonholes in that same bag. An extra beauty case can be a bother at stops without porters, or in tiny taxis or pedicabs made for small people, or on such trains as those in Japan, where most people's luggage seems to consist of two folded kimonos and an attaché case. For sleeping I take two nightgowns that can double as dressing gowns, in case of having to rise for odd knocks at hotel-room doors at midnight to receive a telegram, or if the bathroom is down the hall, or if the clerk must be fetched to fight off an invasion of lizards.

"I never really have to unpack.

My marvellous big suitcase opens and hangs on any door, has detachable bags for underwear, stockings, blouses, and room for shoes at the bottom. Walking shoes are essential. Take a pair with which you have a longstanding relationship; know that you can walk in them for hours, that they dry quickly, and are of the neutral and expensive breed that look good when worn and dirty. My dresses I can pull out on hangers on two metal rods, so my clothes unwrinkle overnight. On long trips to Russia and the Orient, I manage only with this suitcase and my camera carrier.

"Equipment always weighs too much.

Once all packed and zipped, I weigh my luggage on the bathroom scale and usually have to count on some overweight. As a photographer, you'll probably have a camera case packed as tightly as possible slung over one shoulder, balanced by another shoulder bag. Try them on a few times and practise walking in front of a full-length mirror without looking lopsided. Sling your trenchcoat over your shoulders. Wear your boots.

Only once, in an airport on the Persian Gulf, was I put onto the scales along with my shoulder luggage and the Customs man, not being used to ladies strapped with so many pounds of equipment, nearly fainted when he read my weight."

HOW TO AVOID HANG-UPS

WHO TAKES WHAT WHERE . . .
ROUGHING IT AND LIVING RICH . . .
AND SOMETIMES BOTH

MADAME GENEVIEVE FRANÇOIS-PONCET "The limit is live snails"

For Madame François-Poncet travel is both a special art and high adventure —anything from banana boats to Afghanistan. Always inclined to taste local specialités, except for those snails. Two years ago went with a friend by plane and the Trans-Siberian railroad from Moscow to Siberia, Outer Mongolia, Uzbekistan, Iran. On the train there were four in each wagon-lit, mixed sexes—"we camped in our bunks, slept, ate, played Scrabble, all in bed with a rather dirty blanket and pillow provided for each of us. . . . As there is no wagon restaurant, the train stops at meal times in various villages where old women have trestle tables set up selling repugnant black bread, salted herring, and pickles. The great concessions to foreign visitors were biscuits and the permanent samovar going at the end of each coach with tea drunk out of glasses." When they arrived at Ulan Bator, they set out at once for the Gobi desert where they lived in yurts (tents of animal skin), rode camels or small Mongolian ponies, and travelled with Mongolian nomads—"the mosquitoes were the size of butterflies." . . . Before any trip Madame François-Poncet bones up on Nagel guidebooks, maps, takes courses at the Louvre—she speaks four languages fluently, is now in the third year of Chinese language and civilization studies at Les Langues Orientales in Paris. . . . Eminently practical on the road, she is known by her companions for "the magic suitcase." Some of its contents: Nescafé, lump sugar, a small water heater which works with chunks of compressed fuel (Meta) and permits her to make an early cup of tea in her hotel, in a yurt, or on a lurching bus. Jam to cover the taste of yak butter. Towelettes. For extreme conditions, a portable bidet. A bag-like sheet made by Prisunic to go inside a sleeping bag—comfortable and a great joy when the sheets in train or hotel are of dubious colour. A thin travelling rug. Bathtub plugs—indispensable and regarded with great suspicion by the Mongolian customs. Insect spray for walls, floor, bed. Two plastic cups and a very good thermos bottle.

MRS. RICHARD PISTELL
Small blond hunter

Carol Pistell can and does play it either way—travelling luxe or sleeping on top of a mountain in a sleeping bag. One suitcase takes all essentials—if she's travelling around the world she adds a smaller bag with boutique dresses and evening things to be left in Paris, picked up later; on safari, her gun case, camera, a shoulderbag for incidentals. Always knows what she wants to see, what she wants to shoot, and how to pursue it. But . . . "I have never shot unless it was for camp meat or for a museum." In high altitudes—Afghanistan, for instance, where she shot a rare Marco Polo sheep at 17,000 feet—she uses the same down-insulated sleeping bag the Everest team used, purchased from Eddie Bauer in Seattle. . . . In cities, and especially in museums, her great talent is drawing a bead on the best: "There's no way to absorb an entire museum—certainly like the Hermitage—so you might as well see their one masterpiece, the centre jewel in the tiara, and have an indelible impression for a long time to come." Favourite hotels: London's Connaught, Hong Kong's Mandarin.

MRS. NICHOLAS GOULANDRIS
The miracle part

At a small shop in London Mrs. Goulandris discovered a minor miracle—suitcase liners made to fit the bottom of each suitcase exactly, with four flaps that fold over when the bag is filled, and flat liners within to separate layers of clothes so that each layer can be instantly transferred to a bureau drawer. . . . On planes she carries a tote bag, stuffing it with handbag, books, chewing gum, and her sable coat rolled into a ball.

PATRICK LICHFIELD
Do not disturb

That's what the sign says, and he wears it on planes when he wants to sleep, which is usually since, as a working photographer, he prefers to fly on unpopular, uncrowded night flights, tourist. . . . Thinks valets and laundry people should get the fattest tips "as they can cause the greatest anguish." . . . His feeling for good restaurants runs from the Baumanière at Les Baux to P. J. Clarke's in New York. Museums: British Railways, the V. and A., the whale department of London's natural history museum.

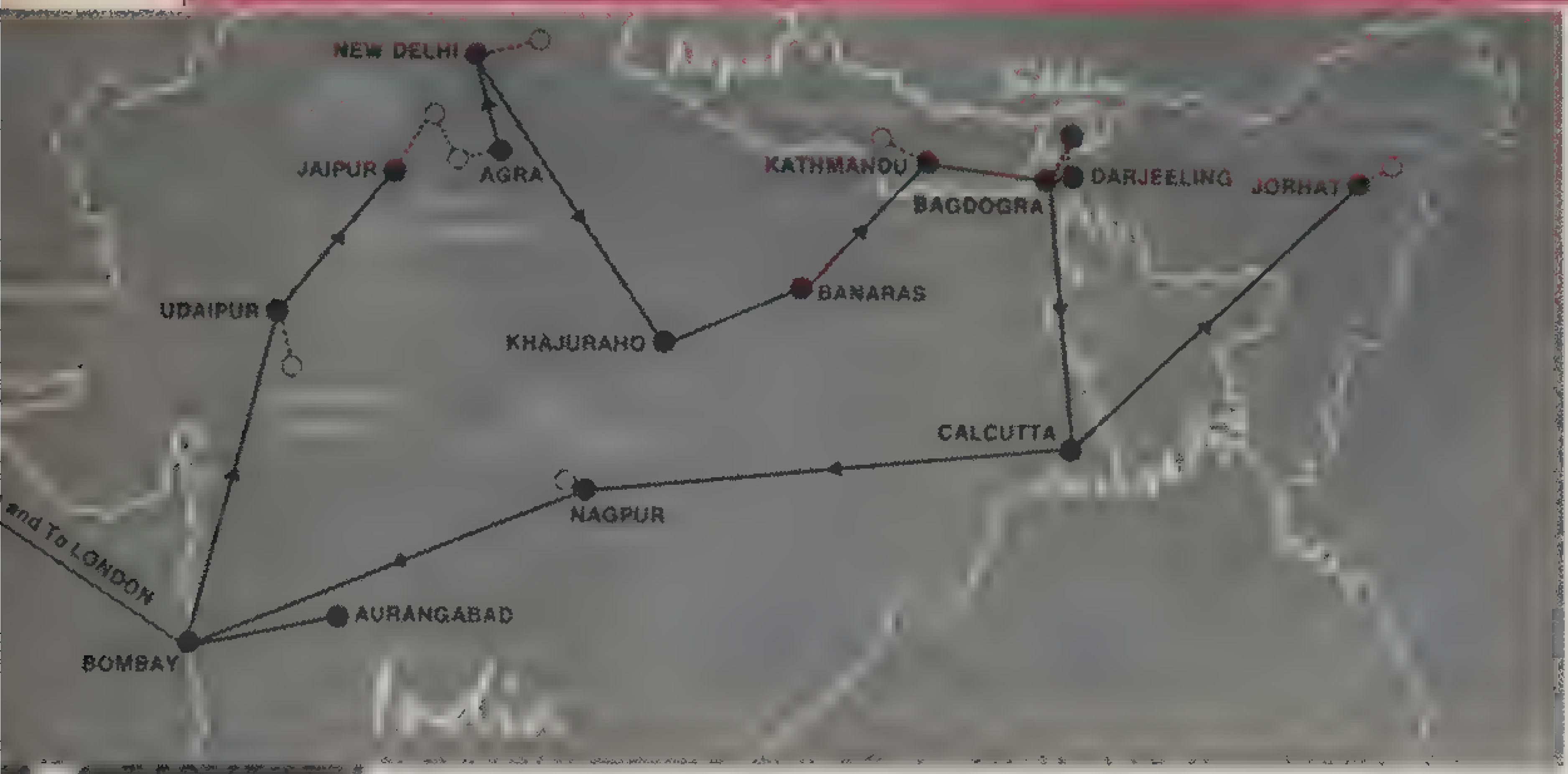
CONTESSA SUSANNA RATTAZZI
"I always have to see things for myself."

A woman who likes the feeling of being always ready to fly off to any place that interests her, "Suni" Rattazzi is a first-rate journalist whose toughest assignments have taken her to the war zones of Viet Nam and Biafra, armed only with her compassionate intelligence—"my prevailing interest is people, my passion is the injustice in the world"—her notebooks, a supply of Faber pencils, a yet unused vial of quinine; and war-zone wardrobe—shirts, trousers, jodhpur boots, and espadrilles—in a single canvas Gucci valise. "I travel quite a lot," she says, "more now than I used to when I first got married and seemed forever to be expecting a child . . . six children in ten years. Last year I went to Kenya for Christmas, then back to Italy, then to New York for a month, then Italy—with some time in Switzerland, London, Argentina—then New York again and from here to Santo Domingo and Nassau. Much of this is really travelling between my homes, my houses in Milan and Porto Santo Stefano, my apartment in New York and my farm in the Argentine. I like to have a sort of base place at home and from there to go on side trips. . . . I like to go somewhere I know and if I can manage to travel without a suitcase I do, and that is what I prefer. . . . I always carry dollars with me when travelling. They are accepted anywhere. There are some places like the Argentine where traveller's cheques are not. . . . I prefer to stay in the uncomfortable home of someone I know than in a hotel. Hotels give a sensation of sadness—a sort of uncosy feeling . . . though there are two I like, the Cumelen Country Club, a private house they've made into a hotel on the San Carlos Lake, one of those big lakes in Patagonia where you go fishing, and the Sporting Club in Porto Rotondo. There the food and service are excellent and I always know other people staying there so there is not an alone feeling. . . . I adore to travel alone, though, on a plane or in a car, because I know it is the one moment when nobody can catch up with me. I love the feeling that nobody can possibly ring you up, find you, or disturb you, and if you have a thought, nobody is going to interrupt it until it's finished. On planes I sometimes have the sensation—I don't know if it's just the altitude—that something clicks in my brain and suddenly I have a clear view of things, much clearer than on the ground. . . . I always wear trousers —usually blue jeans—a shirt, a sweater, with an extra pair of socks so I can take my shoes off. . . . On a plane I usually eat to help the time pass and though generally I drink almost not at all, when they ask if I'd like a drink I take a martini or a daiquiri and get quite relaxed and sleepy. . . . I take very few toilet items because I don't use many and no makeup, and I like, when I arrive at a place, to go out to buy two or three things—a foam bath, a sun cream, or perhaps some eye drops. . . . I eat and drink whatever happens. I mean I really always drink the water straight from the spigot wherever I am, even in Viet Nam and Biafra, and nothing terrible seems to happen. . . . My idea is that you ought not to tip often when travelling, but when you do, you ought to overtip lavishly. I've seen that if you come off a plane and are really in a hurry, and give a porter $10, your luggage will come out immediately. But I am very against mean little tipping. I think it is useless and bad for everybody."

HANAE MORI
"She collects continents"

Slender and impeccably turned out, Hanae Mori, a Japanese fashion designer, is at ease with both East and West. . . . On the threshold of a Tokyo restaurant, she struggles to pull off her Italian boots, but inside she sits with unruffled grace on her folded legs as if she didn't need blood circulation. . . . In less than two years she has been several times to the United States and to Europe, Australia, India. . . . "I sleep my flights off. All I need is slippers and my black silk eye-masque. . . . I am a superstitious traveller. I travel only if I have a special amulet—my husband."

HOW PEOPLE *really* TRAVEL . . . AND



CARLOTTA GRENIER
on elephant back in India

Blond, beautiful, and Bavarian, Carlotta, *left,* found her elephant "fantastic . . . I felt like a Maharanee. I had no concept of time, just of riding high under trees with a slow steady roll and the sure feeling that my elephant would get me there." Where elephant safaris get adventurers now is deep into India's game parks, mapped *left above,* to watch and photograph some of the most dangerous and endangered wildlife in the world.

"Great cats with green-blinked eyes . . ."

Golden tigers, sinewy, savage, lurk in the teak forests of Corbett National Park, north of Delhi in the Himalayan foothills. There, guests have a choice of the new Forest Rest House or the pankha-fanned 1899 Lodge. Game runs on elephant-back spring a surprise of strange birds and the great cats gazing with green-blinked eyes. When elephants heave with belly-rumbling growls at the scent of stalking tigers, the mahouts prod their flapping trunks out of danger scent, allowing passengers with cameras to shoot across broad unflappable duffs. The wary may see "beats" from tree platforms when rangers push tigers into a clearing. In Delhi, the White Tigers of Rewa, spectacular, almost supernatural, with their silvery coats and glacier-blue eyes, play in the trees and grass of the Zoological Park. These graceful, gigantic cats, rarest of the species, have been joined by the only Kashmiri snow leopard in captivity.

"Great Indian one-horned rhinoceros . . ."

At Kaziranga, in Assam State in northern India, elephants leave at dawn, convoyed by rangers on game runs. No howdahs here, but Nichols Saddles, each peaked platform padded, with a wooden "running board." Riders sit astride, behind the mahout straddled in back of the elephant's ears. Three-hour cruises deep into elephant grasslands usually flush herds of Wild Asiatic Buffalo and of the fierce, immense, one-horned rhinos, ghost-grey from wallowing in the swampy mud. Guests put up at Kaziranga Lodge, a tall-ceilinged Colonial legacy with rapid, gentle Indian service. The five rooms have private baths with hot-water geysers and beds framed in mosquito netting. Not to worry about bugs. During the December-to-April safari season, Kaziranga nights are cold.

"Painted storks and blue bulls . . ."

Ringed around Jaipur and Agra two protectorates pulsate with wildlife. To the south, Ghana Bird Sanctuary whirs with feathered tribes—painted storks, plume-flaring egrets, and a fantasy of flyers stocked by the Maharajas of Bharatpur who once claimed this preserve for shooting. To the north, at Sariska, herds of blue bulls (antelope with bluish hides) and barking deer that yap like dogs romp ahead of elephants on morning runs. At dusk, watchers spot tigers from towers or race along jungle roads in Jeeps, catching predatory night-prowlers in the flash of spotlights. Spartan and sporting, Sariska Rest House is a concrete block of rooms; the food, a spice of curries, cashews, and fruits.

"Leopards, lake-mirrored marble . . ."

Jai Samand, a lake-puddled wilderness halfway between Jaipur and Bombay, springs with leopard and wild boar. In country too rocky for elephants, Land-Rovers make the game runs, returning rovers to the world's most pleasurable dome, the Udaipur Palace, where guests stay in the super splendour of lake-mirrored marble.

Less raj, but game rich, Kanha National Park, a flight east from Bombay in the undulating central highlands, holds herds of uniquely Indian black buck and shy bolting barasingh, branch-antlered swamp deer. In addition to wildlife, India explodes with temples and palaces, a super shot of pleasures explored in thirty-six days on the tour "Beyond the Taj," flying Air-India. In May, Air-India starts its new 747 Taj-in-the-sky, a gala of colour, with murals of the love god Krishna and windows stencilled in Mehrab fretwork. On three weekly flights from New York, by way of London, to Bombay, lotus-eyed girls in tie-dyed saris serve dishes both Occidental and Oriental. For very special travellers, heads of state and such, the flight-deck bar, all gold-lighted tables and batik hangings, splits into a double bedroom and private bath, as opulent as a Mogul's alcove.

RICHARD LITWIN

WHERE TO FIND THE FUN

THE TEA-AND-BEER RÉGIME . . .
MALE CHAUVINISM ABOUT OVERWEIGHT
ON PLANES

JEAN LIEDLOFF

Four times down the Orinoco

Jean Liedloff, writer on anthropology and ecology and an intrepid traveller in the best British tradition, has spent months at a time with the Indians in the Venezuelan jungle where the life is strictly Stone Age; hazards ditto. Heavy-duty jeans, shirts with firm snap closings, and Wellingtons act as a shield against mosquitoes. Tins of lentils, rice, meat, and masses of vitamins, especially E, supplement the native cuisine, which is mainly a pancake of roots beaten and thrown on a roof to dry, plus occasional game, bananas, crocodile soup. Medicine kit includes Dioquin, Lomotil, and appropriate antibiotics; has never had dysentery. Would tackle the Orinoco again tomorrow.

PRINCESS CORA CAETANI

Avoid disasters at sea

Princess Cora Caetani last summer was a guest on a yacht, won so much at gin rummy she suspects she might not be asked again. . . . Still fascinating at seventy-odd years, she has travelled the world—at one time to collect treasures for the Jansen Boutique in Paris. Always carries two address books covered in black linen—one for business, one for friends. Advises drinking only tea or beer in the Far East unless there's a sealed cap on the mineral water. Prefers to others the *Guide Emer* (an antiques guide). Thinks the best way to travel is to be invited and travel with different and knowledgeable people. Likes the gloriously Victorian Oriental Hotel, riverside in Bangkok; in Ireland, a small hotel in Adare, the Dunraven Arms; the Hyde Park in London.

VICOMTESSE JACQUELINE DE RIBES

"I really don't worry about overweight"

". . . although I pay more attention when I travel with my husband!" confessed Jacqueline de Ribes. But flying from Paris to Barcelona to Ibiza, where she is building a house, she travels light. ("For lingerie I have a wonderful system based on a perfumed silk bag from Lubin with separate pockets for stockings, nightdresses, and so on. It rolls up to pack, but you can hang it up when you unpack.") All depends on where she's going—"if I go to St. Anton to ski, I always send suitcases ahead by train because everything is so bulky and heavy."

MARISA BERENSON

Order in-flight meals in advance

Marisa pursues a strict fruit-and-vegetable diet, advises airlines in advance, and finds the meals delicious. Carries on board her baby pillow, books of poetry and metaphysics, plus trivia—all in a Vuitton tote; tries to meditate and relax. . . . "I find myself packing for all seasons and taking more and more." Each category of accessories is packed in a small bag—jewellery, belts, scarfs, stockings, makeup; these go into her large Vuitton bags. Dresses and pants go into suitcases with plenty of tissue paper—"no matter how careful I am, wrinkles show up and I have to turn them over to the hotel's pressing service." First thing on arrival, she sets up a gallery of photographs (family, friends, beau), turns on her cassette for classics, rock, or folk. . . . "What I really would like when I travel is a constant companion to organize me, keep me company."

MRS. LEO d'ERLANGER

"If necessary, I wash my teeth in tea or Coca Cola"

Mrs. d'Erlanger last year toured the periphery countries of Tibet, believes in luxury where there are grand hotels; otherwise, "when you travel rough, you take anything you can get—even if you have to sleep on a table top. . . . I strongly recommend taking surgical masks where one may encounter dust." Carries as little as possible but always includes a small sheet for her exercises, envelopes marked for each city containing notes on things she really wants to see.

MRS. WYATT EMORY COOPER

Soft luggage never says no

"I just keep adding things," explained Mrs. Cooper. "My weakness is to take far more than necessary, and I like to travel light. I don't believe in buying new clothes for trips; I feel happier in the clothes I love. . . . The best dresses I have for packing are tie-dye Indian silk; just roll them up."

MRS. CUTHBERT ORDE

"My tours are package tours"

"But *special* packages. My tours have all been organized by and restricted to members of bodies like *The National Trust, The National Art Collections Fund, The Georgian Society*, etc. and as I am a 'joiner' and a member of about 20 societies (all the art, museum, bird, and stage societies), I get the notices. They are restricted in number, perhaps forty—very popular—and you must pay your deposit within hours of receiving the notice. They are expensive as tours go and attract delightful people.

TOUR TO UZBEKISTAN, the Soviet state where Samarkand and Bokhara are situated: The weeks preparing the mind are very exciting. I read everything I could find on the district, modern and historical. I had also spent many hours for many months trying to learn Russian, and in this I mostly failed. But I advise all travellers to become familiar with the Russian alphabet, which can't take them more than a few evenings, for it was fun to be able to spell out the signs over shops, and the headlines. Having done so, you could very often guess the meaning.

AS IT IS TODAY: In Tashkent, there is the modern block behind the market of which they are enormously proud. (You have to train yourself to exclaim in wonder.) But Tashkent had a savage earthquake quite recently and the rebuilding *is* astonishing. So much so quickly. Very desolate and beautiful desert around Samarkand, which of course is an oasis. The blue-domed mosques, and the mosaic *medressehs* (religious colleges) and minarets are the great tourist attractions. Under the Soviets they fell to ruin, but they have been furiously repairing them for the past ten years as they are such a tourist attraction.

HISTORICAL UZBEKISTAN: The traveller's reading will touch on the elder Polos' three years in Bokhara (thirteenth century); Tamerlane, the Mongol conqueror who made Samarkand his capital (fourteenth century). But I was most excited by the nineteenth-century English travellers who made the journey for love of adventure and desire to convert the Emir. (See Fitzroy Maclean's *A Person from England.*) They were tortured, killed, or, very occasionally, as in the case of the remarkable Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., amused the Emir and got back to England.

PRACTICAL MATTERS: Take one medium-sized case at most as you may have to move it short distances yourself, and you are continually packing and unpacking. A basic suit with thin and thick jumpers. The basic creaseproof, perhaps jersey, dress for night that you can make look different with beads, scarfs, et cetera. You must learn to husband your energies. Although I am fit enough for regular eighteen-hole golf games, I only *just survive* these tours. The hours are long, and the food strange. You can always take an afternoon off, but you don't want to miss anything. Re: getting on with thirty-nine strangers. At each meal and on each coach run, at least at first, I contrive to sit by a new member of the party so that I do not get too involved with any one person who might bore me, or whom I might bore. *Everyone* is interesting for a short time. I went on this trip alone, and I think this is a good idea unless the ideal travel companion is available.

CLIMATE: An oasis surrounded by desert has terrific extremes of climate so trips are planned for spring and autumn.

HOTELS: All new, very new. Every room has its bath, though plumbing is unpredictable. I remember once having only cold water, but I was luckier than those who had only near-boiling water.

FOOD: Interesting. In October lots of tomatoes, grapes, watermelon, yoghurt. I enjoyed this, some did not.

ILLNESS: Get out of Russia if you sicken. To be caught in a provincial hospital without understanding the language could be frightening."

Baronne Philippe de Rothschild

Mrs. David Bruce

TWO LITERARY TRAVELLERS: A DIALOGUE

Baronne Philippe de Rothschild and Mrs. David Bruce

PAULINE DE ROTHSCHILD: Evangeline, you travel so much, short trips and long journeys, which trip do you take most often?

EVANGELINE BRUCE: It's the transatlantic flights which are almost as routine as a bus trip.

PAULINE: But an unusual bus, as you are taking with you all the things you consider necessary for travelling? What is foremost on your mind? How much luggage do you take?

EVANGELINE: How *do* others travel light? I don't mean that it's hard to keep to the forty-four-pound allowance for the transatlantic flight, but I carry this vast weight in my arms: a soft bag almost entirely filled with books.

I look with envy at my fellow travellers, who seem confident that the day's appetite for print can be fed at the airport bookstall, and that enough suitable reading material can be assembled to cater for weather, mechanical failure, and other unscheduled stops. I have never quite believed that reading matter would be available at the other end, or that even the most literate friends would provide what my reading palate might crave that particular week.

What if I break a leg before I can lay in a store of appropriate books? Who could be trusted to find the treasures I would then need? Even if I am flying home, I might find fire had destroyed the bookshelves, or silverfish made off with some pages. Books are *the* item which can not be left to chance. What do *you* do about books?

PAULINE: You may well ask. As you know, they are what I pack first and worry about most. Have I chosen the right ones? Or in an absent-minded moment have I been putting them together with evidently some unknown person in mind.

Alas, unlike you—doctor's orders—I can not carry them on board the plane. They have to be checked. They are packed into a black leather pillow bag and I stay very far away from Philippe when he is told how much overweight we have.

EVANGELINE: Doesn't it worry you to have all your eggs in one black bag?

PAULINE: So much so that it is the only piece of luggage I watch for during the trip. But, Evangeline, you said that your large soft bag was *almost* filled with books. What else is in it?

EVANGELINE: Only a few cubic inches are given over to the other basic necessities: a sweater, a scarf against the gales laid on at every airport (it doubles as an eyeshade on night flights), sometimes sandwiches, always a notebook, pens to write in it, and a packet of airgrams—these are not for lyrical descriptions of cloud formations to loved ones, but for more practical purposes. . . . Now, except for making occasional notes, you have before you the perfect uninterrupted eight-hour reading day. The eye never leaves the printed page, the seat belt need never be unstrapped. Of course, you must first make sure you have chosen a flight where you will not be requested to veil your window in deference to movie-viewing passengers.

PAULINE: What does this bag look like?

EVANGELINE: It is a canvas roll—Vuitton—the largest that can be shoved under the seat. It is pulled forward in flight and feet remain thereon, with consequent benefit to ankles. This footstool is progressively deflated as disposal material in the form of newspapers is withdrawn.

PAULINE: Canvas bags are evident lifesavers. When I travel alone in Scandinavia or other socialist countries *all* porters seem to have long ago vanished. The subject of weight becomes imperative. When I went to Northern Russia the summer before last, I needed bags that I could pull down from the train rack and throw out the window. On my way to the Kizhi Churches, everything had to be packed into one Vuitton bag which contained changes needed for two kinds of summer, that of Arctic lakes and also a very warm Moscow. Except for underwear, mostly nylon, but also woollen in case of sudden cold, things went in two by two as into the Ark: two white cotton sweaters, two pairs of Pucci cotton trousers, two pairs of heavy white silk trousers, tight to the legs, that could go into evening life. I find it far better to have two repeats for cleanliness and perhaps perfection than variations that only lead to looking less well. A navy sailor jacket is for me far better than a coat and can be used night and day. Printed cotton Italian scarfs for head or throat, the eternal wool sweater, just as eternal as espadrilles for the corded soles, and one pair of pretty lightweight shoes. And, with tissues and cotton and the eye-basket and its brushes and the Laszlo soap and brushes tucked into an empty corner, but always the same corner, and books on the other side, with all of that I felt as independent as a cat on a cloud.

On very long trips or trips lasting a long time, much is sent by freight, such as the two hundred odd books, including dictionaries, needed for Holland or Denmark. On long trips I prefer to break everything up in groups with a suitcase or bag to each, to avoid my nightmare: the groping.

EVANGELINE: But that exposes you to arriving without underwear or a single shoe.

PAULINE: It does. The chance is worth taking. Though one night, around one in the morning in Oslo, the BOOK BAG had disappeared. Philippe, on seeing my face and on hearing that I intended to go straight away to wherever it was, phoned, charmed, and cajoled until he found that on their life's honor the airport people would bring it back by early morning from Copenhagen, where it had unfortunately chosen to go. So the system of many pieces of luggage is not one of all repose, as the French say.

EVANGELINE: You originally taught me to keep an overnight bag ready packed, and that I check through with the others. It contains essentials like clock, nightgown, slippers, hairbrush, Évian atomizer, and so forth, and is subdivided into three immediately distinguishable containers, one for medicine, one for makeup, one for everything else, including beloved objects like an antique box for hairpins and a little silver cup to hold water, either for mascara or for one flower. These functional bags don't, however, have the panache of your baskets, the Japanese ones with the fitted tops which you showed me could be lifted out.

PAULINE: I had a suitcase built around these baskets, three of them, one for cotton and tissues, one for makeup and cleaning the face, and the eye-basket already mentioned. Between the cotton I stuff the eyeglasses and some seashells mounted as boxes for familiarity. But while you carry your bag in both arms I carry the most indispensable basket of all. It holds two notebooks filled with whatever I happen to be working on, and my friends' letters of the last few weeks if not months. They are my protective covering, my prayer books, my ex-votos. I read some of the letters, lay others on the unknown night table. They are the closest, the dearest, the essential friends. This does not necessarily mean they are answered. This closeness somehow takes care of answering.

EVANGELINE: While these keep you safe and sound, have you any special packing methods for long trips?

PAULINE: One only. A great deal of tissue paper which means no pressing and especially no overcrowding. It is preferable and less expensive, I believe, to take one bag more than to have things pressed. Safer when it comes to new mysterious materials and a relief to some friends' households.

EVANGELINE: The only short cut I have evolved is a list of essentials without which I am capable of forgetting some vital object not in the "ready-packed" overnight bag, such as address books, tights, or a camera.

PAULINE: You mean those tights printed like a serpent skin?

EVANGELINE: Yes, and quieter ones. My only contribution to spacesaving, since more books are of course secreted in the checked luggage, concerns shoes. They must be few, not much choice, for day or evening. Regular shoe trees are out; their place is taken by lightweight Italian plastic feet which are also useful receptacles as they are open feet and an entire Thea Porter evening dress can be stuffed into one of them. One trap: the childish pleasure of taking something new before you have broken it in, or know whether it will prove adaptable. And it's fatal to buy anything "because it will be perfect for travelling." This almost guarantees the possession of a lemon. . . . What about food? Do you bring special food with you? Do you have an urge to tell the airline steward just what is or is not suitable for serving from the galley?

PAULINE: My only way of telling them is to say no thank you.

EVANGELINE: I prefer those sandwiches carried in the miracle bag. If I am travelling without David it saves that interruption to reading caused by the advent of the tray; and you can eat boeuf Bourguignon just so many times on the London-Washington tourist flight.

PAULINE: I wonder why they don't economize on those meals. The best meal I ever had on an airline consisted of smoked salmon and cold ham accompanied by hot rolls and butter, amen. Though my thoughts turned longingly to the smoked Chinese tea in its Japanese container already within the checked luggage. I usually ask the air stewardess to make me a present of a few packets of their excellent powdered milk, because, when one gets to difficult countries, the milk is never kept anywhere near the tea. Philippe and I, in any case, if we are going to Eastern Europe countries, or venturing to the Far East, always take some Meta tablets and an aluminum container for heating water at once, so as not to wait in worlds rather more casual about the merits of time.

What about behaviour on arrival? Do you really think that there are people who find their clothes immediately laid out and iced vodka on the edge of the bathtub, and so forth? What is our truth if driven to go out or entertain on arrival?

EVANGELINE: If really driven to entertaining or going out on the night of arrival, I would start by heating hair rollers before unpacking. But if there is any choice, I prefer to restrict myself to battling dehydration and cramped legs—long ones and jets were not made for each other—and above all to concentrate on cheating the biological time clock. Intake of mineral water and splashing it on the face, followed by stretching exercises, take care of the former. The time problem is more serious. My system struggles for days before accepting the six-hour difference, and has to be beaten into submission.

PAULINE: Time is not my trouble. I have no sense of time. I remember reading an article describing in what manner three different types of women dressed to go out to dine, having just emerged from a journey. The social-minded one telephoned while dressing, the seasoned traveller drank, the beauty rested. I would prefer a little of all three.

EVANGELINE: I know that you always go out upon arrival. What about your hair?

PAULINE: If one's hairdresser is gifted he should be gifted in absentia and give ideas as to what one should do to change one's appearance, merely by combing and shaping it in another manner. Alexandre makes me about three sketches that I take with me. I look at them and decide which one I have time for, or rather which one will make me less late. Anyway, there are as many ways of doing one's hair as there are of making love, so one of them should fit the occasion.

EVANGELINE: It is obvious that you enjoy every bit of this. Do you never find travelling something to be wary about? Have you no fears or qualms?

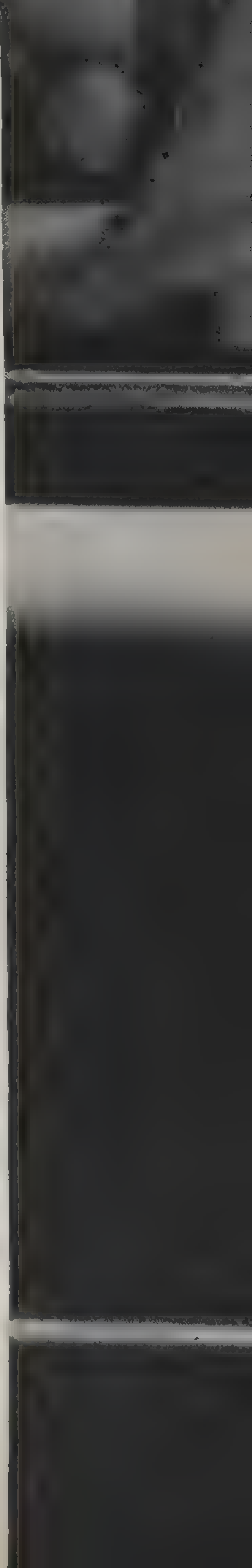
PAULINE: Evangeline, I love travelling so that there can not be any qualms. If you do not worry about food, or ever eating again, or waiting, or about the missing luggage, if you trust travel, telling yourself firmly there is no such thing as discomfort, then luck is with you and the reward is to your measure.

MRS. BRUCE'S READING MATTER: "There are usually about three books on totally different subjects, planned like a meal for variety, study, recreation. On a plane trip it is more of a Chinese meal as they can be dipped into in turn. Not counting the extra book for unforeseen delays, a typical selection would be: one book on an archaeological or anthropological subject, one historical biography, one novel—new or a classic to be reread, and a volume of verse; the paperback translation of Mediaeval Latin lyrics is a constant standby. Ideally, of course, all should be paperbacks, but at least one book is apt to be an unwieldy volume from the London library."

BARONNE DE ROTHSCHILD'S READING MATTER: "I am secretive about what I read. I never read about the country in which I'm travelling. The only exception would be a very old book of memoirs or history which might create metaphysical clues or something I would otherwise miss."

VOGUE PATTERN 8052

VOGUE PATTERN 8030



ALL THE GOOD-TIME LOOKS EVERY DAY, EVERYWHERE

No matter where you're going, once you get there you'll want the kind of free and easy fashion here—everything you need for getting around the city—on foot, by car, or even by whirlybird. . . . **For short hops,** left, wouldn't jumpshorts like these be terrific?—bright green wool jersey zipped up the front. Vogue Pattern 8052. Glentex scarf. Roger Van S belt. Danskin tights. **Violet jersey undershirt dress,** above, goes out and about the city by day, then out to dinner in East Hampton (and gets there by fast helicopter). Vogue Pattern 8030. Cuffs: Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Roman Stripe knee socks. **All-time good-time look,** right—narrow, long-sleeved brown sweater and swingy pleated-and-belted skirt of greige jersey. With your shoulderbag packed and boots laced you're ready—to watch puppets in the Tivoli Gardens, have lunch at Fortnum's, and so on and on. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 8027. Korrigan wool sweater. Soft-brimmed hat by Halston. Belt by Roger Van S. **The coat that gives you a lift on cool city days,** far right—light, easygoing unlined greige jersey with big patch pockets. . . . As for the helicopter here, that lift will take you all around New York and up to 200 miles away: charter-able from Island Helicopters, at the Pan Am Metroport. Coat: Vogue Pattern 8009. Viola Weinberger gloves. This page: Gucci bags, Henri Bendel boots. Yarn-dyed wool jersey, both pages, by Jasco Fabrics, knitted in America. Burdine's. Coiffures by Franklyn Welsh. For pattern information, see page 153.

Vogue Patterns

PENATI

VOGUE PATTERN 8027

VOGUE PATTERN 8009
VOGUE PATTERN 8027

"PURE AS ANGELS, REBELLIOUS AS DEVILS"

Protest as drama: "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine"

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

On May 17, 1968, a beautiful piece of guerilla theatre was played in the Baltimore suburb of Catonsville, Maryland. Seven men and two women, all of them Catholics, the Reverends Philip and Daniel Berrigan among them, destroyed the draft files of 378 young Catonsville residents in protest against the Viet Nam war, burning them with homemade napalm in a parking lot of Catonsville's draft board. The files still burning, they calmly awaited arrest by joining hands and praying. It was a performance which received some bad press but which I viewed as utterly stunning, though not particularly novel, coming as it did in our long tradition of symbolic protest. The prophet Jeremiah had destroyed clay pots in the courtyard of the Temple in protest against his king's war policy; Jesus Christ had overthrown the tables of the money changers for reasons we all know too well; Martin Luther had burned a copy of Canon Law in protest against the system of indulgences; William Lloyd Garrison had burned a copy of the American Constitution in protest against slavery. In all these theatrical actions—including Catonsville—the purpose is to stress the immorality of a religious institution, of a system of bondage, or of a war by dramatically visible means that will jolt the community into awareness. The tactic—following the Christian canons of civil disobedience—is to break a small law in order to assert the prevalence of a higher law that has come into disregard.

Four months later, in October of 1968, the Catonsville Nine, as the group had come to be called, participated in a second and equally spectacular theatrical event when they went on trial in the U. S. District Court in Baltimore. The charges were prosaic: destroying government property and interfering with the working of the Selective Service System. But partly because of the defendants' extraordinary degree of intelligence, wit, and moral passion, partly because of the presiding judge's remarkable latitude in hearing testimony, the trial of the Catonsville Nine turned out to be one of the most extraordinary morality plays of our time. No single book or essay more vividly and existentially expresses the deepening schizophrenia wrought into the American psyche by the Viet Nam war than the 789-page transcript of the Nine's trial.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine, by Daniel Berrigan, S. J., that opened in New York last February is a dramatization of Daniel Berrigan's book by the same title, which in turn had been culled from the transcript of his own trial. As political polemic, the play is superb. As theatre, I found it difficult. The problem being, how to make theatre out of great theatre? One has the claustrophobic sense, sitting through this production, of being caught inside the smallest of a set of Chinese boxes, of seeing a play within a play within a play. Whereas the aesthetics of theatre, even in documentary forms, involve some distillation and heightening of factual or mythical reality, here the reverse occurs. The theatrical power of the dramas so recently enacted in the Catonsville draft board and in the Baltimore courtroom are still too present in our memory. They make the present production seem a mere shadow, a flat and tensionless account of the defendants' road to civil disobedience, quite devoid of the liturgical grandeur of the original actions. But I am prejudiced, having sat through the actual trial. *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine,* though second best to the real thing, is, in this coproduction by Leland Hayward and T. Edward Hambleton, an indispensable experience for anyone who cares a damn for the state of affairs in this country.

The New York production of the play is excellently staged—with ironic fittingness—in a small Presbyterian church. The director, Gordon Davidson, has paced the script superbly. The actors, speaking their lines with great forthrightness and simplicity, have an admirable way of communicating the apocalyptic impatience and capacity for sacrifice singular to Catholic anti-war militants. The moral absolutism they express recalls a French Cardinal's description of the nuns of Port Royal: "As pure as angels, and as rebellious as devils." Richard Jordan, as George Mische, and Nancy Malone, as Mary Moylan, are the actors who succeeded best in bringing me back to the Baltimore courtroom.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

THE REVERENDS PHILIP AND DANIEL BERRIGAN, CHIEF PARTICIPANTS IN THE DRAFT-CARD BURNINGS OF MAY 17, 1968, IN CATONSVILLE, MARYLAND

The effective strength of *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* never comes from any artistry but from the force of the historical and political issues it raises, issues that are particularly timely since the Justice Department's recent move to purge the turmoiled Catholic Church of its foremost radical leaders. Indeed, this play dramatizes one of the most curious and unexpected turnabouts in our history: the Catholic Church's transformation in America from a conservative, alien value system nervously trying to prove its patriotism into a vitally polarized community that has begun to produce some of the nation's most committed and innovative social reformers. As for moral issues, *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is about nothing more or less than a doctrine of salvation. As defendant Thomas Lewis says, when asked why he chose to give up several years of his freedom to go to Catonsville: "I had a choice between saving my soul and losing it." The line was spoken, both in court and on the stage, with a certain arrogance, which is, ineluctably, the arrogance of martyrs. ▼

paint it black

"SEEING MUST BE THE ANSWER, OR IS IT?" AN EXHIBITION OF THE BLACK EXPERIENCE IN HOUSTON

By Dale McConathy

At the finish of Ed Bullins's play *The Electronic Nigger*, a college literature professor, full of Henry James and William Faulkner, is confronted by a Black bully who interrupts his class with an arsenal of Third World terminology. The intruder quickly opens up the unsteadiness beneath the professor's cultivated calm. "Reading is the answer . . . it must be," the professor tries to assert; but the audience recognizes only too clearly that it is not.

The impact of "Some American History"—the important, but difficult, exhibition about the Black experience in America at the Institute for the Arts, Rice University, Houston, Texas, until the end of May—is not information but feeling. A diffuse mixture of guts and nostalgia put together by the New York artist Larry Rivers and six Black artists he enlisted for the project: Ellsworth Ausby, Peter Bradley, Frank Bowling, Daniel LaRue Johnson, Joe Overstreet, and William Williams, the exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and other media attempts to resolve the cultural cross fire of our society, the facelessness imposed on Blacks in all the arts by neglect.

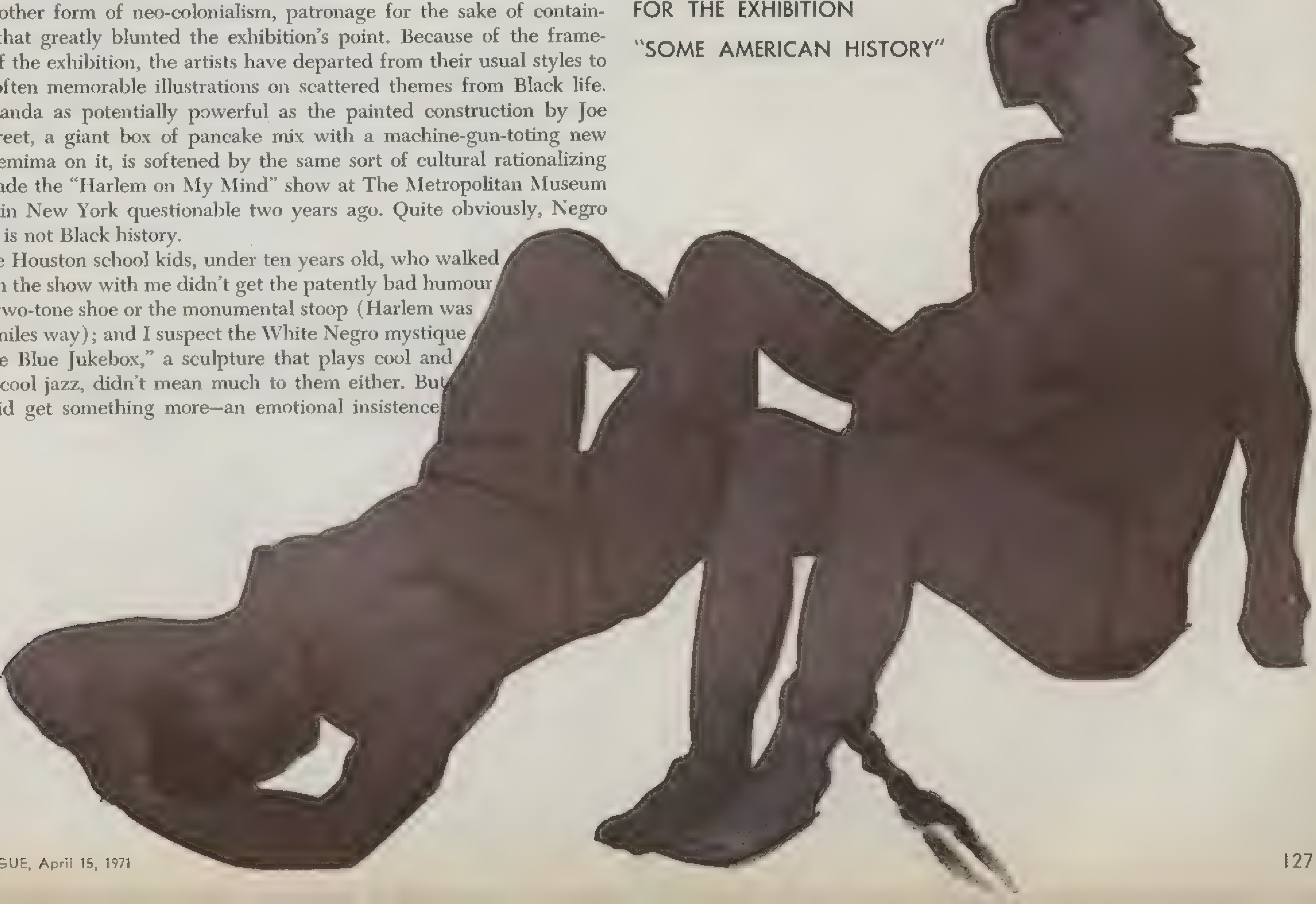
The agony of being Black in America has been invisibility. The shadowy existence of Blacks in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting was perhaps the provocation for the Larry Rivers painted sculpture "I Like Olympia in Black Face" in which Manet's "Olympia" serves as a backdrop for another, Black, Olympia. Apparently, until now, the Currier & Ives stereotype of "the happy nigger" was sufficient. Or was it?

Not that this exhibition represents great art, rather frustration. There are no toothy grins, but the insistence on Black arts and culture seems like another form of neo-colonialism, patronage for the sake of containment, that greatly blunted the exhibition's point. Because of the framework of the exhibition, the artists have departed from their usual styles to make often memorable illustrations on scattered themes from Black life. Propaganda as potentially powerful as the painted construction by Joe Overstreet, a giant box of pancake mix with a machine-gun-toting new Aunt Jemima on it, is softened by the same sort of cultural rationalizing that made the "Harlem on My Mind" show at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York questionable two years ago. Quite obviously, Negro history is not Black history.

The Houston school kids, under ten years old, who walked through the show with me didn't get the patently bad humour of the two-tone shoe or the monumental stoop (Harlem was 1,726 miles way); and I suspect the White Negro mystique of "The Blue Jukebox," a sculpture that plays cool and not so cool jazz, didn't mean much to them either. But they did get something more—an emotional insistence more powerful than just reading or seeing the historical facts and artifacts. Daniel LaRue Johnson, in his major piece "Over Here, Over There," with a Black mother nursing a white baby and white mother nursing a Black baby, overlooks the issues of Black culture to discover the causes of the problems associated with race. For me, the most moving works in this exhibition were the small, tender drawings by Larry Rivers, brown tempera sprayed on silver foil, with the marvellous glistening effect of black flesh.

Shown along with the paintings and sculpture was a brief educational movie, *Slavery: The Black Man and The Man*, direct and persuasive, providing a historical framework, which strikes out at the misery that continues to be produced by the economics of slavery, a system that at its peak held some four billion dollars of capital wealth in human beings. The film is a strong corrective for the tendency to pity the suffering of the individual without being outraged with the system that produced it.

Unforgettably, the exhibition belongs to the victims. At its centre were four figures carved and painted by Larry Rivers in low relief on six-foot-long pieces of plywood, dangling on ropes, a nameless memorial to the victims of lynchings in Florida, Mississippi, and Indiana. When I was there, a tiny girl stepped up to the scaffolding and began to scream to her mother, "What's wrong? What's wrong? What's wrong?" ▼



DRAWING FOR "EIGHT SLAVES"
BY LARRY RIVERS, 1970,
FOR THE EXHIBITION
"SOME AMERICAN HISTORY"

WHO'S AFRAID OF RED, YELLOW, AND BLUE?

"THE STRUCTURE OF COLOUR" SHOW AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

By Barbara Rose

In the mocking title of one of his last monumental colour-field paintings, "Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue II," Barnett Newman asked the question that sums up the central development of recent American painting. Along with his contemporaries Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still, and Ad Reinhardt, Newman laid the groundwork for the post-Cubist style of chromatic abstraction that dominates New York art today. Colour-field paintings by those "first generation" artists were usually limited to a few colours. Most of Newman's paintings, for example, involve the single intense contrast of only two colours. By the end of the 'sixties, however, many artists were extending their palettes to unheard-of ranges, combining perhaps thirty or forty colours in a single work.

Today the triumph of chromatic abstraction is so total that even such initially reductive artists as Ellsworth Kelly, Darby Bannard, Larry Poons, David Novros, and Dan Christensen have been converted to the cause of colour painting. In celebration of this remarkable development, the Whitney Museum in New York has organized "The Structure of Colour," an exhibition presumably documenting the rise of colour painting in America. With plodding pseudo-academicism, the show has included examples of the sources of colour art (Josef Albers, Hans Hofmann), its seminal practitioners (Newman, Rothko, Reinhardt, Still), its fortunate heirs (Morris Louis, Helen Frankenthaler, Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski), its renegade converts (Kelly, Frank Stella, Bannard, and others), and its youngest aspirants (among them Murray Reich, Mario Yrisarry, Harvey Quaytman, Robert Zakanych).

Two of the most important reasons optical colour painting won out over Cubist-derived tactile-value painting in America during the 'sixties were the exhibitions "Post Painterly Abstraction," organized by Clement Greenberg in 1964, and William Seitz's controversial "The Responsive Eye" show, which launched "Op Art" in 1965—to the delight of poster manufacturers and textile designers everywhere. The publicity attending these events created a market for colour paintings; and, the laws of supply and demand being what they are, the supply of colour paintings increased accordingly.

The Whitney has managed to take some of the worst aspects of both these style-making exhibitions and combine them in a show most notable for its exposure of the deteriorating quality of American painting. One soon realized that, generally speaking, the more recent the date, the poorer the work. My explanation for this phenomenon is that few of the newer artists in the exhibition understand anything about the nature or meaning of colour. Indeed, the whole notion of colour as a structuring device is open to question. Colour used denotatively—exclusively to create a certain kind of optical space and retinal vibration—as opposed to connotatively, that is, for its emotive and associative content, may prove an error. If colour is used only as *subject matter,* as opposed to emotional and expressive *content,* it loses a large part of its dimension. Such great colour painters as Hofmann, Louis, and Frankenthaler understand that colour does more than divide a canvas; it creates a certain emotional resonance. The whole enterprise of Op Art on the other hand is a failure, because it reduces colour to a decorative and structural element, ignoring its emotive and expressive content.

One doesn't expect a colour show to be dreary; yet the general effect of the Whitney show has been depressing. Much of the work, especially by the young artists, was interchangeable with the work of many other artists not in the show in terms of its mediocre quality and familiarity. Many of the painters in the exhibition have used colour so insensitively that the colours themselves appeared equally interchangeable in their arbitrariness. There's no point in identifying better colour artists than those in the Whitney show; everybody has his own friends, and at this point inclusion in a museum show is a chance operation. "The Structure of Colour" has been but the latest view of the new academy. It certified the period style of the 'sixties with museum approval. A typically "democratic" Whitney show, it has had a little of this, a little of that, and a few bows to your local minority groups by way of a Black painter and a lady liberationist who changed her name so she wouldn't owe men a thing. Mainly the exhibition has proved that today nobody is afraid of red, yellow, and blue. Unfortunately, a lot of people ought to be. ▼

Little Joe:

The rags-to-Warhol story of the star of "Flesh" and "Trash"

Joe Dallesandro, opposite, photographed in a mirror so that his tattoo, "Little Joe," appears here in reverse, is the first really big star to come out of the New York film underground. Part of the Andy Warhol stable for four years, Dallesandro in *Flesh,* directed by Paul Morrissey, is, surprisingly, the largest grossing star in the largest grossing film in West Germany, of all places; and his latest, *Trash,* is a slow-burning hit, particularly on campuses. Short, with pimples, deadpan bordering on *rigor mortis,* Dallesandro has an endearing way of ducking his head and delivering his nowhere lines into his chest. His bland, blank-faced ways draw comparisons to Dietrich and Garbo; but his is a new uni-sexed glamour. Because of his down-and-out rôles, fans write begging him to give up drugs and hustling. Dallesandro, who goes home to a wife, baby, and loft he is rebuilding, is a bit confused by the letters: "I never took drugs . . ." and shy about his battered-child past. When Warhol discovered him, Dallesandro was working as a bookbinder and came along to The Factory with a friend out of curiosity. Even today, Dallesandro is more proud of his job as custodian at Warhol's Union Square studio than of his acting. (His brother was Warhol's chauffeur.) Rattling his heavy ring of keys, he said: "Paul [Morrissey] says to me, 'Don't act, just stand there.' " For young film fans crazy with nostalgia, Dallesandro's attraction is much like that of Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp: the winning, superior charm of a David against all the Goliaths, the triumph of an effortless innocence over a society that leans too hard on the little guys.

JACK ROBINSON

THE PERILS OF BEING MORE WIFE THAN WOMAN

THE SURPRISING MESSAGE OF THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE LA TOUR DU PIN IN FRANCE AND ALBANY, N. Y.

By Judith Peabody

"Those who knew her said it was rare to find such strength combined with so much charm, such serenity with such conscientiousness, such steadfast devotion to duty with such kindliness."

—AMYAR DE LIEDEKERKE BEAUFORT,
GREAT-GRANDSON
OF MADAME DE LA TOUR DU PIN

Madame de La Tour du Pin, her resourcefulness, her adaptability, and her always strong sense of personal dignity are the romantic stuff from which heroines are made. One of the most fascinating books of this season, *Memoirs of Madame de La Tour du Pin,* edited and translated by Felice Harcourt (The McCall Publishing Company), a brilliant portrait of an eighteenth-century French woman who lived part of her life in America, reveals perhaps more than even she intended.

Frustrated by her mother's rejection of her devotion and hurt by her death when she was only twelve; tyrannized by her bad-tempered grandmother who raised her; anguished by the loss of her father, father-in-law, and closest friends to the guillotine; and forever saddened by the early deaths of six of her seven children, Madame de La Tour du Pin nevertheless continued undaunted to do whatever had to be done, accepting her tragedies as part of life.

Her calm, her intelligence throughout the terror of the French Revolution, and her great physical stamina are impressively characteristic. Her determination and courage enabled her to secure passage for herself, her husband, two children, and a friend on a ship bound for America. It was she who was up at three o'clock in the morning supervising the farm in Albany and making certain that her dairy was the most efficient and spotless. "My young imagination was . . . inclined to dwell on thoughts of ruin and poverty. This prophetic instinct . . . made me want to learn all the handicrafts necessary to a poor girl. . . ." The careful study she made of the living habits of her servants and her excellent memory prepared her well for the drastic changes of her life. And, several years later when back in France, she again asserted herself with Napoleon when her husband was dismissed from his post and politely but firmly insisted that he be given a new appointment immediately. She was successful.

With such displays of bravery and endurance, it is impossible not to wonder what rôle she would play today. Too feminine, too loyal to the Establishment of her time to be a Weatherman or a leader of Women's Liberation, and too practical to be a nonconformer, she saw, nevertheless, many contradictions in French life. Yet, in these equally violent times, with such self-conviction about her duty as an aristocrat and a wife, Madame de La Tour du Pin today might well have had the same disdain for the (Continued on page 155)

Madame de La Tour du Pin, 1770-1853

THEATRE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

The sudden, mature birth of The Chelsea Theater Center

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

Suddenly it seems—dare we say it?—that a corner has been turned. New York has had the best season in years. *Subject to Fits* at the New York Shakespeare Festival; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Broadway; Claire Bloom in *A Doll's House;* the Phoenix Theatre's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* and *The School For Wives;* and perhaps most significantly of all, the blossoming of The Chelsea Theater Center at the Brooklyn Academy of Music into the most adventurous professional theatre in the country.

Chelsea, in its present guise, is three years old. For three years before that, it was one of Off-Off-Broadway's institutions, operating out of a couple of churches in the west Twenties. Then a year ago it was invited to join the reorganizing Academy of Music and promptly found itself past the contribution box and into a $300,000-a-year budget.

Many artistic directors forget both their art and their direction when plunged into such riches. Robert Kalfin, a thirty-seven-year-old Yale Drama School graduate who believes in both relevance and irrelevance, presented LeRoi Jones's *Slave Ship,* William Golding's *The Brass Butterfly,* Edward Bond's *Saved,* and *Tarot,* a musical conceived by San Francisco hippies. The success of the individual productions was inconsistent. *Slave Ship* was devastating and *Saved* chilling; *Tarot* was mixed up and *The Brass Butterfly* boring. But the success of an individual production is not everything, particularly when a theatre is a continuous and evolutionary institution. Every single production at Chelsea has been unique, definite, strong.

Each production was presented in a different house, even though they were in the same place up on the Academy's fourth floor. Chelsea rebuilds its theatre for each production, an arena for *Slave Ship,* a thrust stage for *Tarot,* and so on. This is the most modern kind of stage setting, making the theatre environment itself the set.

The theatre for the most recent Chelsea production—Heathcote Williams's *AC/DC*—is a parody of a proscenium house. *AC/DC* means to be McLuhan Age theatre. The trouble with *AC/DC* is that (in McLuhanese) it is linear material, "hot" and therefore applied in vain to the "cool" medium of television. It is also badly outclassed by the weird spook of the monitor screens and their instant replay of the action. Finally, the author's thing on electronic media comes from drugs rather than the electronics, which is going down the wrong country road.

Nevertheless, our theatre must sooner or later come to grips with the video reality and *AC/DC,* as the first to try, was predictably shaky in new territory. It is still new and fascinating—predictably "Chelsea"—and will be followed by a new play by John Argue, *Eros and Psyche,* and next season by the overdue American premiere of Genêt's *The Screens.* This is dream programming and makes Chelsea the ideal regional theatre, combining adventurous taste with professional production. Its sudden and mature birth is an appropriate miracle to symbolize the resurrection of New York theatre.

At least for a little while this season. ▼

"VAIN SERVILE BORES ARE WE,"

said Germaine Greer, a woman so abundantly liberated she likes men

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN

I have always considered myself something of an Uncle Tom in the field of Women's Liberation. Like many women who have achieved, in marriage and work, a fairly comfortable equipoise, I have been sympathetic but not militant toward the embattled lady liberationists. I read Betty Friedan, found Kate Millett's book informative and scholarly, dropped by once at a local Women's Lib group, while I protest dutifully at parties about women's pay.

Then I read Germaine Greer's book *The Female Eunuch* (McGraw-Hill) and my careful equipoise shattered.

In this intelligent, funny, and beautifully written book, Germaine Greer has made her contribution to changing our consciousness by showing us that we are as yet unfitted for the revolution. Vain, servile bores are we, says Germaine Greer, and we believe her. Circumscribed by the institution of marriage, propagandized on romantic love, we suffer not from penis envy, as Freud would have us believe, but from the castration of our true female personality; this is not the fault of men, but our own, and history's. What we must do is to open up a bigger landscape, "retrieve our power of invention," unleash our particular female energy in a world badly in need of it. Seek honour no matter how hard the task, for the reward will be our greater happiness. It is not reform that is required, she argues, but a revolutionary change in the social structure.

So generous and bold is Germaine Greer's personality, so agreeably in favour of men, that many will be persuaded by her words. The hardback print order in England has been extraordinary, and the paperback rights were sold to Bantam Books for $150,000.

Germaine Greer is bound to have as great an impact in America as she did in Britain. She is an Australian, born in 1939, nearly six feet tall, with a long Pre-Raphaelite face and a voice that can be both gently winning and stridently vulgar. She rose like a phoenix from the ashes of a deadening middle-class Melbourne background and a convent education and was borne by a series of scholarships to Cambridge University, with degrees from Melbourne and Sydney. To England she brought with her a certain fame acquired in Australia as a member of an outrageous liberation group nurtured on Wilhelm Reich and Marx. She acquired a Ph.D. in English; confounded most of her contemporaries with the quality of her mind; sang, danced, and acted. She next fell for the pop scene, became a groupie, and began to write for the underground press. Richard Neville, another Australian, and like Germaine a superstar in the London underground world, recalls the first time he met her in Sydney when he was not much more than twenty years old. "She came up to me and put her hand on my right nipple and squeezed it. She said, 'You don't realize that male nipples have a powerful tactile sexuality.' I was terribly taken aback."

Germaine Greer has contributed to Neville's highly successful magazine, *Oz*. Her first piece was about the hazards of making love with Englishmen. They tend, she explains, to say such things as "Would you mind leaving your boots on," or "Let's pretend you're dead." She also wrote a piece on the dangers of legalizing pot, arguing that if legalized, it would only fall into the hands of the big-time exploiters. And she recently contributed her views on the advantage for women of the superior position in lovemaking.

She has also done a television comedy series, has debated on television with Jonathan Miller and others, has appeared as a sort of baroque Marlene Dietrich in an underground movie, and meanwhile has led a fairly promiscuous private life. Germaine Greer likes men.

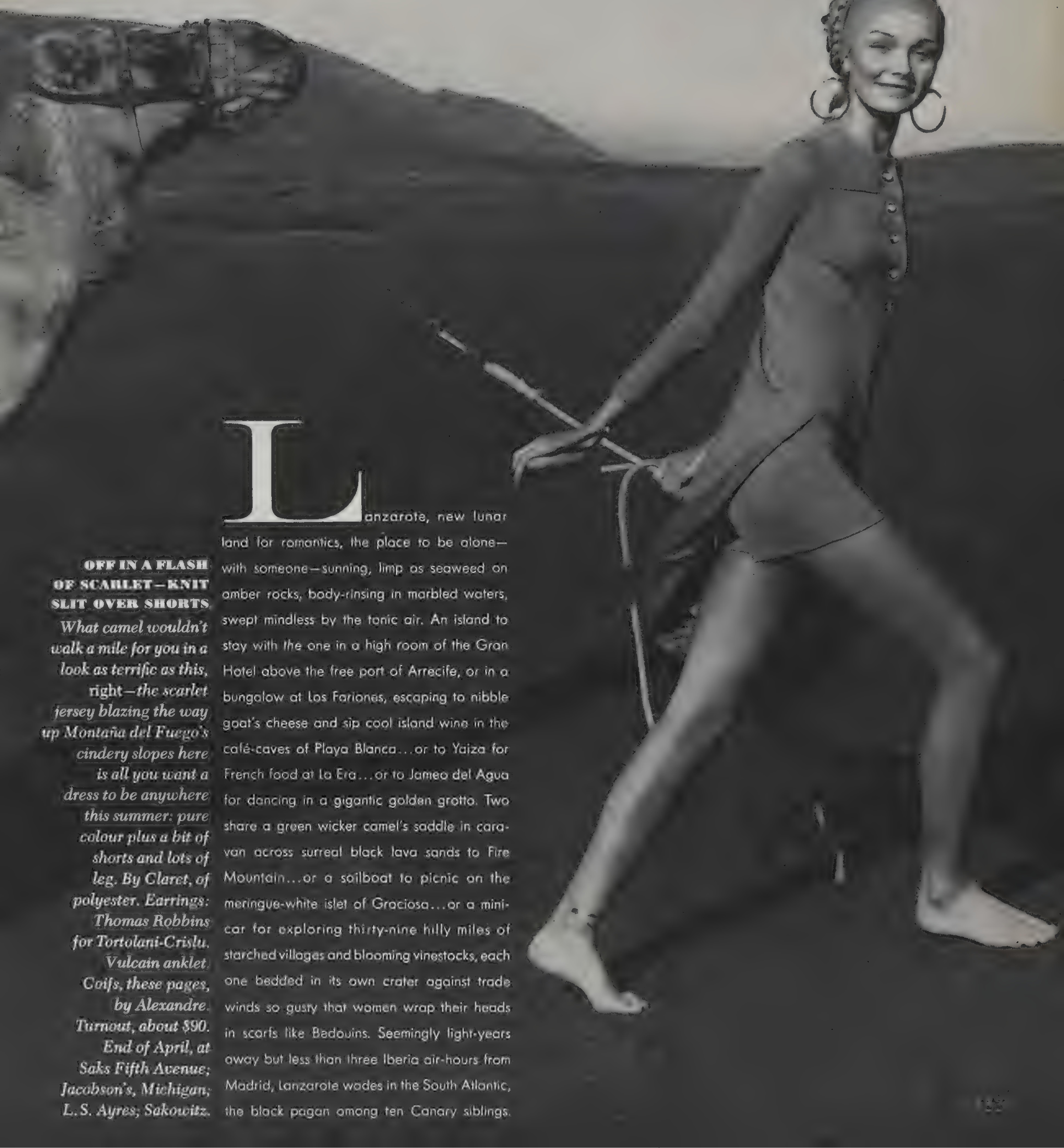
Germaine Greer is a senior tutor in English at Warwick University, where she looks after the problems of "her girls" with the loving attention of an emancipated Jean Brodie. Her next book will be on the subject of women's education, their contribution to culture, an assessment of why women have not produced a Beethoven. She bridges the world of the hippie underground and the academic establishment and keeps her mind intact and her heart open. In that manner Germaine Greer contributes to both worlds effectively. She is a super heroine and we need more like her. ▼

Bold, generous, outrageous, Germaine Greer, left, who wrote the best-seller* The Female Eunuch, *to be published here by McGraw-Hill on April 19, wants to unleash female energy on a world in need of it. Already a scandalous success in England,* The Female Eunuch *goes further than any book on Women's Lib has yet gone. Germaine Greer finds the conventional distinctions between the sexes superstitious, doesn't understand why women don't want power or to have some fun with sex.

THE
SUNAWAYS

OFF TO SUMMER WHEREVER IT'S HOT

16 pages photographed by Arnaud de Rosnay in Lanzarote, one of the Spanish Canary Islands



OFF IN A FLASH OF SCARLET—KNIT SLIT OVER SHORTS *What camel wouldn't walk a mile for you in a look as terrific as this, right—the scarlet jersey blazing the way up Montaña del Fuego's cindery slopes here is all you want a dress to be anywhere this summer: pure colour plus a bit of shorts and lots of leg. By Claret, of polyester. Earrings: Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Vulcain anklet. Coifs, these pages, by Alexandre. Turnout, about $90. End of April, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz.*

Lanzarote, new lunar land for romantics, the place to be alone—with someone—sunning, limp as seaweed on amber rocks, body-rinsing in marbled waters, swept mindless by the tonic air. An island to stay with the one in a high room of the Gran Hotel above the free port of Arrecife, or in a bungalow at Los Fariones, escaping to nibble goat's cheese and sip cool island wine in the café-caves of Playa Blanca…or to Yaiza for French food at La Era…or to Jameo del Agua for dancing in a gigantic golden grotto. Two share a green wicker camel's saddle in caravan across surreal black lava sands to Fire Mountain…or a sailboat to picnic on the meringue-white islet of Graciosa…or a mini-car for exploring thirty-nine hilly miles of starched villages and blooming vinestocks, each one bedded in its own crater against trade winds so gusty that women wrap their heads in scarfs like Bedouins. Seemingly light-years away but less than three Iberia air-hours from Madrid, Lanzarote wades in the South Atlantic, the black pagan among ten Canary siblings.

SUNAWAY SPOTS— BARE ARMS, LEGS, MIDRIFF

A horizon of camels, left, against mirage-white sky in a lunar land of cones, craters, black lava earth, and, in the foreground, a little more camel— just enough to colour the white-stitched knit tunic you see wrapped over so much shining suntanned skin (which might get that sunaway with L'Oréal's Ambre Solaire Total Tanning Creme). Tunic and panties by S.S.H. for Mr. Mort, in Arnel and nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler fabric). Cap by Pierre Cardin Paris New York. Turnout, about $11; junior sizes. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hengerer's; Swanson's.

Lilac, red, blue on a cool field of voile, above— the only flowers in sight among Lanzarote's volcanic hills. Voile shirt and skirt over a two-piece broadcloth bathing suit by Brigance Waterclothes; Trevira and cotton (Septra fabrics). Each, about $18. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Jacobson's, Michigan.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SPANISH SUNAWAYS —FRESH PLACES TO GO

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SUNAWAY RUNAWAYS— CAPPED HEADS, SHORT SHORTS

Spring to your step, summer to your look, far left above, *as you take to Haría's palmy roads in brown jersey shirt and reversible batik shorts. By Anne Klein. Espadrilles by Juan Bibiloni Canovas. Ban-Lon shirt of Antron nylon, about $20; beige-rust-brown cotton shorts, about $24. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Swinging into the picture—and sea—at the bay of El Golfo,* far left, *the look runs to white piqué bra and shorts, white leather belt, handpainted silk cap streamering out alongside. By Grès; Simonnot-Godard cotton. All to order at I. Magnin. Clean white,* above, *against the whitewashed houses of Haría—seersucker shirt and shorts, all the brighter for a touch of navy rickrack and plenty of golden skin. Cotton shirt and shorts by Jamison. Midriff top by Ship 'n Shore. Shirt and shorts, about $35. Bergdorf Goodman; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Jersey caps, both pages: Pierre Cardin Paris-New York.*

A sweep of Spanish sun festivals from lunar islands on the wind-rinsed Atlantic to the rippling Mediterranean, to sun-soaked ski slopes . . . "Ibiza is a dream, a place for lovers," Vicomtesse de Ribes said about this Balearic Island where she is building a summer house. "This is my Spanish period," she explained, showing photographs of her end of the island. "It's on the west at Cala Salada, the setting-sun side where it is all small sandy coves, beautiful for swimming, and private. Those white spots scattered in the scrub pines are houses already built, but none are higher than a treetop. My winter house is in the old city of Ibiza on the east, rising-sun side."

During the building, Jacqueline de Ribes shuttling on Iberia from Paris to Barcelona and on to Ibiza, stays at Hotel El Corso, small, old-fashioned, open only in summer. "My room overlooks the old city which is beautiful. The place where you leave and receive messages is the Café El Montesol on the big plaza, rather like Senequier at St. Tropez. Restaurants are often French; bars, English; shops of all nationalities. There are masses of boutiques, especially good with leather.

"My favourite restaurant, in an old white arcaded house in the old city, is El Olivo, run by a Frenchman from Alsace whom everybody calls Mr. Siegfried. Lower in the old city, where a younger group goes, El Brasero, run by a young French couple, changes menus every night. The nightclub in the old city is Lola's; in the country, it's Club San Rafael. The marvellous beach is Las Salinas. Behind the beach is a lovely pine forest; beyond it, salt flats.

"Life on Ibiza is simple. Extravagance in clothes is normal—let your imagination go."

Then, you can let yourself go to another climate—in Spain's sun-soaked snows:

"Skiing in the Sierras, you soak in sunshine, look down over the Mediterranean, and see across to Africa," said the Duquesa de Arión, who does. On the snowed mountain backdrop of Granada, people ski above timberline from November to May; all year on peaks over eleven thousand feet high. The place to stay: Sol y Nieve, an attractive new Meliá hotel—chalet-wooden balconies, heated outdoor pool, tennis in summer. Specialty: Trevélez ham cured in Sierra snows. (Continued on page 153)

UNAWAY SHIRTDRESSES

Knit shirtdress in T-formation, above—red sleeve, yellow sleeve, and navy the rest of the way. By Sacony, of Arnel. Earrings by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Vulcain belt, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sandals by Vittoriana. Dress, about $28. Macy's; Burdine's; Halle's-Cleveland; Boston Store. White and open as summer, near right, a little sailcloth shirtdress that's just the thing for doing the red-hot volcano tour around Lanzarote. By Ginori, in permanently pressed Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). Vulcain choker, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Gucci belt. Capobianco sandals. Dress, about $48. In May, at Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson. Nomadic-red-and-white stripes buttoned to the hem, far right, taking like a Bedouin to the countryside around Haria. By R & K Originals, in Arnel and nylon. Shirtdress sash wrapped around cap. Espadrilles by Juan Bibiloni Canovas. Dress, about $28. Bloomingdale's; L. S. Ayres; Vandever's; Frost Bros.; The Denver; J. W. Robinson. All caps by Pierre Cardin Paris-New York.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SUNAWAY PRINTS—LITTLE PATTERNS, LOTS OF WHITE

Pattern over pattern, long skirt over shorts, far left—*black-red-white linen print-stripes to the ankle, black-and-white cotton to wrist and thigh. (Lots more white in the background—El Golfo's geometric salt flats.) Ungaro Parallèle turnout; Sonja Knapp print. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Navy-and-white patterns having a field day,* near left, *on airy cotton voile—shirt, shorts, plus a strapping white leather belt. By Jaeger. Cap: Pierre Cardin Paris-New York. Calderon belt. Shirt, about $30; shorts, about $20. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteters. Big cat print,* right, *sunning itself near Haría, the skirt unbuttoned and the shorts as scant as can be. By Wilroy, in Du Pont nylon. I. J. Herman hat. Earrings: Flemming for Judith McCann. Vulcain choker, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Cuff by Celia Sebiri. Golo sandals. Shirt, shorts, skirt, about $70. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; May D & F.*

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SUNAWAY SPLITS AND THE BRIGHTEST WHITE

When all you want is the sun and the moon...left, *this is the dress, from Grès—sheer white jersey gathered into a bandeau and pouring like milk over honey skin and white cotton piqué shorts. Châtillon-Mouly-Roussel jersey. Earrings by Grès. Flat golden sandals by Capobianco. Dress, to order at I. Magnin. Cardin's tennis-or-not whites,* right, *to wear anywhere under the sun—crisp Fibranne split over attached white shorts....Wear it with an enormous straw hat to catch the breezes rippling over Lanzarote's Montañas del Fuego, a black volcanic moonscape warmed by a Canary-yellow sun....Labbe fabric. Hat by Drebert. Sandals by Capobianco. Dress, to order at Bonwit Teller.*

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

**SUNAWAY WHITE—
THE LEGGY KNITS**

White spare ribs, far left, *on a hot-weather perch high in the Montañas del Fuego—the view's terrific and so's the zippy white T-shirt with matching shorts. By Jantzen, of Dacron (Texfi fabric). Shirt, about $18; shorts, about $9. Lord & Taylor; The Denver; J. W. Robinson. Wear white head to toe in the sun,* centre—*white cap snug as a surgeon's, white knit pants suit with leather piping, white sandals. Pants suit by Joe Frank of Houston, of Dacron. About $80. Mark Cross bag. Capobianco sandals. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. White knit pants and unbuttoned shirt,* left—*the better to fill in a suntan. . . .The Lanzarote sun here warms fields of cactus near the town of Guatiza. Turnout by Malibu, of Avlin polyester (Stevcoknit fabric). Earrings by K.J.L. Shaker Design pendant. Shirt, about $15; pants, about $18. At Gimbels. All caps by Pierre Cardin Paris-New York.*

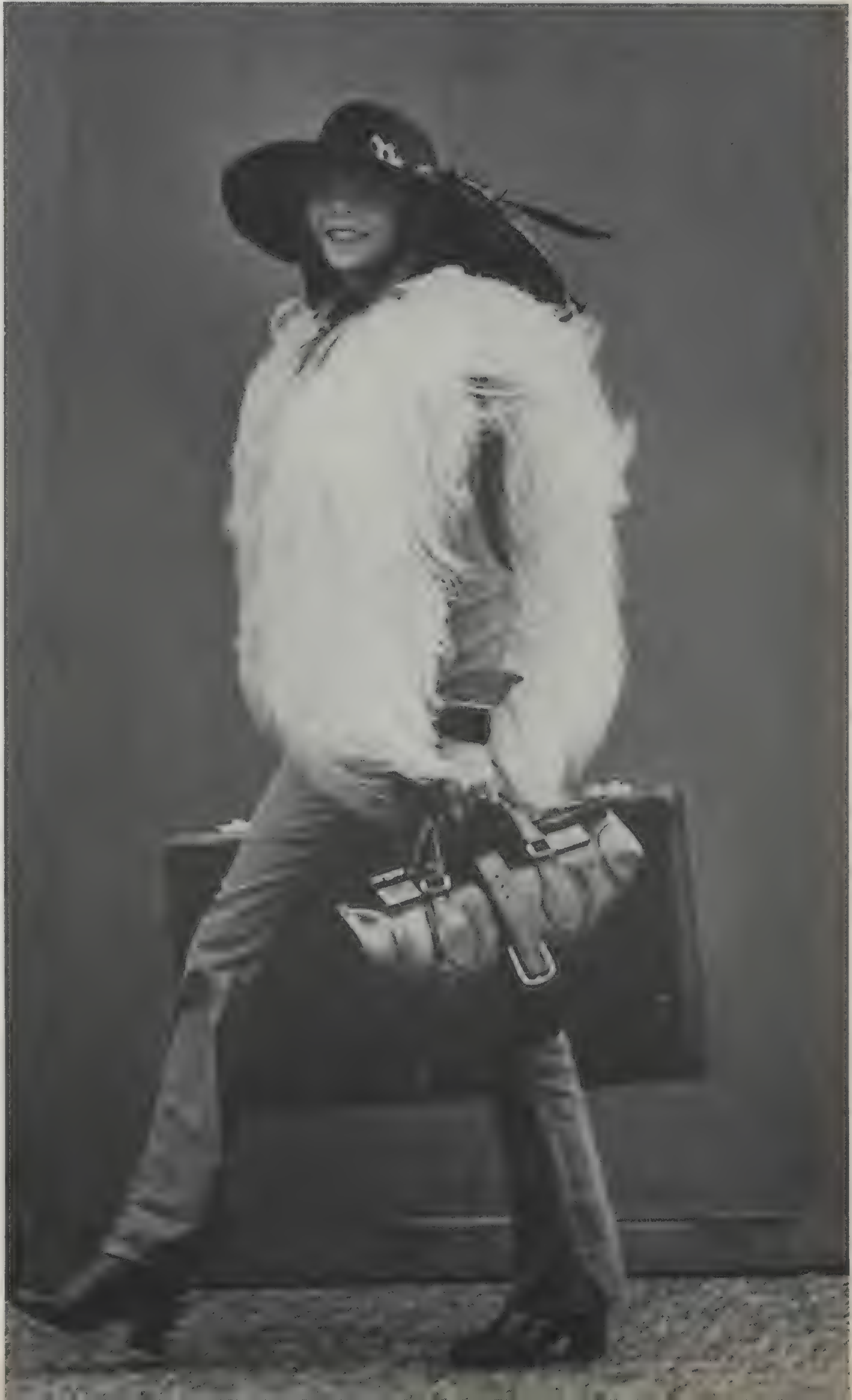
ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SUNAWAY STRETCHES—THE BITS AND PIECES THAT GET OUT AND GO UNDER

Take a little stretch for yourself, far left: *second-skin camisole and teeny bikini in taupe stretch lace to wear under this… under that… and sometimes to sleep in. Both from The Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform, of nylon. Top, about $5; bikini, about $2. At Altman's; Manchester's; The Denver; J. W. Robinson. Jump into blue,* left: *small, sleek denimy-blue jumpshorts stitched in red—the everything underthing, on its own in the sun, or with skirts, jeans, shorts, et cetera. By Gossard-Artemis, of cotton, Du Pont nylon, and Lycra. About $7. At Lord & Taylor; Filene's; The Denver; J. W. Robinson…. Lanzarote background, both pages: fantastic collages of rock scrubbed by the tides of El Golfo bay. All coiffures on these sixteen pages, by Alexandre.*

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



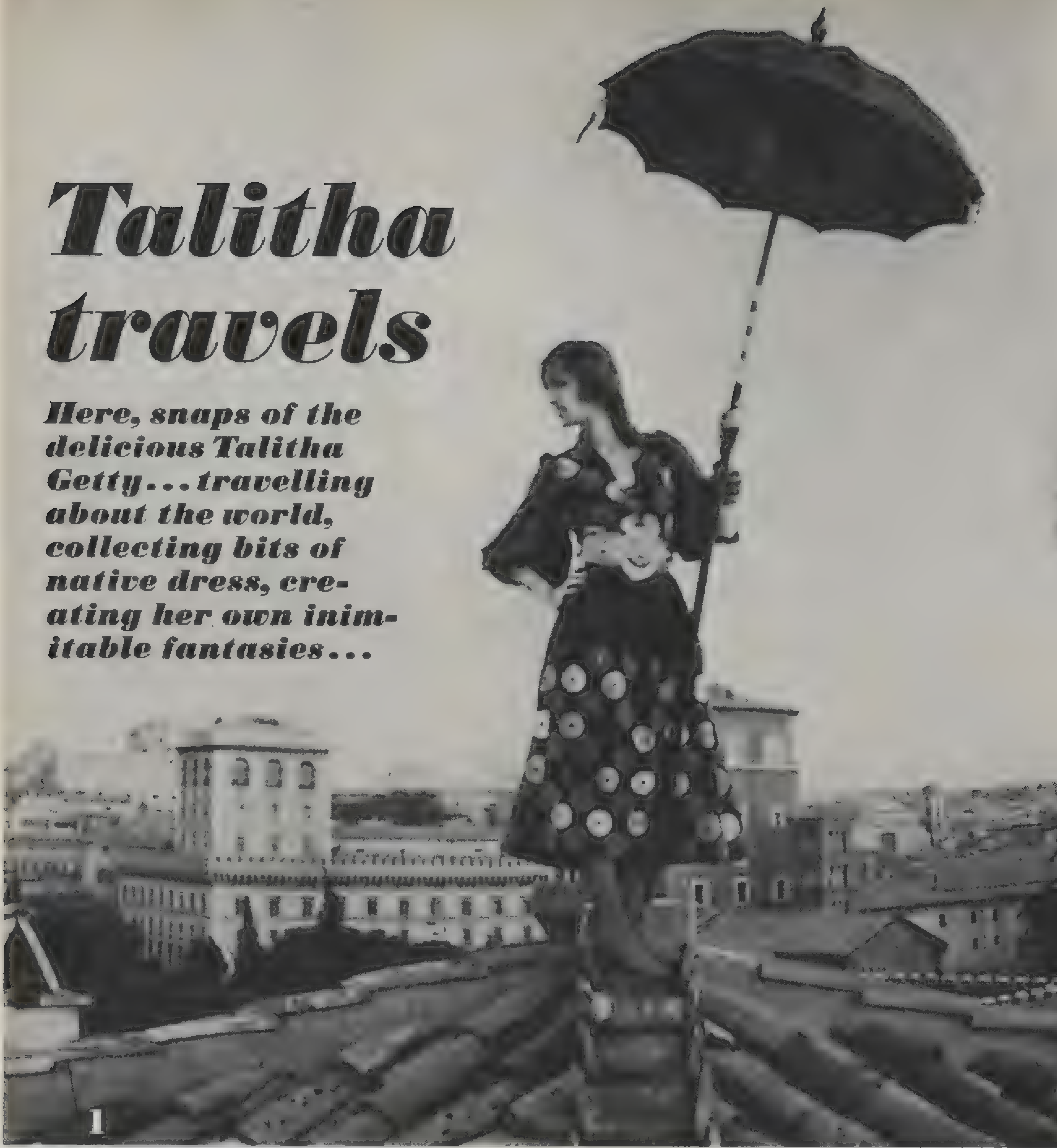
Miss Tree flees

HERE'S PENELOPE, OFF AND RUNNING, IN ONE OF THE BEST COATS AROUND: A GREAT, SLEEVELESS FURRY BALL OF PALE YAK FUR. $80 AT ABRACADABRA, 243 EAST 60TH STREET . . . HER ROMANTIC BLACK VELVET CAVALIER HAT BY YVES SAINT LAURENT, RIVE GAUCHE, 30 BIS RUE SPONTINI, PARIS . . . HER CLASSIC BLUE-DENIM JEANS AND CHELSEA COBBLER BOOTS . . . AND, OF COURSE, HER DOLLY SUITCASE, "FROM LONDON—SELFRIDGE'S BASEMENT—IT COSTS NOTHING AND IT'S AS STURDY AS A ROCK!" AND HER BEAUTIFUL CARRY-ON BAG OF BURNISHED LEATHER, CUSTOM-MADE FOR HER IN ITALY. . . .

CALMETTES

Talitha travels

Here, snaps of the delicious Talitha Getty . . . travelling about the world, collecting bits of native dress, creating her own inimitable fantasies . . .



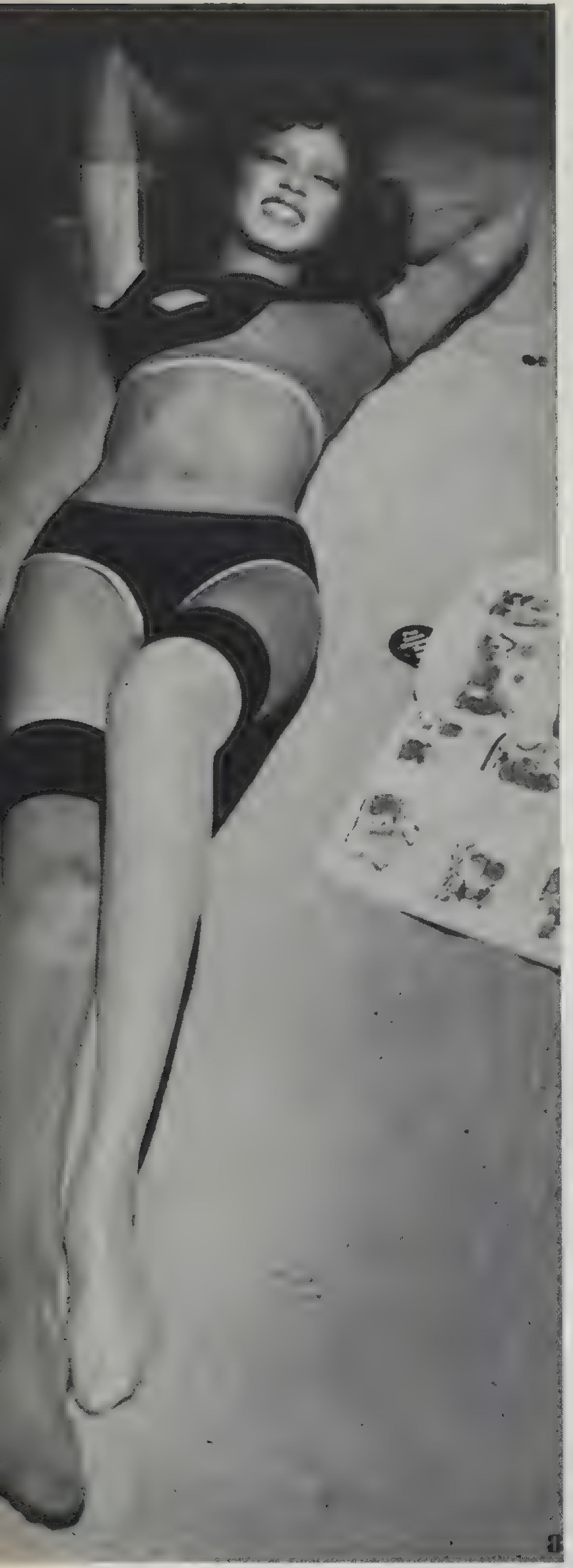
1. TALITHA ON A ROMAN ROOFTOP: DRESS FROM LEBANON, BRIGHT WITH MIRRORS AND EMBROIDERY OF ORANGE, GREEN, AND BLUE; UMBRELLA FROM BALI; SILVER BELT FROM IRAN. . . . **2.** TALITHA ON THE ALBERT BRIDGE IN LONDON: WREATH OF GREEN LEAVES; COSTUME OF BRIGHT QUILTED CALICO BY TUFFIN & FOALE, 1 MARLBOROUGH COURT, LONDON. . . . **3.** TALITHA IN A DUTCH FISHING VILLAGE: CHARMING WHITE EMBROIDERED CAP, AND, **4,** LAYERED SKIRTS, SHIRT, AND VEST IN A JUMBLE OF COLOURS, PATTERNS. CAP, $4; COSTUME, ABOUT $40. SYTJEBOES, MONIKENDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. . . . **5.** TALITHA IN MARRAKECH: COPPER CROWN FROM MOROCCO, RED-AND-BLACK BERBER WEDDING DRESS, RED CANVAS BOOTS FROM LONDON. . . . **6.** TALITHA IN ROME: WHITE COTTON HAREM PANTS, TURBAN AND SHIRT RUN UP BY HER CONCIERGE. . . .

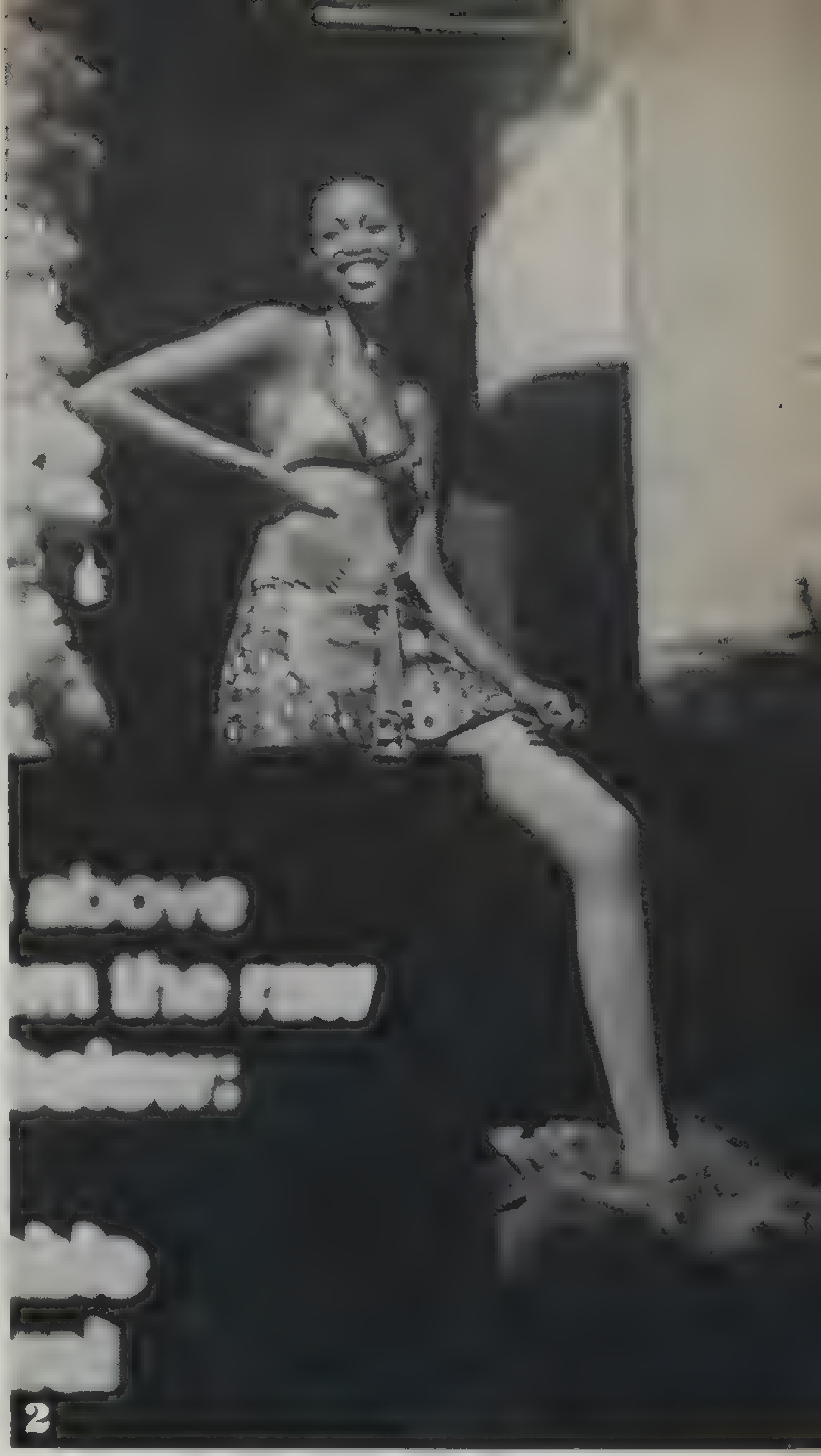
MAURICE HOGENBOOM

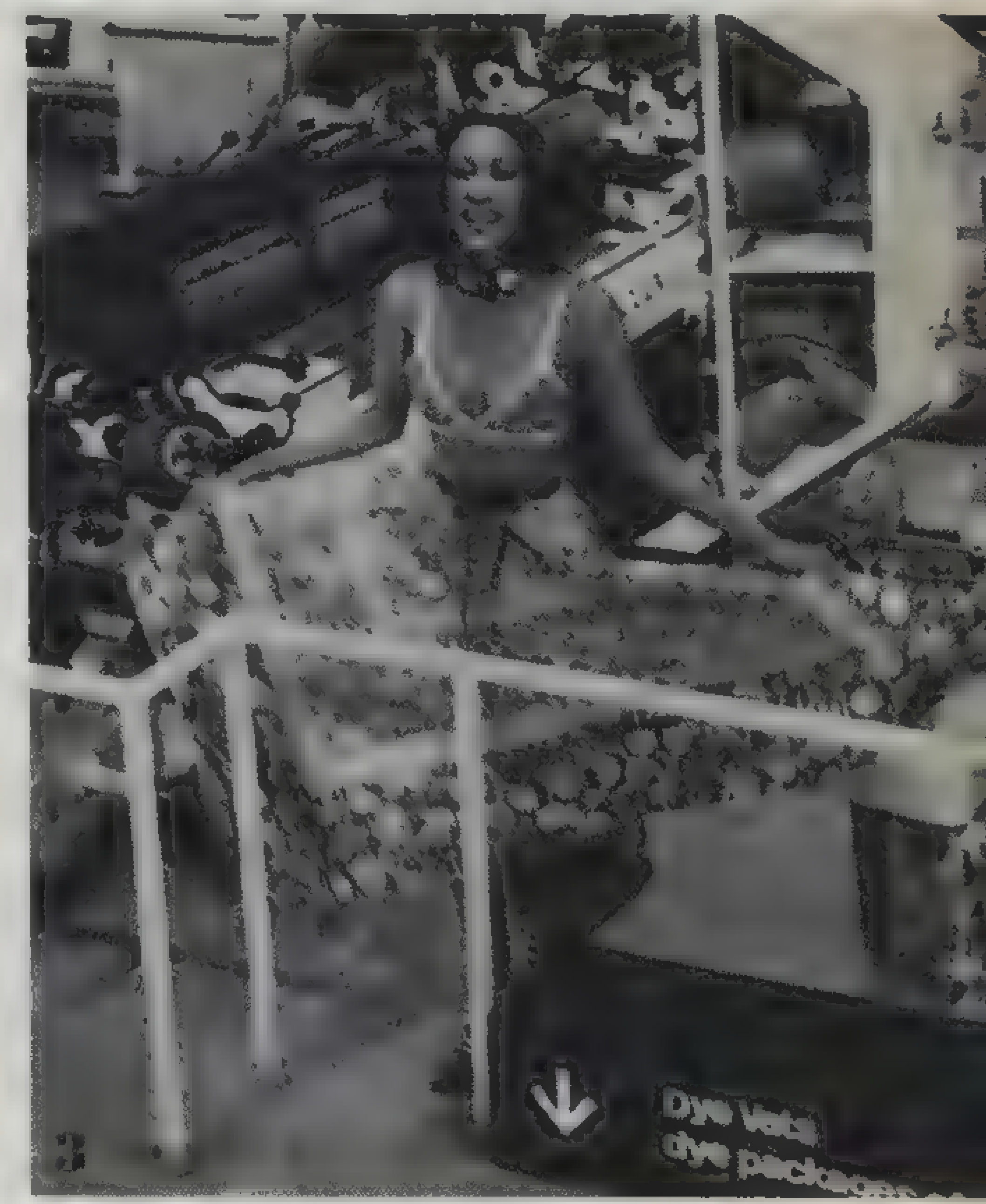
More on next page

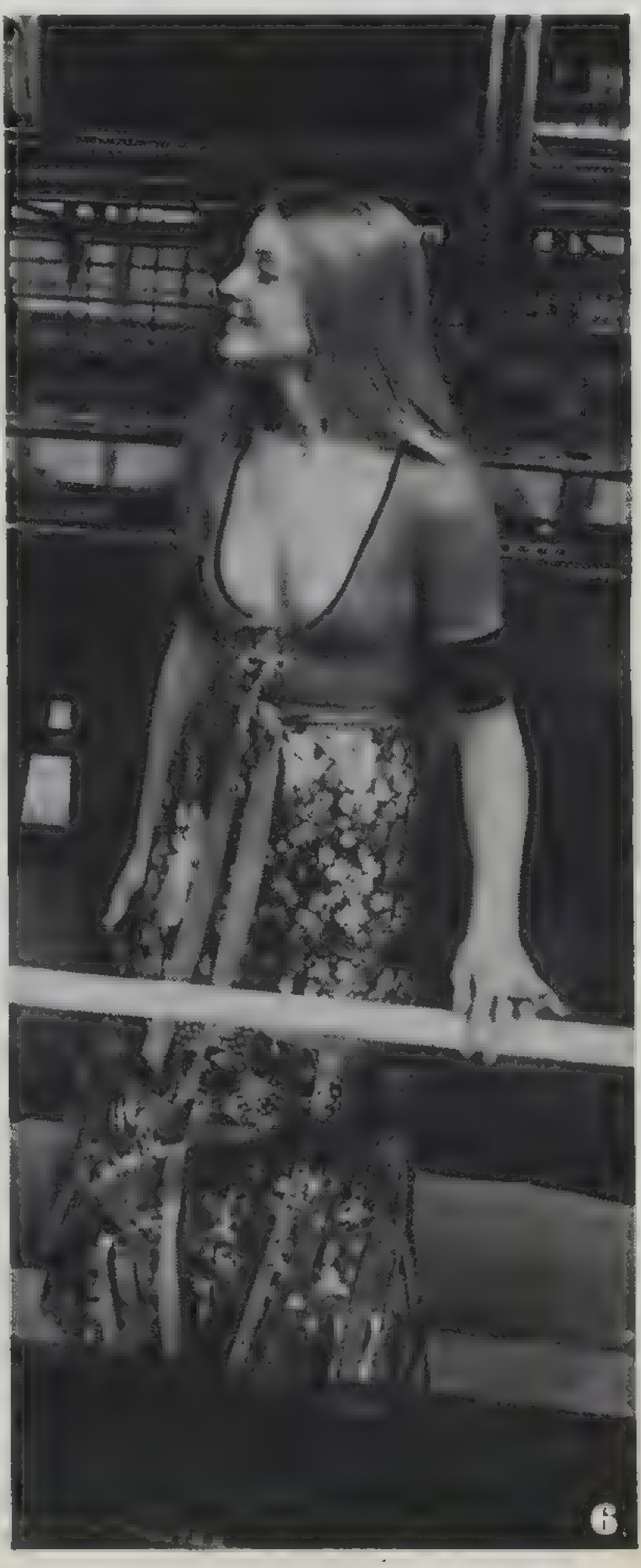
Moving with Giorgio

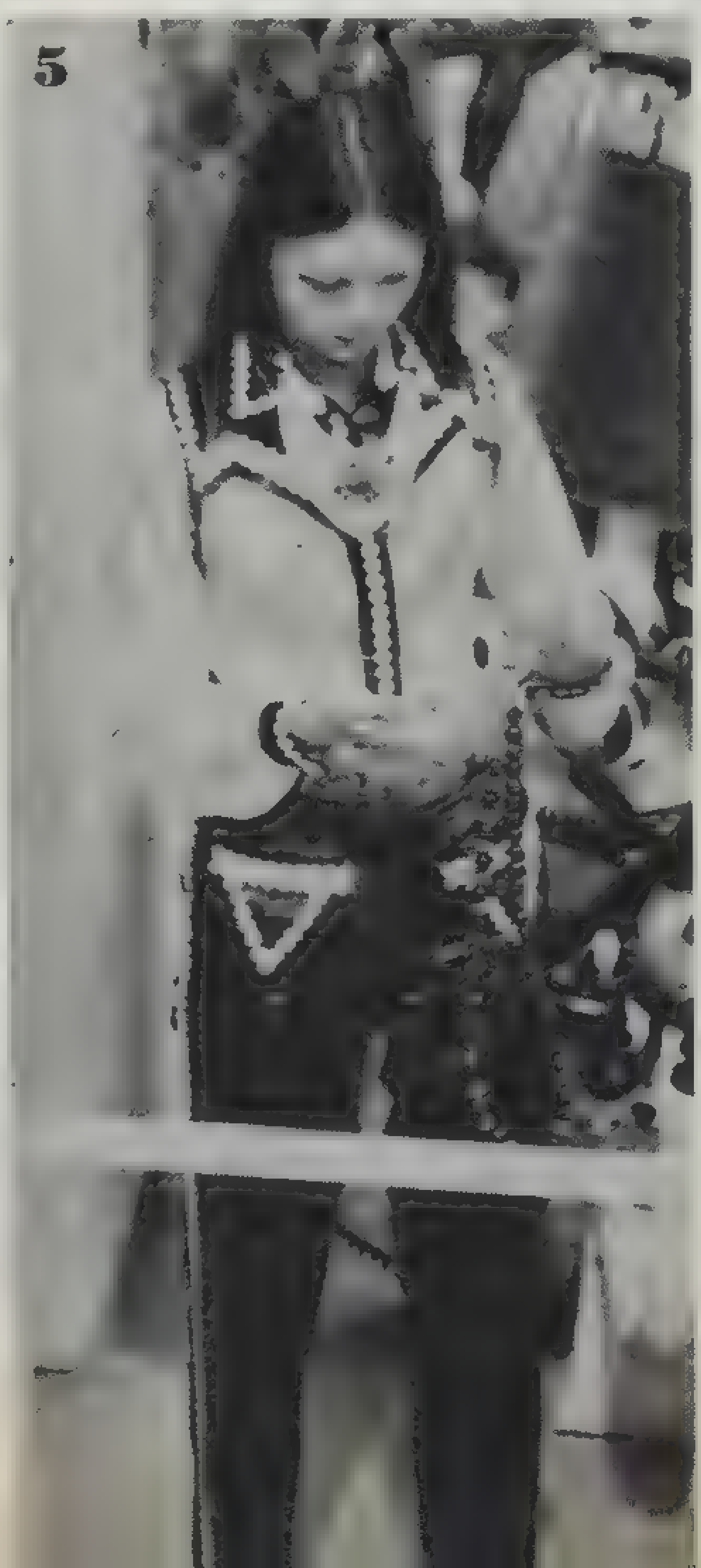
GIORGIO DI SANT' ANGELO IS ONE DESIGNER WHO UNDERSTANDS FAST-MOVING MODERN LIFE . . . SHOWING HIS SUMMER COLLECTION IN BURLINGTON HOUSE'S EXHIBIT HALL CALLED "THE MILL"—A FANTASTIC SETTING FOR A SPECTACULAR APPROACH—FIFTY OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MODELS IN NEW YORK WERE ALL MIXED UP WITH THE MACHINERY, WEARING VIVID SCARLET, VERMILLION, GREEN, AND TURQUOISE PRINTS. BUT FOR ALL THE FLASH AND DASH, GIORGIO IS A PRACTICAL DESIGNER—HIS CLOTHES ENDLESSLY ADAPTABLE, COMFORTABLE—THE BRILLIANT PRINTS ON SLITHERY PANNE VELVET AND THE ELASTICIZED MATTE JERSEY HE HIMSELF HAS HELPED TO DEVELOP, WEIGH NOTHING, PACK LIKE A DREAM, AND LOOK SPECTACULAR WHEREVER IN THE WORLD YOU ARE. . . . HERE, A FEW SNAPS FROM THE SHOW. . . . **1.** THE GIRLS, THE MACHINES, AND THE MILLING CROWD. **2.** SNAPPY LITTLE SKIRT, STRETCHY BRA TOP. **3.** A SPIN OF COLOURFUL FLOWERED SKIRT. **4.** SPANGLED TIGHTS. **5.** A "PEARLIE" RIG. **6.** DEEP DÉCOLLETÉ JERSEY, LONG FLOWERED SKIRT. **7.** LITTLE BELTED JACKETS. **8.** BOLERO, SHORTS, OVER-THE-KNEE SOCKS ALL IN BLOCKS OF MULTICOLOURED JERSEY.

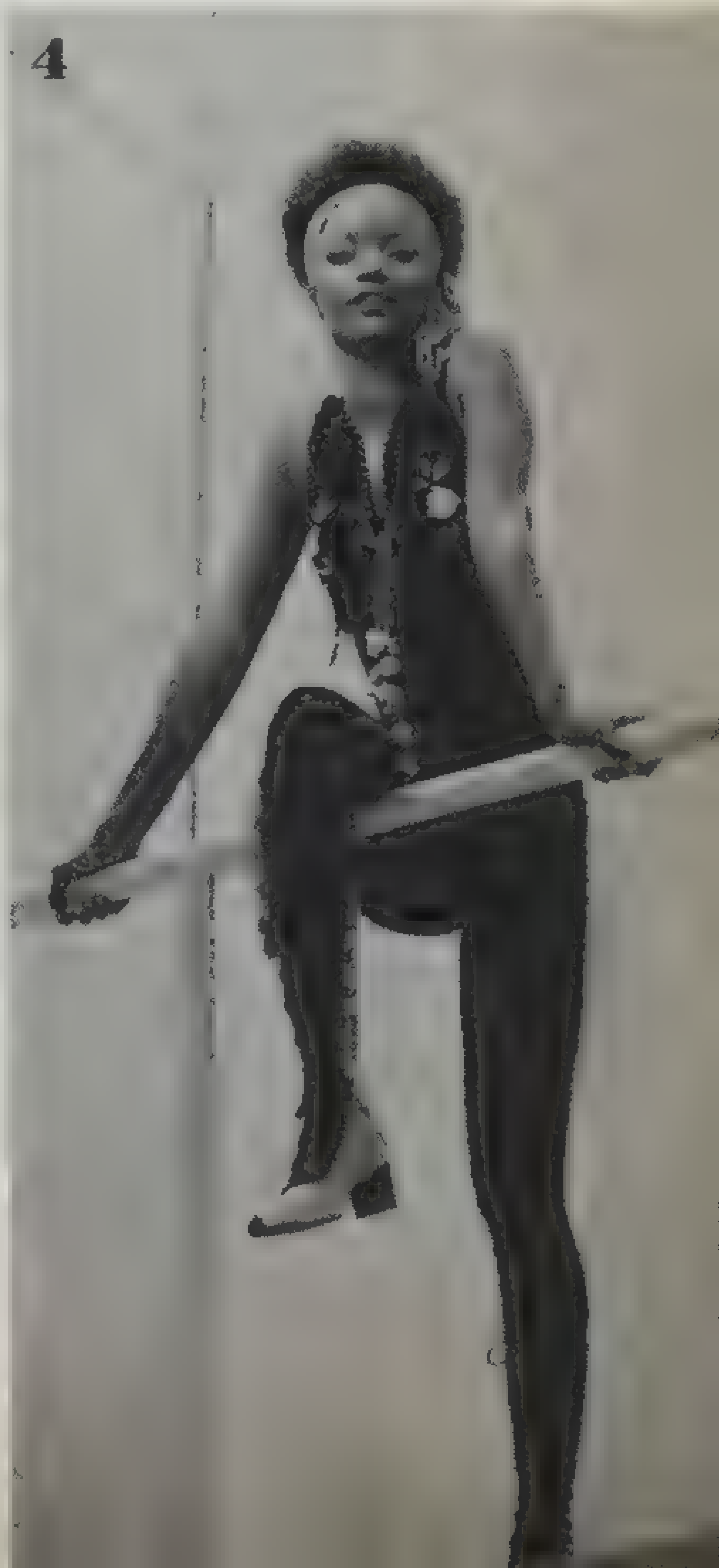


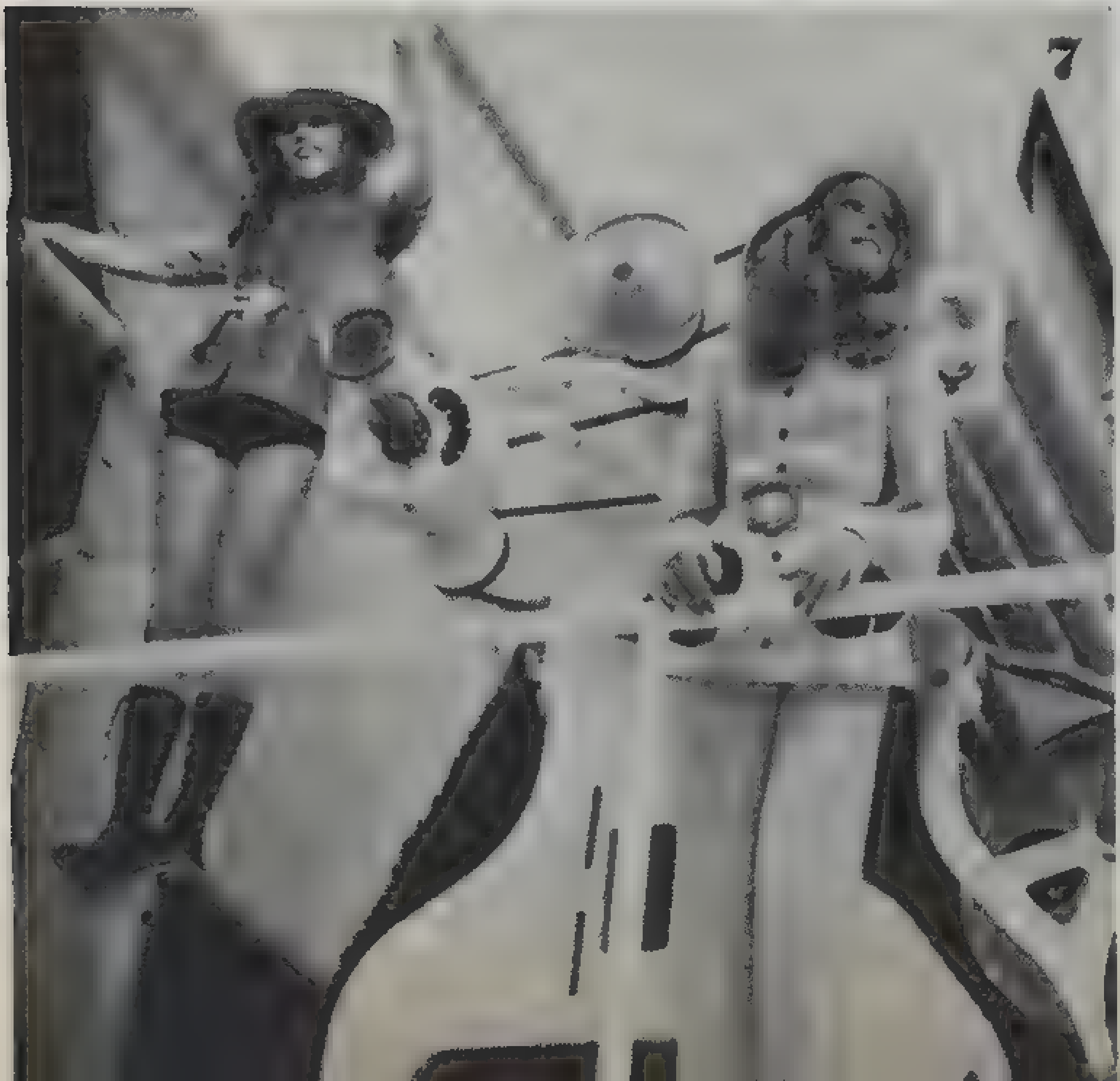












BERRY BERENSON

GO VOGUE

(Continued from page 88)

Starting point: Vancouver, a skyscraper harbour city with enormous green parks on a peninsula. From here, the yacht "Britannia," Royal residence during most of the trip, sails through the Georgia Strait—masses of green tufted islands—to Victoria, the flowery capital of British Columbia on Vancouver Island. Warmed by the Japan Current, Victoria is a garden in bloom with every dreamable flower.

The "Britannia," moored in the Inner Harbour, faces the turreted beige Parliament buildings, the outrageously Victoriana Empress Hotel, all lit up at night like gleamy Luna Parks. Inside the Empress Hotel everything is mahogany, ornate, the treasure, a superb Chippendale clock.

Within driving distance of Victoria: Nanaimo, port of ferry boats, the floating bus system of British Columbia; Comox and Courtenay, twin cities for great salmon. Motor trips from Vancouver to Fort Langley on the zigzagging Canadian-United States water frontier. By plane over the Rockies to Dawson Creek, starting point of the Alaska Highway; to Fort Steele, first post of the Northwest Mounties west of the Rockies. Move across the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia's abundant fruit basket to Kamloops, junction of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railroads; cross into ranch, dairy, lumber country.

The only unprogrammed day is at Williams Lake in the Cariboo for sport fishing. There, perpetual bonuses: the sounds of birds; the peace of forests; serene green views; snow-capped peaks; the smell of flowers; startling pure air; lakes, bays, rivers under a sky of unrumpled blue.

JAMAICA WITH AN ITALIAN ACCENT

At Ocho Rios' new Casanova Restaurant at the Sans Souci, a surprised visitor heard waiters speaking staccato Italian. Still better, drinks had the special stamp of a good barman; food and service were excellent. The reason: Three chefs and some of the staff from Harry's Bar and Cipriani in Venice had been airlifted to the new Sans Souci.

Everything about Sans Souci is new with the exception of its name. The new Sans Souci is an apartment complex open to visitors who stay not less than ten or fifteen days. "Happy" Ward, a special architect for sun-sea life, designed the creamy stone blocks of apartments terraced on the bluff overlooking two pools. All have arcaded balconies, kitchens, and maid-housekeepers who prepare breakfasts.

Annie Orr-Lewis, an interior designer known for the way she swizzles white with nippy colours, gave the main house and restaurant a white-wicker garden look. The attraction at The Ruins, a little shopping centre nearby with a restaurant and nightclub, is the noisy waterfall that fire dancers use for a backdrop.

Flying Air Jamaica from New York to Jamaica is curiously cosy. Even passengers who ignore the fashion show give in to the gentle manners of the pretty stewardesses and their lilting Jamaican voices. From New York, Air Jamaica flies nonstop to Montego Bay every day. From there, Ocho Rios is a thirty-minute run on Jamaica Air Service, and Sans Souci, a ten-minute drive.

PLAYING HOUSE AT PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA

At Dragon Bay, the newest compound on the eastern end of Jamaica, each villa has a full-time housekeeper. Every morning around 7:30, a Jamaican girl in yellow with Burgundy apron and bandana arrives and stays until 9:00 in the evening. She prepares breakfast and luncheon (when asked, dinner, too), cleans house, and baby-sits. Set on green hilly grounds, noisy with cockatoos and chattering myna birds, each villa has three double bedrooms with baths, a patio, living room, and kitchen—an arrangement particularly appealing to families—at surprisingly reasonable weekly rates. On the beach, the Beach Café serves luncheon; and, at night, the Dragon Bay restaurant on the cliff, dinner with a tremendous view. No work and all play is a great way to live.

HAWAII—AS A PAINTER SEES

"The beauty of the volcanic crater Haleakala, on Maui, crowds all my memories of Hawaii," wrote the American painter Cleve Gray. "I started a painting of it the day after I first discovered this 'House of the Sun.' Since then I have done many more. It was midmorning. After driving through gentle countryside to the washed frigid air of ten thousand feet, I walked to the crater's edge. From the depths, immense cones of ash and lava formed such awesome evidence of our planet's creation that I seemed to be witnessing the third day of Genesis. Clouds drifted in and out of the chasm—longer than Manhattan Island—changing patterns against the shimmer of purples, crimsons, siennas, and ultramarines. I descended half a mile into its sulfurous golds and heated blacks. Explorers go with rangers on overnight pack trips to cabins on the lava floor, but I would prefer a three-day hike across the crater, quietly. I used to take my drawing pad and coloured pencils to Haleakala, but now I find that what I remember is far more essential than what I sketch."

ITALY: THE WELL-HEELED BOOT

By Richard Orrick

I am a great believer in escapes. What Houdini did, I can do and in farther away places. Though, I must admit, travel has trapped me in the worst coincidences, dredging up the past in impossible ways: the six-foot Las Vegas chorus girl in the Russian delicatessen on the rue Daru; the low-temperature physicist and his fang-toothed wife in the Kiev airport; the Croatian bibliographer of Descartes in the Bavarian rococo church. I report with supreme superiority that, last summer, I managed to get away totally.

Where? "L'Italia ignota," the wasteland of Italian photo magazines and racy, new-style guidebooks. Particularly, Apulia with its jigsaw of Greek temples and Norman cathedrals. It was Norman Douglas's *Old Calabria*, written over fifty years ago, that gave me the idea as well as all my friends who said, "God, I wouldn't go there."

Apulia, or Puglia as it's now called, south from Rome where I landed, is a vast, inexhaustible, and very unquiet grave of the ancient world, the bared bones of Magna Graecia—the Greek colonies—strewn through olive orchards and wheat fields. Norman Douglas found relics of ancient Greece even in the speech of peasants. Roses, the remnants of the rosarium Horace described, still grow among the temples at Paestum; the newly cleaned cathedral at Trani beckons its glory beside the Adriatic. Today, it is a great place for amateur archaeologists.

Where Scylla and Charybdis began

Begin with Naples, the capital of the kingdom of two Sicilies, Frederick Barbarossa's "kingdom in the sun," where the inhabitants still spoke Greek when Nero wintered there. Stay at the Excelsior in Naples in a room with a window looking toward Vesuvius—marvellous luxury. Across the street from the Excelsior is Naples' marina and first-rate seafood restaurants. On Amalfi Drive, stop at Le Sirenuse in Positano and ask for a room on the top floor with a view. For nostalgia in Amalfi, the Cappuccini Convento, where the photographs of theatrical guests are still honoured with live laurel. Have the hotel pack a picnic and drive to Paestum with its amazing, newly discovered frescoes. The Temple of Neptune (wrongly attributed, of course) is the portal now of Magna Graecia.

Foggia and the Gargano Peninsula

The farmland between Naples and Foggia is rich and sweet. Once, it was covered with timber and, in ancient times, plagued with wild boars. Foggia is a boring industrial city, but it has the most endurable hotels (Palace Hotel Sarti and the Hotel Cicolella) and the best restaurants. This is the country of Frederick II, the Charlemagne of Southern Italy, who in the thirteenth century kept a harem, supported hordes of Saracens and Jews in nearby Lucera, made himself an enemy of the Pope, and built some extraordinary buildings—including the Castel del Monte, his hunting lodge, that the art historian Pevsner calls one of the greatest buildings in the world. In Lucera, walk to the edge of the castle keep and look out on the Apulian plain. One of Frederick's hawks will circle high above.

Alberobello

Follow the interior highway to the *trulli* country—the strange cone-shaped rock dwellings, whitewashed and marked superstitiously with signs to ward off the evil eye. The Albergo dei Trulli is made up of *trulli* and has a dining room with all the

(Continued on page 153)

SEX ON THE GO

(Continued from page 100)

by side comparing cigarette brands, gestures can not always say all that should be said. The worst possible place for a language barrier is down the middle of a double bed. A "Me Tarzan—you Jane" dialogue is one of the quickest means of reducing the grandest passion to the level of pat-a-cake. Ask any man who has ever been to Japan. Ask any woman who has ventured off the beaten track in Ethiopia. Really ventured.

Bilingual phrase books are sometimes worse than useless. You can take much of the magic out of an international love affair by producing one of these books in bed and attempting to express your emotions metaphorically, in terms of cuisine, automobiles, and plumbing. It is surprising that even the more progressive publishers seem to have left such a wide gap in the vocabulary of tourism. Where are the handy booklets enabling one to translate the following: "Sir/madam, do you like that?" "Hey, lummox!—not there . . . *there,*" and "What are you thinking?"

Aside from their practical usefulness, words can elevate human love to giddy heights of fantasy, as several internationally inclined twentieth-century American novelists have demonstrated. Hemingway and Ruark, for example, exploited the mythology of the white hunter and his clients in East Africa (bravery, cowardice, alcoholism, satyriasis, nymphomania). Fitzgerald made the most of the American-in-Paris syndrome (alcoholism, satyriasis, nymphomania). I made my own small contribution to the canon of sex abroad: *Tourist Attraction,* my first novel (satyriasis, nymphomania), told the tragic tale of a wealthy, attractive, young American widow whose English love affair came to an end in the garden of Buckingham Palace, when rain caused a stampede into a refreshment tent and she was scalded to death by an upset tea urn. Alien amours are not invariably without their disappointments.

To illustrate this cautionary conclusion, while not wishing to intrude, I may as well mention my own recent case in point. Earlier this year, before the beginning of the high season for transatlantic travel, I had to fly from London to New York. The jumbo was pleasantly uncrowded, we flew in a glorious dazzle of blue and gold, and spring became a promising possibility. Not entirely by chance, I sat next to a woman who looked as though she had been groomed for the part of the heroine of some sort of cosmopolitan erotica. She was wearing sable and cashmere and pearls and a perfume that must have been called Provocation or possibly Hitchcock. She had one of those transcendently patrician, international accents that suggest show-biz elocution lessons, grand hotels, and easy virtue; but when I passed her champagne, she sounded charmingly ingenuous.

By the time I carried her bags at Kennedy Airport, I assumed that we would spend the evening together. We did. Dinner was luxurious and very long drawn out. Her husband's name was Chester. They had three children with complicated orthodontic problems, two cars and a boat, in New Rochelle. He explained in detail the vagaries of his trade in chemical fertilizers. And he allowed me to pick up the check.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Patrick Skene Catling was born in London, educated there and here, and is a citizen of the United States at present spending most of his time in England as a free-lance writer. He has written five novels, including* The Experiment, *about sexual research, which was a best seller in several languages. Simon and Schuster recently published his latest novel,* The Catalogue, *about a woman's stay in a clinic for artificial insemination. Catling claims that his domestic life is normal.*

VALERIAN RYBAR

(Continued from page 65)

"As a decorator, I am similar to a skillful stage designer." . . .

"I was born in Sarajevo and as a child lived in Yugoslavia before going to boarding school in Vienna and studying in Sweden and England. I speak languages and know my way around. Now, as an American citizen it gives me a particular kick to introduce American products into Europe. As a decorator, I feel that my function is similar to that of a skillful stage designer: to read the script with the author's direction . . . or in my case, the client's . . . and then come up with the ideal set for the action of the play.

"Fantasy, of course, has become part of interior design today, very much so. The hunger for hand-crafted things, but above all, the hunger of expressing oneself. Everyone today is terribly conscious of the need of expressing his own personality. I try really to know my client's dream of an environment, and create that special environment for each person."

"My sign is Gemini . . . like a sponge I absorb." . . .
"I'm a curious person by nature. Like a sponge, I absorb, storing information that emerges later. I can remember exactly, perhaps even down to where a certain type of ashtray may be missing in a room I have decorated. I can go and buy that one particular object perhaps two years later. For a designer, good taste must be taken for granted. There are millions of people with good taste. A sense of proportion is essential I think, carrying a sense of scale in your head. Being able to select a piece of furniture in England for a house in Greece that you haven't seen, even without the floor plans. I have that ability. I can carry color exactly. So that when finally everything comes from the four corners of the earth and is assembled it goes together. I don't know if one should believe in one's birth sign. I am a gemini and supposedly this is very typical of gemini."

"Now our designs crisscross the world." . . .
"In the course of my travels to various parts of the world, I have seen fantastic work being done in different idioms, that didn't quite apply to our sophisticated taste levels. The next step was a logical one. To recolour the local patterns, timidly at first, and then more boldly, introducing new specifications for the various products. Portuguese rugs, for instance. We were the first to reinterpret their rather stuffy designs, so that now they sell in America and all over Europe. Now our designs crisscross the world."

"I'm having *scagliola* marble panels of still lifes made in Florence, for example, for the Pierre Schlumberger house in Paris; hand-loomed silk, called *kukularicu,* in Greece for the Konrad Henkel country place near Dusseldorf; leather-covered tables and bookcases in Milan for the Graham Mattison pool house at Cascais in Portugal. Often in returning to a factory or an artist's workroom I have discovered many things adopted from our designs. It is very flattering."

"Tres Vidas in Acapulco . . . the most luxurious club ever built.". . .
"For this Mexican project, we were in charge of planning the architecture and landscaping as well as the interiors. I am told it is the most expensive and luxurious club ever built, something like twenty-two million dollars. And interesting, as every single item was manufactured in Mexico to our specifications. Now with our new corporate picture, we plan to work in mass . . . with furniture, silver, carpets, lighting . . . similar things we have been doing for our private clients . . . but not copying their objects. That wouldn't be fair."

"I believe art will be tremendously important in the new moulded environment." . . .
"In the immediate future, I think built-ins will be the decorative element, with everything moulded into new apartments that will be divided into activity areas. Say, one activity area is for sleeping, dressing; another for cooking; another for living. Most furniture will become obsolete, such as sideboards and chests of drawers because all of that will be part of the interior architecture. Desks, on the other hand, will gain in importance because of communications. All that may be rather sad perhaps, but that is where I think art will be tremendously important. One will rely on sculpture, kinetic art, whatever may be fashionable and creative to give colour and humanity to these pre-moulded environments."

"I'm sure, too, that lighting will evolve, become more flexible with mood lighting or utility light to work by, and the whole gamut of romantic and exotic light. The same is true for music. . . ."

SPANISH SUNAWAYS

(Continued from page 137)

From Granada, the Sierra is twenty-one miles up by car; from Málaga, the closest airport, a three-hour drive.

Note: In Granada from June 24 to July 8, the International Music and Dance Festival in the Alhambra: Orchestras in the palace of Carlos V; soloists in the Court of the Lions; ballets in the Generalife linked by a lane of cypress trees to the Alhambra.

In the Spanish Pyrenees, Valle de Arán has hard, rough skiing conditions, rather like Sestriere in Italy. Skiers stay in Viella at the excellent *parador*—a sturdy block of rooms, dine in its mushroom-shaped terraced restaurant. After-ski lure: duty-free shopping in Andorra, that very small country sandwiched in between France and Spain.

"Where the British ski, we follow," said the Duquesa de Arión, speaking of Spanish skiers who have taken to the powder snow at Sallent de Gállego in the Spanish Pyrenees.

FIESTA IN THE SKY

Vivacious, garrulous Spaniards flying across the Atlantic on Iberia's new 747's have a knack for making the five-and-a-half hour flight seem like a fiesta in space. After the 747 thrust at take-off—an extraordinary sensation like being shot out of a cannon—passengers in first class move to the bar for drinks and *tapas*. Reluctantly, they return to their wide seats for dinner, beautifully served by stewards bending from the waist. Afterwards, some people turn in for siestas in their seats, wrapped up in new soft grey-and-yellow plaids; smart ones who earlier have cased the 747 dash to the upstairs lounge to grab the two banquettes long enough to stretch out on under plaids in the same red as the paisley sofas. Card players go for the tables and swivel chairs. And the rest mill around the downstairs and upstairs bars until movie time. Alarming but ingenious: a dumbwaiter from the galley that comes up through the floor of the lounge. (Pink elephants?) With a touchdown almost too gentle to feel, the party on Iberia's big bird is over. ▼

GO VOGUE

(Continued from page 151)

local specialties, especially the tiny ear-shaped pasta. Drive slowly among the olive orchards.

Taranto

Once, Taranto was the major seacoast on the Mediterranean—the most wicked city of the ancient world and the one Cleopatra most longed to see. Now, it is sadly modern; but, after dark, at the seafront fish restaurant, there is the old magic.

Bari

Bari is now the most prominent Puglian city. Its restaurants, particularly the Marc' Aurelio, are first-rate. And yet, swimming beneath its modernity is a stubborn simplicity with the yearly homage to Saint Nicholas, whose relics were a mediaeval prize for the city. Above Bari is a string of charming coastal towns, particularly Trani with its Norman cathedral; and below Bari, Polignano a Mare with its grotto restaurant at the Grotta Palazzese—the sea booming in.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Behind the wheel of a car, travellers who drive feel instantly at home. Here's how Hertz does it: People in America who want to reserve a car in the United States or in foreign cities, call night or day (Tel. [800] 656-3131). This number links some three thousand Hertz offices in one hundred countries.

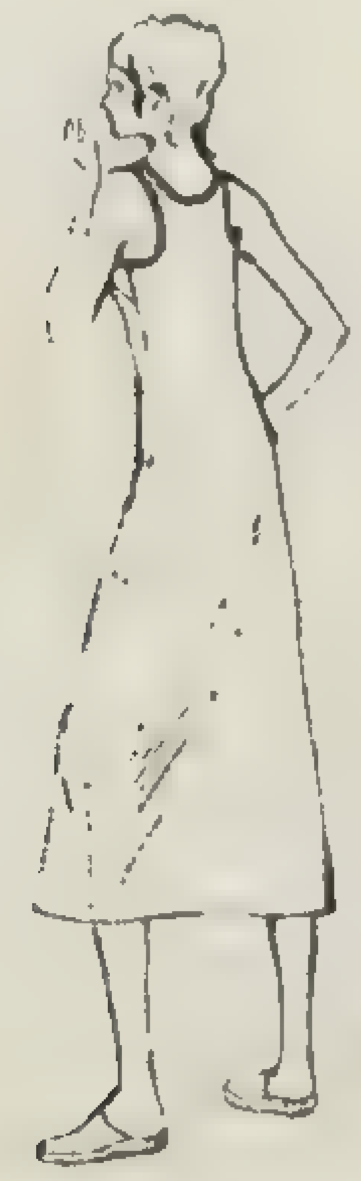
Avis has two new wonder-machine devices for car-rentals: Red Box, an electronic device that puts the car through twenty-one tests for safety, and The Wizard, a computerized brain for reservations, checking cars in and out, and accurate bills.

EMPTY-SUITCASE ADVOCATES

"I carry an empty duffle bag to fill with things I collect," said Mrs. Wyatt Emory Cooper. "I take two suitcases—one half-empty so I can add things," said Penelope Tree. Both are foresighted travellers, both of the empty-suitcase scheme. Men do it, too. They may throw in a folding bag that fills up with laundry, tennis socks, and/or heavyweight reports after a conference. For many women, an extra empty is essential equipment; moving from hot to cold climates, from resort to city (or the other way around), they throw in clothes they have finished with. Whenever possible, they get rid of the suitcase—ship it home or park it with friends or at a hotel to pick up on the homestretch. Some women pack everything new in it, a system U.S. Customs recommends. For total travel comfort, the empty-suitcase system carries on. ▼

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 124-125; other views, yardages, details)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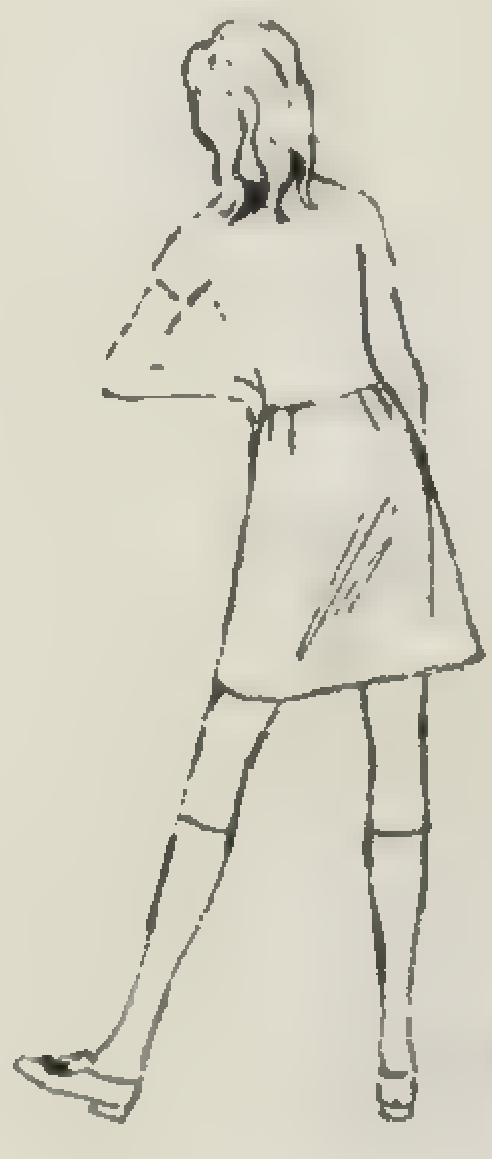
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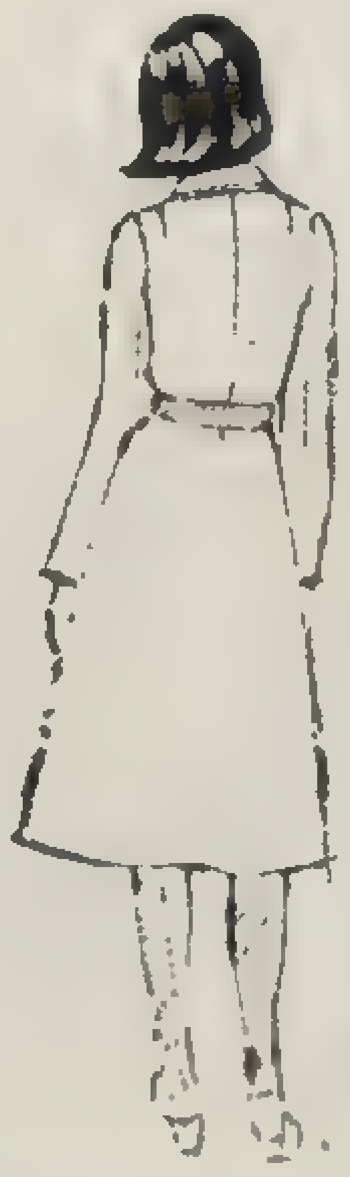
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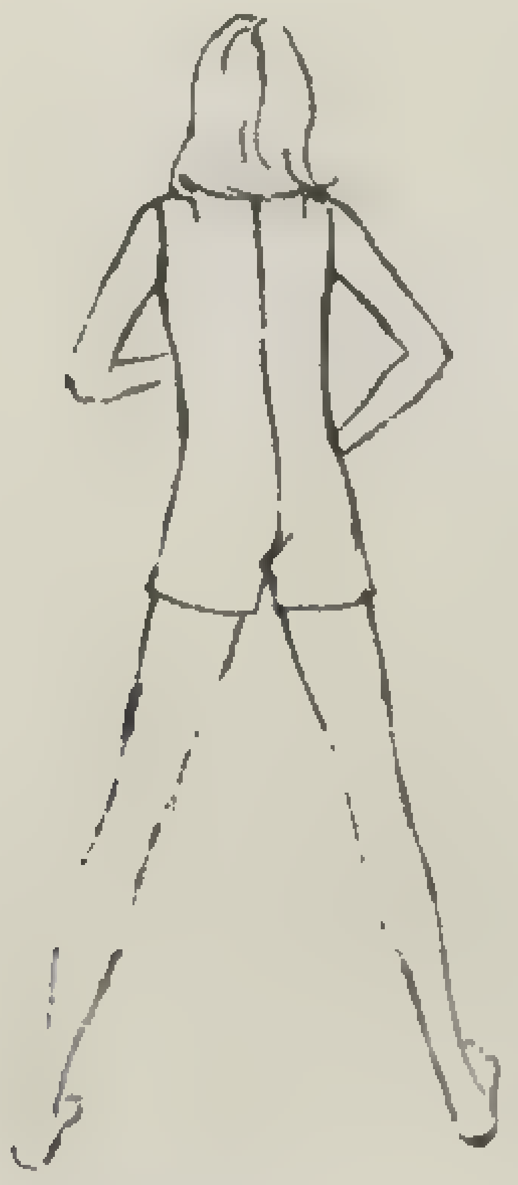
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From left to right: *Vogue Pattern 8030*—the little undershirt dress. Sizes 6 to 14. For size 10: 1½ yards of 54″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20. *Vogue Pattern 8027*—swinging pleated skirt. Sizes 23 to 31 inch waist. For size 10 (24″ waist): 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. *Vogue Pattern 8009*—the easygoing coat. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 10: 3 yards of 54″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.

Vogue Pattern 8052—the zip-front jumpsuit. Pattern comes with long, straight legs, short or long sleeves. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10, long: 2⅛ yards of 60″ fabric. For size 10 shortsuit: 1¼ yards of 60″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

(Continued from page 104)

A DOCTOR PACKS
HIS BLACK BAG
FOR TRAVELLERS

In his special take-along medical kit, Dr. D. John Lauer packs these: Bufferin, Chlor-Trimeton, Donnatal, Gelusil, Lomotil, Pyrroxate, Seconal, Tyrozets, Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream, NTZ nasal spray, adhesive bandages, gauze pads, cotton swabs, clinical thermometer, scissors, Red Cross Toothache Outfit. Dr. John M. Daley, an assistant medical director at Standard Oil Company, New Jersey, also provides a kit of drugs for the common ailments, adds Dramamine, chloroquine. Both doctors tuck in extras to fit the trip and the patient. Be sure to check with your doctor before packing your own kit—take only those remedies he approves for you.

Before you take off:

If you are allergic to any substance, if you have any chronic illness or medical problem that may need emergency care (diabetes, hypertension, asthma, heart disease, blood clotting), be sure to wear a tag, bracelet, or card explaining the facts and to pack an ample supply of the drugs you need. To save trouble in Customs, be sure to take with you copies of the prescriptions for any drugs you carry with you. If you wear glasses, take an extra pair and the prescription. The United States Public Health Service publishes pamphlets that chart the immunizations you'll need for any part of the world.

To copy the kits, pack these directions:

COMMON COLD, NASAL OR SINUS CONGESTION, EAR DISCOMFORT	***Pyrroxate. 1 capsule every 4 hours; only 4 capsules within 24 hours.*** ***Nasal spray. Hold head upright and insert nosepiece into nostril, pointing it slightly backward; spray once or twice into each nostril. Repeat every 3 to 4 hours, as needed. Avoid overuse.***
SORE THROAT	***Throat lozenges. Dissolve 1 in mouth every 2 hours.*** ***Bufferin. Take 2 tablets every 4 hours.*** ***Gargle with warm salt water several times a day (¼ teaspoon table salt in full glass warm water). Do not gargle immediately after using lozenges.*** ***If symptoms do not subside after 24 hours, or if temperature is over 102°, consult physician.***
UPSET STOMACH, HEARTBURN, NAUSEA	***Gelusil tablets. Chew 2 tablets; repeat as needed.*** ***Donnatal tablets. Take 1-2 tablets with glass of water.*** ***Eat bland foods; e.g., tea, dry toast, ice chips.*** ***If upset persists more than 8 hours, see doctor.***
ABDOMINAL CRAMPS, GAS	***Donnatal. Take 1-2 tablets. May be repeated every 4 hours, 3 to 4 times a day.*** ***Lomotil. If cramps are severe, follow Donnatal directions.*** ***Eat dry toast, poached eggs, tea.*** ***If cramps or pain persist more than 8 hours, seek medical advice.***
DIARRHEA	***Lomotil tablets. Take 2 with water every 4 hours. Take only 8 tablets within 24 hours.*** ***Increase fluid intake to avoid dehydration.*** ***Eat soft, bland, low-bulk food: gelatin, beef broth, tea.*** ***If diarrhea persists, see your doctor on return home.***
CUTS, SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS, BURNS, SUNBURN	***First-aid cream. Cleanse with soap and water. Spread ointment on bandage and place over affected area. Do not open blisters.***
TOOTHACHE	***Toothache drops. Follow directions on box.*** ***Bufferin. Take 2 tablets with glass of water; repeat every 4 hours.***
HEADACHE, BACKACHE, MUSCULAR PAINS	***Bufferin. Take 2 tablets with a glass of water. May be repeated every 4 hours if needed.***
INSOMNIA	***Seconal—100 mg. 1 capsule at bedtime. May be repeated once after 1 hour, if necessary. Do not combine with other drugs for sleep.***
ALLERGIES	***Allergies may produce a variety of symptoms: swollen lips, eyelids, hands, or feet; hives, rashes, itching skin; swollen insect bites; hayfever; asthma.*** ***Chlor-Trimeton—4 mg. Take 1 tablet with water every 4 hours for 4 doses. Caution: This drug may make you drowsy; do not take it if you must drive a car.***
MOTION SICKNESS	***Dramamine. Take 1 tablet 1 hour before the start of the trip, repeat in 6 hours if necessary.***
MALARIA PREVENTION (WHEN NEEDED)	***Chloroquine. 2 tablets once a week, starting 1 week before trip and continuing 2 weeks after return.***

Ask your own doctor about these helpers:

To help the digestive tract to adjust to new hours, a mild laxative or suppositories may be useful. For conforming to the new eating hours, you might use an appetite-braking pill. If your hands, feet, or waist swell uncomfortably in shifts of climate or altitude, a mild diuretic often speeds them back to normal size. Be sure not to use any of these remedies without the approval of your own physician.

PERILS OF A WIFE

(Continued from page 130)

whims, tantrums, and endless complaining of the "common people": "When society is so corrupt that corruption itself seems natural, and when no one is shocked at anything, why should anyone be astonished at excesses among the lower classes, who have been set such a bad example?"

The picture of Madame that emerges from these remarkable memoirs is of a woman whose dedication to her husband was so total that nothing was too much if it served his needs. He was the motivating force in her life: ". . . his wishes were law for me. . . . God had destined me for him! . . . I belonged to him . . . my life was his." She was, in her relationship with her husband and family, as she later described herself after her religious conversion, "submissive and resigned." Devotion was the quality that appealed to her the most, along with ". . . the heaven-sent gift of healthy judgment, fairness of mind and strength of soul" that she admired in the illiterate young countrywoman from Compiègne who early in her life became her maid, and, one must add, her example.

The characteristics of Madame de La Tour du Pin are ideal, yet these same characteristics today—especially her unquestioning devotion to her husband and family—would undoubtedly isolate her. A woman now sees life in larger terms than those of husband and children and is directly involved with what is going on around her. Today's heroines know their value, don't need to hide behind the family tree.

Madame de La Tour du Pin in the beginning of her memoirs describes her life as ". . . troubled and restless . . . in which the unhappinesses were caused less, perhaps, by the events known to all the world, than by secret griefs known only to God." What were those "secret griefs"? Is it perhaps possible that Madame de La Tour du Pin was aware of her sacrifice, a sacrifice to an order centred on family, possessions, and connections—all inevitably swept away by time—an order she might have questioned, but one which could never have given her a sense of identity nor fulfillment as a human being? ▼

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(Continued from page 90)

"A small hand emerged to throw back the collar of her sable cape, to lift a veil . . ."

was seen to set out on her honeymoon accompanied by her husband, her maid, his valet, their luggage, a manservant in charge of the collection of pedigree rabbits that constituted the bridegroom's great interest in life, her lover, and his valet.

But what made travel so enchanting and rewarding in those days were the chances that it offered of arriving somewhere else—in a realm quite outside that of common humdrum everyday experience. At a journey's end and beyond the next frontier everything would be different, the food, the medicines, the clothes, the architecture, even the means of transport themselves. When Sir Charles Wentworth (Three-in-a-Bed) Dilke went from Delhi to Simla on his journey round the world, he found himself making part of the journey in a jampan, a light sedan chair with a crew of nine men—an overseer and two squads of four that took turns in carrying the chair and its passenger along the route, hour after hour, at a brisk trot. Dilke would have preferred to hire a pony and a groom for the journey, but the chair and the nine men were so much cheaper that he didn't feel justified in indulging his fancy. When he arrived at Simla and settled into a little dak bungalow for his stay, as a modern traveller might settle into a cabin in a motor court or a motel room, he found himself with a staff consisting of a body servant, a cook, a butler, a groom, two messengers, two gardeners, two washermen, two water carriers, the nine jampan men, a sweeper, and a lamp cleaner. Dilke's feeling that this was overdoing things was modified when he rode out and encountered the Maharaja of Kashmir on his way to the religious festival at Hurdwar accompanied by his family and their five thousand attendants and servants.

It was in order to outshine such people as the Maharaja of Kashmir that the senior officials of British India made themselves the leading heavy travellers of all time. When Captain Von Orlich and Lord Altamont were on their way to meet Lord Ellenborough at Firozpur in the Punjab, they first ran into Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, travelling with a suite and gear that called for a train of eighty elephants, three hundred camels, and 136 bullock carts. When they caught up with Ellenborough they found that he was travelling with 120 elephants, seven hundred camels, and more bullock carts than Von Orlich cared to count.

Ellenborough put Von Orlich up in a three-roomed tent, thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, in the main street of his camp, about half a mile from his durbar tent. When Von Orlich went up there for dinner, he found himself in a super tent, 168 feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and twenty-eight feet high, lit by chandeliers and carpeted with superb Persian rugs. Three hundred guests sat down to the meal, served on silver plates, with a footman in scarlet livery standing behind each seat.

By Lord Curzon's time the viceregal camps had become so elaborate that it was quite impossible to strike them and re-erect them while the viceroy was moving from one place to another, a difficulty that was overcome by duplicating the whole apparatus, chandeliers, silver thrones, and all. When one camp was in use at one site, the other would be being leapfrogged beyond it to the next stop. Between fourteen and sixteen thousand people were required to move Curzon from point to point along the lines of his progresses, and it is doubtful if anyone has ever enjoyed travelling more than he did in those years. Not the least of his pleasures while moving about in this style was that of sitting on his silver throne and lecturing maharajas on the folly of their extravagant habits. . . .

Travelling post was another ego-building experience; but to taste the full splendour of this way of getting about, it was necessary to go to Russia and to make a winter journey. Raphael Pumpelly, the Harvard professor of geology, had the best of it when he made his trip round the world in the 1860's. The Russian railroads went no further east than Nijni Novgorod at that time; and to get there from Siberia, Pumpelly had to travel just over three thousand miles from relay station to relay station along the old post road. The stops were between eight and fifteen miles apart; and at each one the three horses pulling his kibitka were changed for fresh animals in a matter of minutes, and they would be off again at a gallop, gliding over through the silence of the ice and snow.

The speeding sledge in which Pumpelly lay, wrapped up in a nest of fox furs and propped up on a pile of cushions so that he could see the landscape while he was awake without the effort of holding himself upright, was about three feet wide at the back and two feet wide in front—and he was not alone. On the second day of his journey, just as he was beginning to feel a trifle lonely, the postmaster at one of the relay stops asked him if he would care to accommodate a fellow traveller. Rather doubtfully, he allowed that he might, and was then approached by a figure wrapped in such quantities of furs that he could tell very little about it—until a small hand emerged to throw back the collar of her sable cape, to lift a veil, and to disclose the face of a marvellously beautiful eighteen-year-old girl. They travelled together by day and night, leaving the sledge only long enough to eat three meals a day, until Pumpelly had lost all track of time. He was aware that the moon had waxed and waned and that they had driven on through two—or was it three?—nightmare storms, but whether it was their eighteenth, twentieth, or twenty-second day together he could not be sure. . . . "When she would leave I had as yet no idea; I was not anxious that it should be soon. In the meantime, I made progress in Russian. . . ." Reading his quietly lyrical account of this dreamlike episode, one gets the impression that he would have been perfectly happy if the line of relay stations had stretched on into eternity and if he could have gone on riding behind those flying horses with that beautiful girl forever. . . . ▼

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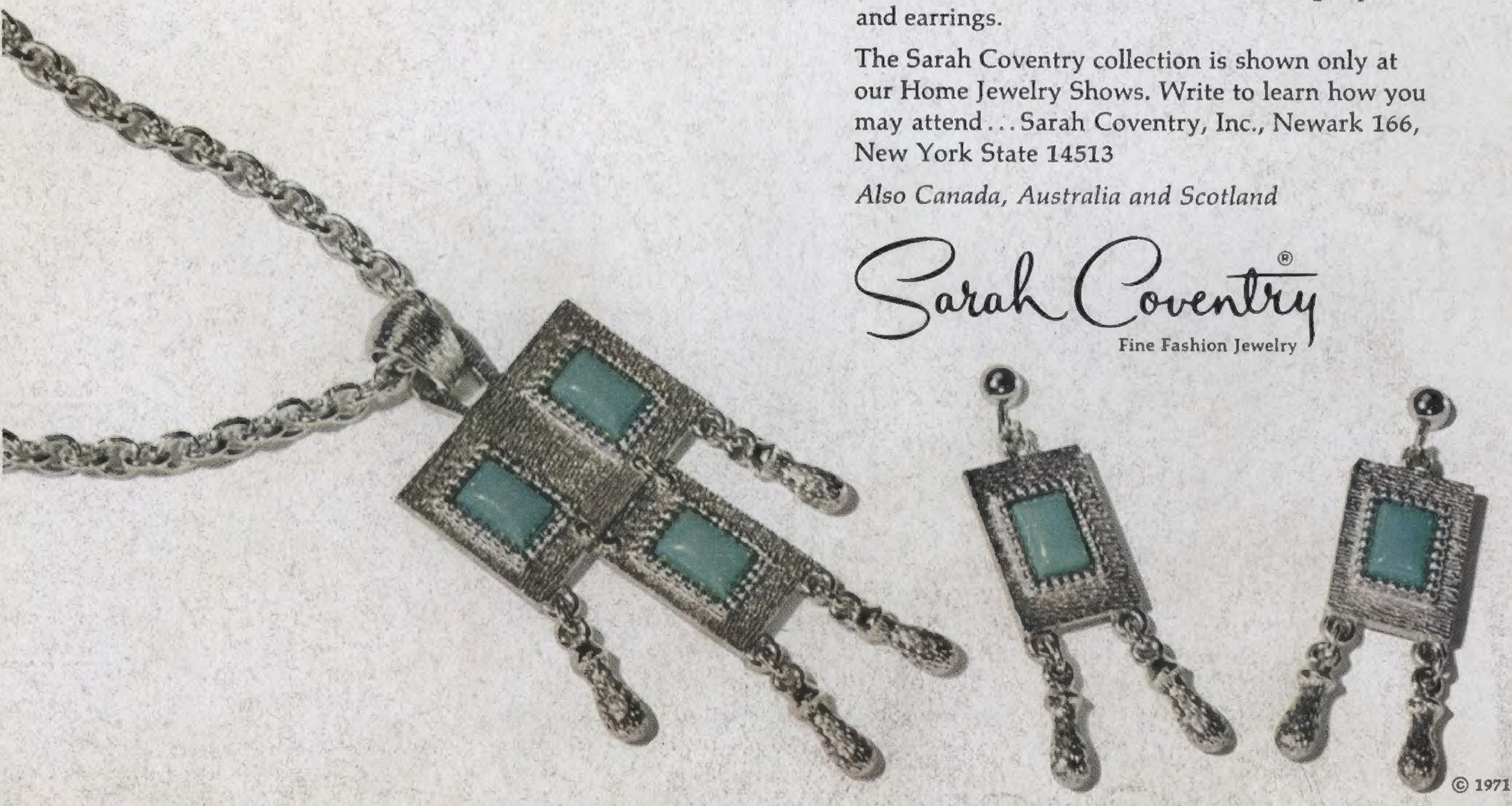

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